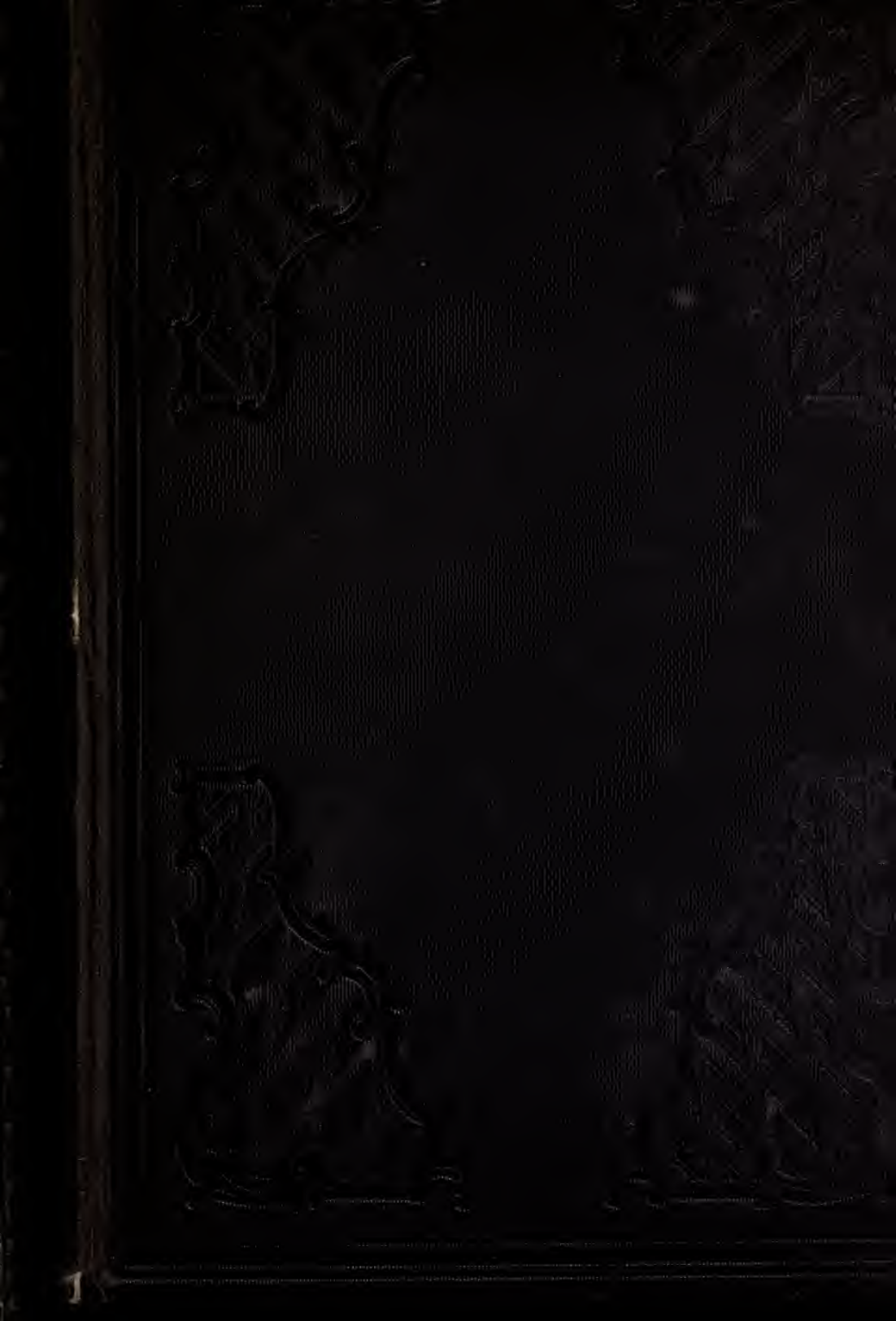

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S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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New Year's Day.

All the Children. Wish you a happy new year, Mr. Merry!

Merry. Thank you, thank you kindly. I wish you many happy new years. But what is all this noise about? I thought we had got a little bedlam here, as I entered the room.

James. O, we've had such a quarrel!

M. Quarrel? Indeed! I am very sorry.

J. But it was a good-natured quarrel, after all; and I will tell you what it was for. I said that the world turned round as a wheel does, every day; and that we, being on its surface, turned round with it, as the tire turns with the wheel. Dick Stevens, there, said it wasn't true; for, if the world turned round, his father's well would be bottom upwards, and all the water would run out. "Well," said I, "Dick, you can't prove it." "Yes," said he, "I can." And so he took a tumbler full of water, and whirled it over his head in a circle, and then turned it bottom upwards, and it came down swash, right upon me! "There!" said Dick, "that's the way I prove it!" I was going to be angry at first, but Su

san said Dick's argument was very *washy*, and Ellen said it was only a *damper*, and Henry said something else, and then we all laughed, and then we shouted, and then we said it was a good joke, and then you came and caught us in the frolic.

M. Well, well, there's no great harm in all that; but how came you to take it so good naturedly, James? I think, *sometimes*, you would be very much irritated if a person should pour a tumbler of water upon you.

J. Why, in the first place, Mr. Merry, I do not think Dick really intended to give me such a ducking; and, in the next place, it is New Year's day, you know, and we are all so happy and frolicsome, that we take every thing as it comes.

M. Very well; that's all right. And now, girls and boys, sit down, for I have something to tell you. What James has just said, shows the advantage of good temper so strongly that I must not let the opportunity pass without directing your attention to it. We are apt to feel that there is a great deal of trouble in this world. Sometimes we are ready to complain of Providence for having strewn so many thorns in the path of life. But it is not Providence; it is our own evil temper that plants these thorns, or leads us, by haste, inattention, or vexation, to step upon them, and wound our feet with them. Let us take the example before us. Had James been in a bad humor, he would have been angry at Dick for spilling the water upon him. He would not, in that case, have seen the matter in its true light; he would not have said, "Dick did not intend to offend me, and therefore I will not quarrel with him." On the contrary, he would have insisted that Dick did it on purpose; he would have charged him with an intentional act of insult or impertinence. Very likely he would have given Dick a poke with his fist; Dick would have poked back again; a regular row would have ensued, and this happy New Year's day have been only the occasion of a fight between two friends and companions. All this evil has been prevented by James's good temper; nay, what would have been a serious mischief, under other circumstances, has become the source of amusement. Thus we see, my dear young friends, *good temper* is the real charm by which happiness in life is to be secured. *Bad temper* is the curse of the world. Let this be our lesson for this day — the beginning of the year; and let us keep it in mind, not only this day, but every day of our lives.

In order to enforce this subject upon your attention, I will tell you the story of

THE TWO DOGS; OR, GRIP AND TIP.

Now, I must tell you that these two dogs were very different. Grip was of that breed called *bull terrier*. He was very strong, active, and fierce; and as pride comes with power, so he was very proud. He was not a bad dog, you must know, as the world goes: he never intended to occasion or provoke a quarrel; but in the vanity of his heart he said, "No one shall insult me with impunity: I will give grip for grip, bite for bite, blood for blood. Let no dog show his teeth, or curl up his tail, in my presence!" Such was Master Grip.

Tip was very different. He was of the race called *mastiff*. In size he was

equal to his companion; but he had a more frank, bland, and good-natured look. There was an honest, kind-hearted expression in his face, which made every body he met his friend and well-wisher.

Well, the two dogs set out on a journey. As they were passing along through a wood, they saw a four-legged beast as big as a cat, trotting along in one of the paths of the forest. "What's that?" said Grip. "I don't exactly know," said Tip, working his nose back and forth, as if asking the wind for an answer. "At any rate," said Grip, "he's an impudent rascal: see how he sticks his tail up in the air, as if to defy us. I'll at him."

"You'd better look out," said Tip, "for it's a skunk!"

"I don't care if it's a tiger," said Grip, now greatly excited. At the same moment, he dashed forward, and was on the point of seizing the skunk, when the latter squirted something in his face which blinded his eyes, and filled the air with a most diabolical odor. Under cover of this discharge, the skunk retreated, leaving poor Grip in a most doleful plight. After a great deal of rolling and wiping on the grass, he was partially restored, though he had still a pretty strong smell about him.

The two dogs pursued their journey, Grip cross and snappish, Tip, as usual, cheerful and good-humored. As they proceeded, all the dogs came out to meet them. It was curious to see how they got along, Tip always being received with polite attention, while Grip was involved in a constant series of wrangles. Tip, in fact, looked so good natured, that it was hard to quarrel with him. Every dog that came out to meet him, met with a cheerful welcome. Tip put up his ears, wagged his tail, and seemed to say, "Good day to you, stranger! Fine weather this! What a pleasant country you live in! How are you all at home? Come, let us have a scamper!" And so the dogs would gallop off, as full of fun as possible. Even if some cur barked, and showed his teeth, and looked saucy at Tip, he took it all in good part, and wagged his tail in such an insinuating manner, that all passed off harmoniously.

It was just the opposite of all this with Grip. No matter how good natured the dogs were, he saw something offensive in them all. When one of them came out to meet him, he stood stock still, laid down his ears, and stuck up his tail as stiff as a crowbar. At the same time, there was a bitter biting look about his nose and mouth. He knew he had a touch of the skunk about him, and this made him so jealous, that no sooner did a dog smell of him than he took offence and grew very snappish. Ten to one a fight immediately followed. Grip was a severe customer in a battle, so that in general he came off victorious; but now and then he got a severe bite. Accordingly, before night, one of his ears had a slit two inches long; his neck was bitten through the skin in a dozen places, and one of his fore feet was so lame that he was obliged to hold it up as he travelled along. Besides all this, Grip's skin was dabbled with blood, and grimed with dirt; and, with all his pride, it was in vain that he attempted to hold up his head, as he pursued his journey.

It was nearly night, when the travellers

came to a lonely farm-house. As they were passing by, a very large Newfoundland dog dashed out upon them. Tip gave him a kind greeting, and passed along. Grip did not get off so easily. The big dog no sooner smelt of him, than he turned aside with an air of great disgust, and was going back to the house. This touched Grip's pride, and in an instant he flew at the other dog, and fixed his fangs in his hide. The Newfoundlander shook him off with ease, and seizing him by the throat, pinned him to the ground, till the blood started out at his ears and mouth. Grip was giving his last gasp, when Tip, who had heard his companion's groan, rushed back, and leaping upon the combatants, separated them in an instant. The big dog went leisurely to his kennel; and after a time, Grip, encouraged by his friend, got up with great difficulty, and went on his way. About midnight, the adventurers reached home; but Grip was a cripple for life. Ever after, he had a hitch in his gait, and an awkward slit in his under lip: at the same time, he was one of those creatures which seem to think that life is full of trouble; that dogs are born to misery, and that the best part of life is the day when one leaves it. On the contrary, Tip preserved his good humor; he was always happy; he loved every body, and every body loved him. Such were the fortunes of the two dogs — one was miserable, because he had a bad temper; the other was happy, because he had a good temper.

And now, boys and girls, remember the story, and be careful to follow the lesson which it inculcates. Rest assured that good humor, good temper, kindness, gentleness, will make life pleasant; will spread sunshine and flowers along your path; while envy, spite, anger, resentment, and pride will bring clouds and darkness, and the thorns of vexation and disappointment. The one will surround you with friends, the other will surround you with enemies.

Commentary upon the Ninth COMMANDMENT. — At the examination of the children of the Windsor infant school, on Wednesday, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against one's neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies;" on which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly the answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next; when she immediately replied, "it was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amidst irrepressible peals of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceeding being completely upset. — *Liverpool Mercury.*

The Cat a Barometer. — When cats comb themselves, it is a sign of rain, because the moisture which is in the air before the rain, insinuating itself into the fur of this animal, moves her to smooth the same and cover her body with it, so that she may the less feel the inconvenience of winter; as, on the contrary, she opens her fur in the summer, that she may the better receive the refreshing coolness of the moist season.

Playing Grandfather.

LET no one laugh at little William — here in the picture — for what boy can be found who has not longed to be a man, and to do such things as men do?

As to our hero in the picture, he is *playing grandfather;* he has got grandther's cocked hat, grandther's cane, grandther's newspaper and spectacles, and then he is in grandther's chair, seeming to think that he is quite as great a personage as grandther himself. How important the little fellow looks, and how happy he seems to be!

Perhaps some people may think Will a very queer child; but do not other boys imitate those who are older than themselves? Does not every boy put a stick between his legs and go about as if riding a horse? Do not boys array themselves like soldiers, and go drumming through the streets like men? Do not the girls have dolls, and tea sets, and pretend to keep house like their mammas? Are not all children imitators of those older than themselves? Certainly they are. And now let us whisper in the ear of parents a word of advice. In all your actions, by means of your example, you are teaching lessons to your children which are likely to form their characters for life. If your examples are good, your children are likely to be good; if bad, they are likely to be bad. In vain do you compel your children to learn the Bible and Catechism, and to go to church, if you set before them examples of deceit, anger, or uncharitableness.

Work before play: A Dialogue.

Lucy. Mother, will you go with me now to see aunt Gray? You know she asked you to take me there to-day.

Mamma. My dear, I cannot go now. I am very busy washing, as you see.

L. O mamma, another time will do as well for that. I'm in such a hurry to go, I can't wait.

M. Well, my dear, I will go, if you wish me to do so; but let me talk a little to you first. What day is to-day?

L. Saturday, mamma, and you know that to-morrow is Sunday, and Sammy and I are going to the Sunday school celebration. O, I shall love to go dearly! Our teacher is so kind; and there will be so many children there; and they are going to have a little feast; and Mr. Parker, our minister, is to be there, and Sam and Ann Scott will be there; and we are all to be dressed in our best clothes. O dear! we shall be very happy.

M. You would enjoy it very much. I don't know any thing pleasanter than to see a number of clean, neatly-dressed children together. But I am afraid you and Sammy will not be able to go.

L. Why, mamma, why not? We have been thinking of it for a month. Have Sammy and I done any thing wrong, that you will not let us go? O dear! O dear!

M. No, Lucy, you have done nothing wrong, and I meant you to go; but you have no clean collar, nor handkerchief, nor stockings to wear. I have been very busy with your poor sick grandmamma this week, and I have had no time to wash your clothes; and I would never consent to my children being dirty and improperly dressed at such a celebration.

L. O mamma, among so many children, nobody would observe us. And we can be very particular, and not jump so as to show our stockings; and then we will keep our handkerchiefs in our pockets; and as for collars, we can go without them for once — just for once, mamma!

M. Lucy, you do not think of what you are saying. Do you remember how

particular Sammy always is about his collar being clean and smooth? I have always encouraged him in this, for I think cleanliness a great virtue. Poor Sammy! what has he done that he should be obliged to go dirty to a party like this? And I think, when the time came, Lucy, you yourself would feel ashamed.

L. I dare say I should. O, how sorry I am that we have no clean clothes to wear! We always have had them, mamma, and I think it's too bad that we have not got any for to-morrow. Dear me! how Sammy will cry when he finds we can't go!

M. And who will be blamed, my dear, for his disappointment? Come and look in that tub, and see what is there, and what I must attend to as soon as I have got through with my dishes. Here is Lucy's pretty worked collar, and here is Sammy's speckled silk handkerchief, marked *S.* in the corner; and here are Lucy's stockings and Sammy's red socks, that poor grandmamma knit for him; and here is your white cambric handkerchief marked *Lucy;* and all these might be washed as white as snow and ironed smooth, but Lucy wants her mother to leave them and go visiting with her.

L. Ah, mamma I see I was wrong. I will not tease you any more to go with me to my aunt's, but will wait patiently till you have done your washing. I ought also to learn my Sunday school lesson; and then, when the work is all done, I shall enjoy the play.

George's Experiment.

"HOW cold and disagreeable it is to-day!" said little George to his mother. "I do not want to go to school. Need I go, mamma? I had rather stay here by the fire than go out; I am afraid I shall take cold: pray let me stay at home this once."—This was said by a little boy of ten years old to his mother one fine morning in March, when the wind was a little sharp and north-easterly; but the truth was, that George had not studied his les-

son, and was afraid to meet his master's reproving eye.

Now George's mother was very indulgent, at the same time that she was a sensible woman. She determined to yield to her little boy's desire to remain at home, but to give him, at the same time, a lesson that he should not forget. So she said to him, "George, I am sorry you do not wish to go to school to-day. You may stay at home, but on this condition, — that you shall not go out to play, as I do not think it right for you to make more exertion for play than for study. So sit down by the fire, and remember that you do not leave the house."

George did as he was bid, and taking down a book of fairy tales from the shelf, he felt very happy and comfortable, and felt much obliged to his mother for her permission to stay at home. He had not been reading more than half an hour, and was deeply interested in the fortunes of Cinderella, when a loud barking from Jowler, the house dog, attracted his attention. Starting up from his chair, George saw the animal jumping up and down, and seeming to say, "Come, Master Harry, I can't stay here all day; it's not fair; come and run a race with me, and see who'll beat, you or I."

George flew to the entry, seized his cap, and forgetting his mother's injunctions, was running out of the door, when he heard her voice, at the top of the stairs, saying, "Its very cold and disagreeable to-day, George; you must stay in the house; I am afraid you will take cold." Thus rebuked, poor George went back to his book, and soon forgot the dog and the race.

Just as he had arrived at the place where poor Cinderella loses her slipper, the rolling of carriage wheels was heard; and looking out, George saw his uncle's carryall standing at the door, with the two gray horses and their shining harnesses. He then saw his aunt's pleasant face, and his cousin Helen beckoned to him to come to speak to them. He opened the door, when he met his mother, who motioned him back into the room. She then went and spoke to Helen; and going up stairs, came down with her bonnet and shawl, and stepping into the carriage, drove away, but not before he heard her say that "George could not leave the house."

Poor boy! his vexation was great, and he was almost ready to cry; but he caught up his book again, and determined he would not care. He felt very angry with his mother, and was vexed with every body but himself. In about an hour, the carriage returned, and his mother came in with beautiful flowers in her hand.

George now began to grow tired of reading. He threw his book down, and went to the window. While he was there, he saw one of his schoolmates, named Harry, walking from school accompanied by his dog. He was a particular friend of George's, and the dog was a great friend of Jowler's, so that they had a great deal of fun together. George was in hopes that Harry would come in and see him; but it happened that Harry was busy thinking of something else, and went by without looking at him.

Poor George! how he envied Harry

and his dog! What would he give if he were allowed to go out and call Jowler, and join his friend Harry! He felt that he must run after him; so he called to his mother very loud, "Mamma, mayn't I go out? I'm tired of staying here. There's Harry and his dog. My head aches; do let me go out."

"My dear George," called his mother, "you know it is just the same weather now, that it was at school time. It is cold and disagreeable, and I am afraid you will take cold if you go out."

"O," said George, "how foolish I was not to go to school! I should have been out by this time, enjoying a run with Jowler; while now I am pent up here by the fire with nothing but these stupid fairy tales to read." So saying, he threw the book violently across the room.

Silly boy! he was angry with his mamma, with his book, and with every thing but himself. But I am happy to tell my readers that his mother, seeing the state he was in, kindly reasoned with him, and showed him his mistake. She convinced him that he had done wrong in refusing to go to school, and he acknowledged that he should have been much happier studying his lessons than reading fairy tales. He never forgot that tedious day, and never again asked to stay from school.

Birds at Home.

I AM no scandal-monger, nor does it give me the slightest pleasure to know all that my neighbors do, say, or think. I have no desire to know how much they pay for their dress, or what they have for dinner. I do not care how much company they have, nor do I listen to the accounts of their meanness

or of their extravagance. If the world would only let me be, and allow me "to pursue the even tenor of my way," I should be satisfied.

But if I do not like to pry into the concerns of my neighbors, I make up for it by the deep interest which I take in the manners and customs of the bird family. While others are busy looking across the street into a neighbor's kitchen, I roam through the woods, looking at the building of the nest, or watching the care of the parent bird over its young. While the world gives its opinion about Mr. L.'s house, and expatiates upon the Italian, Gothic, and Corinthian styles of architecture, I am more than content if I can dive into the mysteries of the bird people, and prefer musing upon their manner of building. While my worldly friends, occupied with balls and parties, operas and concerts, leave their children to the care of nurses and governesses, I am struck with the difference between them and the little birds, who appear to me to show to far better advantage in their sylvan domain, than do those parents, dressed in their richest and gayest attire, in a brilliantly-lighted ball-room.

While we are troubled with French cooks and *valets de chambre*, the little birds find their food in the ground or upon it, and even upon the very trees in which they dwell. Boston "Oak Hall" is not known among the birds, for God furnishes them with a dress which no silk, satin, or jewels can equal. Indeed, not satisfied with these, we shine in "borrowed plumage," depriving the ostrich of his feathers for our hats and head-dresses. The birds are their own doctors, and "Mrs. Kidder's cordial" is unheard of. Carpenters are never called upon; the little feathered songsters prefer their own beautiful and economical nests to Italian villas or Grecian temples. The whale would be left undisturbed in his native element, and the silk and cotton mills would find no employment, if they depended upon the birds for custom; for they would laugh at the idea of umbrellas; and as to the merit of silks or satins, cottons or damasks, they never are obliged to trouble themselves about it.

There would be but little to do in the shoe stores, and kid, morocco, satin, and prunella shoes, calfskin and varnished leather boots, India rubber and gutta percha overshoes would lie upon the shelf, were it not for the custom of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Business would be dull, and scandal would be the same, if the birds "ruled the roast;" and as far as the latter goes, would that those people who mind every body's affairs but their own, would learn of the little birds. Having given vent to my feelings upon the subject in this introduction, I now mean to enter more fully into the bird kingdom, and will beg the attention of all the black and blue-eyed readers of this interesting work while I indulge myself with writing upon the domestic economy, and especially the harmony, of "the bird of all birds that I love the best," namely,

THE ROBIN.

This well-known and interesting bird is familiar to almost every body; therefore I shall not enter into a description of him. He is a constant inhabitant with us here at the north; not altogether deserting us

even during the coldest weather. When "summer leaves are green, and summer days are bright," the little gentleman robin chooses himself a wife, and they build their nest and rear their young in the trees near the house, or in the familiar orchard. They return annually to the same spot, if it be found sufficiently safe and convenient.

The food of the robin consists of insects, caterpillars, and worms, and especially of cherries and berries; and the observant lover of nature may see it intent upon providing for its mate and young, with an activity worthy of imitation. I love to see a large, stately robin going to market on a bright summer morning. He hops along, gazing round at the beauties of nature, watching against the approach of any intruder, every now and then diving at and dragging up some imprudent and careless worm. He tugs and pulls at it until he succeeds in drawing it from its hole; then, giving a glad note, significative of success, he flies to his nest, where the occupants devour the prize. Should any one, however, approach him while securing his breakfast, he is too wise to fly to his nest, but goes in a contrary direction, with a troubled air, until he has led you a pretty chase; and then he flies home with a cry of exultation, and no doubt laughing at the ease with which you fell into the trap he set for you.

The nests of these birds are variously placed, though they show great preference for apple-trees. They have a firm outside of twigs and sticks, and these are plastered together with mud. To complete the fabric, the birds line it with hay or fine grass; they also seize upon bits of cotton wool and thread with avidity — rearing the whole together into one compact little house. In this, the female lays three, four, or five eggs, of a beautiful sea green. When the female becomes tired from constant sitting, the male assumes her place; and Mrs. Robin takes a short fly, or hops around the barn and orchard until she has thoroughly stretched her little legs; then she returns to her charge, gladly welcomed back by her mate, who again departs in search of food.

I know nothing that gives me more pleasure than to watch these birds feeding their young. If by chance you get near their nest, they suffer you to look at them, but keep their little black eyes upon you as if they would read your countenance, and discover whether you are friendly or inimical to them. The young open their wide mouths, devouring the worms and insects with great avidity. The parent birds look at them with delight, apparently charmed at their hearty appetites, and never murmuring at the quantity they are obliged to provide for them. When the young begin to fly, the old birds are in a perfect state of ecstasy, and flutter about and sing to express their approbation. If the young hesitate, and seem to fear to launch forth upon their wings, the old birds set the example by little flights, urging their children to imitate them.

It was always a wonder to me to see boys robbing birds' nests. It cannot give them any real pleasure, and even if it did, the agony of the parent birds should be a great alloy. The schoolboy, probably, never thinks how dreadfully his parents would feel if he were stolen away,

and confined in prison. Yet they would feel no worse than the bird who sees its young taken from him: his feelings are, perhaps, nearly as acute as those of a human being. The robin, however, seems to be less troubled in this way, and his nest is often left unmolested, though so large as to be scarcely concealed. He owes this immunity, doubtless, in a great measure, to the fortunate name which he bears, as the favorite "Robin Redbreast," said to have made a leafy shroud for the lost "babes in the wood."

One of the greatest enemies of the robin is the cuckoo, who, during the absence of the parents, devours their eggs with avidity. To guard against these visits, the robin often approaches the habitations of man, and has been known to build within a few yards of the blacksmith's anvil; and in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, one was seen to employ for the same purpose the stern timbers of an unfinished vessel. They even have been known to steal a mass of fine shavings from a carpenter's bench without any alarm, with which to line their nest.

A pair were once known to make a nest in a harrow, among some other agricultural implements, suspended in the joists of a cart shed, in which three men were at work at the time; and here they built their nest and reared their young in safety. In this instance, the female was in such haste, that she laid an egg before the nest was finished, and while the male worked incessantly for its completion; so that this singular resort had probably been forced upon the pair immediately after the loss of the object of their first labor, and they now threw themselves and their concerns upon the protection of the human species.

The robin is a universal favorite; his sprightliness, his beauty, his cheerful song, and his familiar visits to men when "summer birds are flown," have won him a welcome every where.

I could dwell for a long time upon this topic, and nothing but the fear of taxing the patience of my readers for too great a length of time would stop me here; but my farewell will, I hope, be but for a month, when I shall again ask for their kind attention. MINNIE.

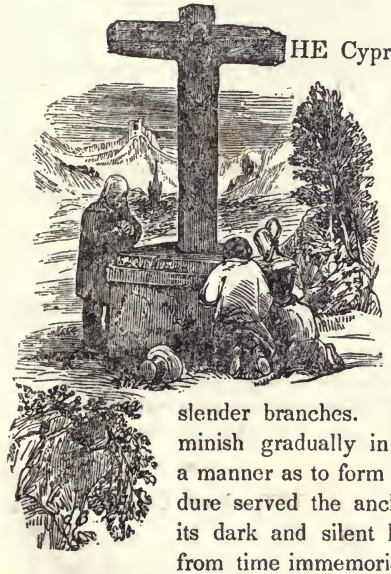
Serpents in South America.

IN the savannas of Izacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passage, while I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard, returned at full gallop, and called to me, "Here, sir, come and see the serpents in a pile!"

He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savanna or swamp, which looked like a bundle of firearms. One of my company then said, "This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents, which sometimes heap themselves on each other. I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near." We were within twenty paces of it; the terror of our horses prevented our nearer

approach, to which none of us were inclined. On a sudden, the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it; thousands of serpents, rolling spirally on each other, shot forth out of their circle their hideous heads, and presented their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remaining at its post, and appearing to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around it for the purpose of viewing its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some enemy, which might be the great serpent of Guiana, and that they unite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to resist it in a mass. — *Humboldt.*

Wonderful Trees, No. 4. — The Cypress-Tree.



THE Cypress is a tree noted for its height, strength, comeliness, and duration. There are several species, but the most remarkable is the *semper-vivens*, or ever-living. It is a native of the Levant, and takes its name from the Island of Cyprus, where it still grows in great luxuriance. It is also found in Persia and Syria. It is the only tree which grows towards the summit of Mount Lebanon, the frost blighting all other vegetation growing to any considerable height. Its leaves are exceedingly small, and entirely cover the slender branches. In some of the species, the branches diminish gradually in length, from the bottom to the top, in such a manner as to form a nearly pyramidal shape. Its perpetual verdure served the ancient poets as the image of eternity; while its dark and silent leaf, unmoved by gentle breezes, has been from time immemorial a symbol of melancholy. In the time of Pliny, it was the custom to place branches of this tree before those houses in which any person lay dead. Branches of it were held in the hand, at funerals, or other ceremonies of the kind. Its gloomy hue caused it also to be consecrated, by the ancients, to Pluto, the god of the infernal regions. The coffins of Athenians of wealth, and the chests of the Egyptian mummies, were made of its wood.

The cypress is remarkable for its durability and strength. Its wood can resist worms, putrefaction, and the influence of the elements, and remains unchanged for

centuries. It is hard and compact, of a pale or reddish color, with deep veins and a pleasant smell. The doors of St. Peter's, at Rome, were originally formed of it. At the end of several hundred years, they were removed, and gates of brass were substituted in their place; they did not, however, exhibit the slightest mark of decay. Pliny relates that the cypress doors of the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, were four hundred years old at the time he wrote, but were as sound as when new. In the days of Isaiah, idolaters formed their images from this tree. The image of Jupiter, in the Capitol at Rome, was also made of it, and many are of opinion that the wood of the cypress was the material used in the construction of Noah's ark.

In the Island of Crete, these trees were so valuable a commodity that the cypress plantations were called *dos filiæ;* the wood of a single tree being considered, as these two Latin words indicate, a *daughter's portion.* Their medicinal properties were also held to be among their most important qualities. They were believed to produce a salubrious change upon the atmosphere by their balsamic exhalations, and physicians recommended patients to be sent to the island for the purpose of effecting a speedy cure. In the western part of the United States, upon the Mississippi and other rivers, there are large cypress forests of a sombre and peculiar character. The dark, dense nature of their foliage, and their shade, impenetrable to the sun, render them the fit abode of wild beasts, — almost inaccessible to man. They cover tracts, hundreds of miles in extent, and are visited only by the traveller and the woodcutter.

At the present day, the cypress is rarely cultivated, but it still suggests poetical associations. The beautiful song of Wilfrid, in Scott's poem of Rokeby, derives its effect in a high degree from this source.

"O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the *cypress-tree!*
Too lively grow the lilies light,
The varnished holly 's all too bright;
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine:
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the *cypress-tree!*

"Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the *cypress-tree.*

"Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew,
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the *cypress-tree.*"

Effect of Colors.

Mr. Forbes, the author of the "Oriental Memoirs," when at Dazagan, in Concan, India, kept a chameleon for several weeks. The animal was singularly affected by any thing black. The skirting board of the room was black, and the creature avoided it; but if by chance he came near it, or if a black hat were placed in his way, he shrunk, and

became black as jet. It was evident by the care he took to avoid those objects which occasioned this change, that the effort was painful to him; the color seemed to operate like a poison. From some antipathy of the same sort, the buffalo and the bull are enraged by a red garment; and the viper is most provoked to bite when the viper-catcher presents it with a red rag. Persons who wear black hats in summer, are ten times more annoyed by flies than those who wear white ones. Such facts are highly curious, and well deserving of investigation.

Babylon.

THE history of this great and wonderful city is exceedingly interesting. Of its origin we have no very exact account. It was founded not many ages after the deluge, and probably very near the place where the great tower of Babel was built. It is very likely that people lived in Babylon who were acquainted with Noah, and his sons Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Perhaps some of them had actually been up to Mount Ararat, and seen the remains of Mr. Noah's big ship, which is called an *ark*, in the Bible.

But however this may be, it seems that about two thousand years before Christ, that is, nearly four thousand years ago, Babylon was taken by a famous queen, called Semiramis, who was the ruler of Assyria, a large city two hun-

dred and fifty miles north-east of Babylon. She had a fancy for doing great things, and she built many fine edifices in the latter city, and made it a most splendid place.

Many centuries after, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, made the city still more splendid, so that it was the most famous place in the world. At that time, it occupied a square, fifteen miles on each side; it was encompassed by walls sixty miles in length, and in some places twice as high as the top of Boston State House. If Boston were as extensive as Babylon, it would take in Roxbury on the south, Salem on the north, and Natick on the west, with Brookline, Brighton, Cambridge, Newton, and a dozen other villages between!

Now, about seven or eight hundred years before Christ, and about twenty-five hundred years ago, this mighty city was in all its glory and splendor; yet then the prophet Isaiah, living in Judea, about four hundred miles from Babylon, prophesied its destruction. He said that its glory should pass away, and that the very spot where its palaces, and temples, and walls, and bridges, and monuments, then seemed to defy the attacks of time, should become a desert and a wilderness; the lonely and desolate abode of the bat, and the owl, and the ape.

And strange to say, this terrible prophecy has come to pass. The temples and palaces of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar have become a heap of ruins. The walls have disappeared, and the streets are replaced by a swampy marsh, amid whose thickets and heaps of rubbish, serpents, owls, bats, and reptiles find a secure retreat.

The New Bonnet.

WHAT think you, girls and boys, of little Ellen, and her new bonnet?

The bonnet is pretty, and so is Ellen. But perhaps you will say that the child thinks too much of her dress, and is vain of her beauty.

Softly, softly, ye critics! If little Ellen be too fond of her dress, or if she be vain of her beauty, who taught her to be so? Who set her the example? Come hither you girls in your teens, and ye ladies out of your teens, come and let me question you!

Has not little Ellen seen you putting on the new bonnet, and studying airs and

graces, and making sweet faces, in the looking-glass? Has she not seen you displaying a love of new ribbons, and fine shawls, and mousselin de laine dresses? Has she not seen your eyes flashing with the consciousness of their beauty, and your cheeks glowing with a richer tinge, as the mirror told you how much they looked like rareripe peaches? And will you condemn innocent, artless little Ellen for doing what her betters do?

No, no; you must do no such thing. In the first place, ladies, I do not object to a certain degree of attention to dress. You do well to study a graceful and becoming attire, and to seek to make your appearance agreeable. And in the next place, surely, if you have taught Ellen to be vain and fantastic, even at the age of four or five years, you must not blame her for it; you have made her what she is, in these respects. Her airs are but reflections of yourselves. So be gentle with the child, and teach her better manners by your example!

The Twins.

LOOK at the picture, reader, and then read our simple story!

James and Jane were twins, and looked so like each other, in their infancy, that a stranger could hardly tell them apart. Their mother and their father, too, could see a difference between them; but their cousins, uncles, and aunts often called Jane Jim, and Jim Jane; and the two children seemed as much alike in character and feeling as in appearance.

But as they advanced in years, though still bearing a strong resemblance, the

likeness became less remarkable. As time flew on, Jane took to dolls and baby-houses, and James to the bat and the ball, the bow and the arrow. At a still later period, when they were about fifteen years of age, Jane might be seen at home, helping her mother in family matters, or perchance reading a book, or trying on a new bonnet before the looking-glass. James, meanwhile, was driving the horse through the furrow, or raking the hay in the meadow, or bounding in the race or chase with his boy-companions.

Thus these two children, born in the same hour, and united by more than the ordinary ties of brother and sister, seemed to be striking out into different paths of life, which might part them forever. Yet it was not so. It is true their pursuits were different; their tastes were different; their duties and destinies were different; yet still their chief pleasure consisted in their mutual affection. If the day parted them, the evening brought them together. If distances separated them, letters were the means by which they conveyed their thoughts and feelings to each other. And thus life passed on, and though they lived apart, and at last saw each other but seldom, still their affection continued.

Now, in all this there was nothing strange, nothing out of the ordinary course of things, and it is because the case is a common one, that I present it to my readers. If we look at the world aright, how many things do we see in it, even amid the clouds and darkness which encompass it, which are beautiful! How sweet is the affection of brothers and sisters! When sincere and lasting, how many pleasures does it bring, in youth and in age, in seasons of joy and of sorrow! In the case of twins, who seem to be united by a peculiar bond of sympathy, it is easy to discover one of those devices of Nature, by which her ordinary, yet beautiful gifts, are diversified and increased. The rose, lovely as it is, does not exhaust her invention, for even this is sometimes doubled.

An Arab Belle.

Of the three ladies in the harem, the chief was Amsha. From her rank and beauty, she had earned the title of "Queen of the Desert." Her form, traceable through the thin skirt which she wore, like other Arab women, was well proportioned and graceful. She was tall in stature and fair in complexion. Her features were regular, and her eyes dark and brilliant. Her lips were dyed deep blue; her eyelids were continued in indigo until they united over the nose. Her cheeks and forehead were spotted with beauty-marks; her eyelashes darkened by kohl; and on her legs and bosom could be seen the tattooed ends of flowers and fanciful ornaments, which were carried in festoons and net-work over her whole body. Her nose was adorned with a prodigious gold ring, set with jewels, of such ample dimensions that it covered the mouth, and was to be removed when the lady ate. Ponderous rows of strung beads, Assyrian cylinders, fragments of coral, agates and party-colored stones, hung from her neck; loose silver rings encircled her wrists and ankles, making a loud jingling as she walked.

William Tell.

WILLIAM TELL, known in history as the "Deliverer of Switzerland," was a simple peasant of the village of Bürglen, near Altorf, and lived during the close of the thirteenth and the commencement of the fourteenth century. His early life is entirely unknown, and would have probably passed away in obscurity, but for the event which called him into action.

At the period in which he lived, the territory now known as Switzerland belonged to Germany. One of the emperors of the latter country, Albert I., who wished to increase his personal estates, undertook to unite with them the three "forest cantons" of Switzerland, as they were called. These cantons were Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden. The people refused to listen to the propositions of the emperor, preferring the mild government under which they had always lived. The

emperor was greatly incensed, and determined to take revenge. He sent two governors, called Gesler and Landenberg, to punish them for their obstinacy. These persons spared no pains to torment and harass the unhappy victims of the emperor's displeasure. They perpetrated the most flagrant acts of tyranny, and treated the people like a conquered nation. They were responsible to no one for their actions, and sought by abuse of power to recommend themselves to their master's favor. Fortresses were erected in various parts of the country, so that the people, feeling the uselessness of resistance, were obliged quietly to submit.

The first person who seems to have thought of deliverance from this injustice was a peasant named Staufacher. His house had been pulled down by order of Landenberg, on the pretext of its being too elegant for the humble condition of its owner. He brooded in secret over the wrongs of his country, and contemplated her degraded condition. He imparted his ideas to two friends named Walter Furst and Arnold of Melcthal, who bound themselves by oath to break the fetters of Switzerland or to perish in the attempt. On the night of the 17th of November, 1307, these three patriots, each of them accompanied by ten chosen companions, met together to consult upon the necessary preparations for a general insurrection. The place of meeting was a retired meadow on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, where the secluded situation and the surrounding rocks seemed to render surprise impossible. The greater part of the conspirators were for an immediate rising; but upon mature deliberation, the first day of the new year was fixed upon for the execution of their momentous project.

William Tell, who had married the daughter of Walter Furst, was a member of this patriotic band. He happened one day to pass through the town of Altorf, where Gesler had caused a pole to be erected, and a hat to be placed upon it. To this he enjoined all passers by to pay the same respect as to his own person. Tell refused to obey this fantastic order, and even had the boldness to treat the hat and pole with contempt. He was dragged before the enraged governor, who threatened him with immediate death, unless he pierced with an arrow an apple placed upon the head of his son, a boy about five years old. Tell hesitated some time before accepting the trial; but being a skilful marksman, and confident in his unerring arm, he took his post with a resolute step. Gesler was seated in his chair of state, encircled by his body-guard. The boy was stationed, by his direction, at a distance which appeared to him the most unfavorable to the archer's skill. But Tell, sustained at this trying moment by the sympathy of the attentive crowd, boldly grasped his bow. The arrow flew from his hand, and the apple fell at the boy's feet. Tell turned to the governor, and, producing another arrow, exclaimed, "This was destined for thee, if the first had hit my child."

Gesler, who had hoped that Tell would either kill or hurt his son, gave way to a paroxysm of rage and disappointment, and commanded his soldiers again to seize the bold offender. He was placed in a boat, to be conveyed to a fortress on the

opposite side of the lake. To guard against any attempt at a rescue, Gesler and his attendants embarked with him. Hardly were they out of the reach of the shore, when a furious storm arose. The clouds broke directly over their heads, and the violence of the wind and the rain soon rendered the boat unmanageable. The boatmen, unable to use their oars, commended themselves to Providence for protection. At this moment, one of the governor's body-guard recollected that Tell was a skilful pilot, and communicated the fact to Gesler. Tell was unbound and placed at the helm. Taking advantage of his knowledge of the lake and the surrounding rocks, he was soon able to weather the fury of the tempest. As the boat approached the land, he seized his bow, and plunged into the water. With one hand, he grasped a projecting rock, and with the other, pushed back the boat into the waves. The storm, however, was abating, and the tyrant and his companions gained the shore. But the governor had escaped the waves only to share another fate. Tell met him on the road, and an arrow from his bow stretched him dead upon the ground.

The news of this event ran like wildfire among the friends of liberty. The insurgents rose on all sides; the peasants and shepherds, throwing aside the pipe and crook, armed in the common cause. In the course of one day, seven castles and fortresses fell into their hands. These were given up to the flames amid the shouts and congratulations of the people. The three cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden obtained their independence, and laid the foundation of Swiss liberty. They were from time to time joined by other cantons, till the present republic of Switzerland was formed, and its perpetual freedom from foreign rule was guarantied by the great European powers.

Of the subsequent events of Tell's life, but little is known. He is believed to have been present at a battle between the Swiss and the Austrians, some years later, and to have perished in the River Schachen, in 1350, during a flood. The canton of Uri caused his name to be perpetuated by a chapel which was erected near the spot where he escaped from the boat. The rock upon which he leaped is still shown to travellers.

A Whale out of his Latitude.

A young grampus whale, about twenty-five feet long, was discovered on Wednesday in Hingham harbor, near the steamboat wharf. He had lost his way among the intricacies of the channel, and at low water found himself suddenly brought to a stand. After floundering about for some time, he at last found his way out, and started for deeper water. Boats pursued him with harpoons; but before they could reach him, he had passed the head of the channel, and put to sea for parts unknown.

A Riddle.

My first discourses music sweet,
Most grateful to the ear;
My next is often heard and felt,
And puts bad boys in fear.

My whole the ladies cannot do without:
So there's the riddle; find it out.

The Swiss Houses.

THE Swiss houses, like many other things in Switzerland, are very curious. The roofs are usually almost flat, and the eaves project so as to form a sort of piazza, running round the whole house. Sometimes there are smaller galleries or walks, extending quite around the building, being sheltered by the projecting roof. This style of cottage has been often imitated. In some parts of Switzerland, the people manufacture little models of Swiss houses, which are sent to Paris, and other cities of Europe, as curious toys for children, or for models by which architects construct country houses.

The houses in Switzerland are not only curious in themselves, but their situations are often very striking. In travelling through Switzerland, the stranger will see the buildings erected on the steep sides of the mountains, or on the brows of dizzy cliffs, or perhaps in the dark gorges, by the brink of dashing rivers and foaming cataracts. And around these wild dwelling-places may be seen the flock of goats and the flock of children, both bounding along the edges of terrific

precipices, seeming alike insensible to danger, and strangers to fear. And from house to house, and rock to rock, may be heard the shout, and call, and horn of the people of this romantic land, sometimes light, gay, and cheerful, mingled with joyous laughter, and sometimes more solemn, as at evening or the sunset hour, calling the heart to meditation and prayer. How beautiful is the voice of thanksgiving here in this region of desolation! for it declares that God has planted the seeds of peace and joy in the bosom of man, and not made them dependent on the vicissitudes of climate or the accident of soil.

The Indian's Story.

LISTEN, Meena, and I will answer your inquiries. Long, long ago, these hills and valleys were our father-land. Numerous as the leaves were our people; free as the winds were they, when they roamed over meadow and mountain. This spot was at first Manitto's dwelling-place. He chose it, for it

was the fairest in the land. In yonder gorge was a waterfall, which the deity loved to behold. There he often came, and he sat upon the high cliff, and the cloud gathered its folds around him, and he seemed awful in his majesty. And the lightning flashed from his eye, and the thunder rolled down the mountain at his feet, and the eagle came and poised himself upon the shoulder of the god, and the cloud rolled away, and the deity vanished, and the sweet bow of many colors was in the sky; and then it came and played in the spray of the cataract, and there it lingered when the sun was bright, or when the moonbeams fell fair.

And spring came here before it visited other lands; for so Manitto decreed. And here summer was longest and fairest; and here autumn shed her richest fruits. In the valley, the forests rose thick and tall, and gave shelter to innumerable deer; on the mountain was the walnut, the chestnut, the beech, and the butternut, which covered the ground with their fruits, and fed thousands of squirrels and partridges.

Now, our fathers pleased Manitto, for they were the bravest of the nations in battle; so he bequeathed to them this country, which he had chosen for himself. And for long, long ages, it was theirs. Here they dwelt in joy and triumph.

But at last they became weak. Their warriors grew indolent, and loved the chase better than battle. They preferred peace, clothed themselves in rich furs, and lay on beds of beaver skins, and down of the swan and pelican. Thus was Manitto's favor changed to anger, and thus the ruin of our fathers approached.

A people came over the sea, from regions which give birth to the morning, the sun, the moon, and the stars. And the light was in their veins, and the ruddy dawn glowed in their cheeks, and they came with weapons which hurled the thunder and the lightning upon their enemies, and our fathers were slain in many battles. Their corses were thrown on the stream, and their war-cry was drowned in the roar of the cataract; the eagle feasted on their slain, and the haggard wolf stole from his cover, and shared in the horrible meal. Manitto fled, and, cursing the land, left it in judgment to the pale faces.

And see! the hills are shorn of their forests; the lofty trees have disappeared from the valley; the deer has fled; the stream, once so wild and beautiful, is now used only to turn the mill and the wheel of the factory. Where Manitto sat on the cliff, is now a place of worship for these infidels, who are deluded with strange idols. Our hunting-grounds are sown with corn, wheat, and rye; the domain of the squirrel and the partridge is covered with gardens and villages. Alas! how are the homes of our ancestors desecrated! How has the curse fallen upon our fatherland!

City Habits.

A GENTLEMAN once observed that his wife had lately expended fifty dollars for a habit. His friend replied, "Here in the country, we don't allow our wives to *get into such habits.*"

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER I.

AT the north-western extremity of the continent of Europe lies the cold and dreary region called *Norway*. It comprises a long line of maritime territory, and faces the boundless expanse of the Northern Ocean. Its length from the most southern promontory to the North Cape is over eleven hundred miles. Throughout its whole extent, in an oblique line parallel to the sea, runs the chain of the Dofrines, presenting bold and lofty summits, covered with perpetual snow. These mountains throw out numerous branches, sloping downward to the sea, which form romantic valleys and deep and winding bays. The inhabitants raise a little grain, but not nearly enough for their own consumption: they export, however, large quantities of timber and fish, receiving grain and other commodities in return. In seasons of scarcity, when other sources fail them, they dry and grind the inner rind of the fir-tree, which, mixed with a small proportion of corn, is made into bread. Fires are used during nine months of the year, —from September to June. The summer then advances rapidly, but soon disappears before the returning frost.

The northern half of this inhospitable country is distinguished from the more southern district by the name of *Norrland*. The cold is here more intense, and the winters are longer. Not only mountains, but fields and table lands, are covered with snow during the whole year. Grain, even of the coarsest descriptions, ripens only in a few favored spots. Many trees which grow abundantly in the south entirely disappear, and the more hardy kinds spring up only where they are sheltered from the winds. The western coast, iron bound and difficult of access, is lined in its entire extent by a vast number of islands, which form a chain parallel to the land. These are separated by narrow channels, through which the tides of the Northern Ocean rush with tremendous rapidity. The sea flows as in the most rapid rivers, and when the wind is high, produces the effect of a mighty cataract. Waves are seen struggling against waves, towering aloft or wheeling about in whirlpools. They dash themselves against each other with a shock which may be heard for miles; the sea, white with foam, and boiling like a caldron, bears witness to the desperate nature of the contest.

All this territory lies within the arctic circle. The air and elements, which, in other parts of the world, are merely accessaries, form here the leading objects, giving their dreary aspect to the whole region. The absence of light during a portion of the year forms a singular and gloomy circumstance. For two, three, or four months, the sun never appears above the horizon: one continued night reigns. Yet there are not wanting objects to cheer this lengthened gloom, and to give a bright and even fairy splendor to the polar sky. The moon and stars shine through the clear frosty air with peculiar brightness; haloes and other luminous meteors are

more frequent and vivid than in lower latitudes; and, above all, the aurora borealis fills the arctic atmosphere with its coruscations of playful light. During the spring and autumn, the sun wheels in a perpetual circle immediately above the horizon, painting the heavens with hues more varied and brilliant than those which adorn the skies of any other climate.

In this desolate region, there lived, nearly a thousand years ago, a young fisherman, whose fortunes we are about to narrate. He dwelt among the snows of these frozen latitudes, because it was his lot to be born among them; and he followed the trade of a fisherman because his father and ancestors had all been fishermen before him. His parents had long since died, leaving him, who was their only child, all the property they possessed. This consisted of but little more than a hut made of fir-trees, and lined with seal skins, and boats and oars with which to follow his adventurous profession. But our hero, whose name, by the way, was Thorwald, had a stout heart and a willing hand, and had never yet seen the day that he had not enough to eat, with something to spare for a less fortunate neighbor. His house stood on the slope of a hill, overlooking the sea. It was of one story, the roof being covered with turf and weeds. It was warmed by a fire built in the centre of the room, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. The windows were double and the doors closely fitted, to keep out as much cold as possible. Thorwald was his own housekeeper, cook, chambermaid, and tailor. He was never at home except at night, and during the herring season was frequently absent for months together.

Thorwald, at the period that he first appears before us, was nineteen years old, five feet six inches high, stout, hearty, and very often hungry. When arrayed in his professional costume, he was a sight to be seen. He wore usually three or four seal skin waistcoats, one over the other, coming close up to the neck, and yellow leather small-clothes with bright steel knee-buckles: over the waistcoats was a short brown coat, surmounted by a bear skin pelisse. His feet were protected by a pair of boots made of the hide of the reindeer, with the hair on the outside, and doubly lined with sheepskin. A plain handkerchief tied round his neck, double gloves of fur and wool, and a fur cap, completed his attire. With all this protection, the blast sometimes made him shiver, and the cold spray, dashing in showers over his boat, often penetrated to his skin. But the winds and the weather had but little influence over him; he had been taught to handle an oar as soon as he could run without tumbling. The water was his element, and he loved it in all its phases. He thought himself safer on the water than on the land, and reasoned in this way: "Ashore, a house-roof may tumble on my head, or a falling tree break my leg; while at sea there is nothing to fear but the wind, the waves, the thunder and the lightning; and these are good friends enough to those who know how to humor them." When he got into a dispute with a wave, or a pertinacious eddy tried to wrench away his oar, he always compromised the matter in some way of his own. He thought it

better to yield a point to a wave, which might be expected to have a little natural pride, having rolled all the way from the North Pole, than to run the risk of being spilled from his boat, for the sake of a notion of honor. Having thus introduced our hero, and, we hope, put him and his uncouth costume at ease, among our courtly readers of this civilized age, we must pay a visit to a neighboring cottage, where we shall find several other personages, whose fortunes are intimately connected with this history.

In this cottage were two persons; the one, a young man of twenty-five years, and the other, a woman somewhat younger. She was very pretty, with a fair complexion and red cheeks, light flaxen hair, small white teeth, and a dimple in the left corner of her mouth. The legends of the village said that in this dimple were buried the remains of more than one luckless lover: no one pitied them, however, for they were happier in death than in life. Gudrida—for such was this fair creature's name — had been married some five years, and yet the young man opposite had most unequivocally the appearance and manners of a suitor. His eyes followed every movement of Gudrida, whose dress, of bear and marten skins, lent an additional charm to her simple beauty. He seemed several times on the point of speaking, and once rose to approach her; he took her hand, which she allowed him to hold for an instant, and then withdrew. Then motioning him to a seat on the other side of the fire, she laid down a half finished tippet of sable skins, and, looking the young man full in the face, said, —

"No more of this, Eric, I beg of you: my determination cannot be shaken, and you are only making yourself unhappy, by nourishing hopes which may never be realized. I believe, yet, that my husband is somewhere on the wide sea, safe and sound in his trusty ship, spite of your gloomy predictions, and the dark pictures you have drawn of the dangers of the frozen sea into which he has ventured, and of the unknown country he has gone to visit. I shall not give up expecting his return till I hear of his death. Even if I were a widow, and knew that my poor Harold's bones were lying at the bottom of the sea, I don't know that I should have a kind word for you. You never were a friend to Harold, and now you seem to wish his death."

"No, Gudrida, no; you wrong me, and entirely misunderstand me. When, years ago, you gave your preference to Harold, and bade me hang my harp upon the willow, I bore it as well as I could, and tried to be happy with my flocks and farm. I made the biggest cheeses that ever were seen in our latitude, and trapped more martens than I could skin and have time enough left to think of you. You had hardly been married a year, when those Icelanders arrived, with their account of a new land to the west of Greenland, that they had visited, and to which they were going to return. Harold listened with eagerness to their stories, and, after hesitating and doubting for a month or so, actually left you, before the honey-moon was over, to go on a cruise to parts unknown! Four years, he said, would soon pass, and he should then return, to repose under the laurels he should have

gained as a discoverer and benefactor. You will do me the justice to say, that during these four years' probation, I never renewed the suit, which you had once so cruelly rejected. I continued making fat cheeses and hunting martens. But, as the period in which Harold was to return drew to a close, I, like all our neighbors, used to frequent the hills that overlook the sea, and watch for the ships of the returning adventurers. At every sail that came in sight, my heart ceased to beat, and my blood to flow. They never came, though; and every body, except you, has now given up expecting them. Harold has either been frozen to death in some nook of the North Pole, or has been dragged into the eddies of the Maelstrom."

"If he has, Eric," said Gudrida, "some of the rest of the adventurers will return to tell us of his fate. Three ships went away, and if ill luck has befallen one, there are two left to bring home the sad news. No, no, Eric, I cannot be your wife; cease to think of me, and look about among the girls of the neighborhood. There's Kathinka, down in the valley, who always manages to have you drag her on your sled, in preference to any other; and then there's the rosy, buxom Thingilla, on the hill, who adores cheeses and marten skins; or there's — "

"That'll do — that'll do, Gudrida; two are quite enough — two too many, as I don't want either of them. I suppose I must be content to wait. If I send you a cheese, you'll accept it, won't you?"

"O yes, and eat it too; only, if you take my advice, you'll send it to Thingilla. But hark! I thought I heard a shout. Did you not hear something?"

Eric did hear something, and an undefined feeling of dread rose in his breast. Several peasants and fishermen, followed by women and children, ran in great haste by the cottage towards the sea-shore. Gudrida looked from the window, and saw the whole population of the neighborhood collecting on the hill from which she had so often gazed with aching eyes upon the water. She was on the point of going to see what could be the occasion of this, when the door flew open, and a man in fisherman's costume rushed into the room.

It was Thorwald.

"Gudrida," he exclaimed, "Gudrida, come to the hill, and see something that will gladden your eyes. There is a ship in the offing bearing direct for our harbor; and if I can trust my eyesight, she's one of the three that we've all been thinking of the last five years. Come quick. The wind 's west, and she'll be here in less than two hours. Come, and you too, Eric!"

Gudrida trembled so violently, that she could hardly stand. Only one ship was in sight. It might be Olaf's or Haco's, as well as Harold's. She hurried on various thickly lined skins, put a tippet or two round her neck, and started for the shore. Each of the young men gave her an arm, though Eric needed support almost as much as she did. On arriving at the hill, they found the men and women in a high state of excitement, making telescopes with their hands, and indulging in all sorts of speculations upon the coming vessel. The sea lay before them, placid and calm for those boisterous regions, while a brisk wind from the west was every moment narrowing the distance between the craft and the shore. Several fishermen had descended to the

beach, and were getting their boats ready to go and meet the stranger. On came the vessel; and as her rigging and build assumed a more tangible form, the practised eye of Thorwald told him that it was not the ship in which Harold had embarked, but that of one of his fellow-adventurers. He communicated his fears to Gudrida, and her cheek, already pale from mingled hope and dread, grew whiter still. The ship approached nearer and nearer, and soon the stalwart form of Olaf was seen on the prow. As the vessel came within speaking distance, a tremendous shout of welcome broke from the people gathered on the shore, and then an anxious silence followed.

At last, an old man, putting his hand to his mouth, in the fashion of a speaking-trumpet, cried out, in a tremulous voice, "Where are Haco and his vessel?" The crowd held their breath, and waited with intense interest for the reply. Olaf, after an instant's hesitation, answered, "Haco, his crew and ship, were lost in the Maelstrom, hardly a week ago." The old man sank upon the ground, and his neighbors carried him home. These dreadful tidings threw a gloom over the whole assembly; for there were many friends and relations of those on the hill in the lost ship. Thorwald now raised his voice, and as he spoke, Gudrida almost lost consciousness.

"What news of Harold and his men?"

"That's more than I can tell you," replied Olaf: "we parted company with them three years ago, and have not crossed their path since. They are safe enough, I reckon. But lend a hand, here: when I'm fairly ashore, I'll tell you all about it. I see you, mother — and you too, Kathinka: come to my arms, both of you." So saying, the hardy mariner leaped upon the land, and once more enjoyed the happiness of home and family. Gudrida had fainted away at the words of Olaf, and was conveyed to her cottage. Eric, who sincerely pitied her misfortunes, mingled with the new comers, to endeavor to learn some particulars of the absence of Harold. Poor fellow! a slight pang crossed his breast, as he saw Kathinka leaning on the arm of a dashing-looking boatswain, and Thingilla dancing for joy, as a stylish sailor, an old acquaintance strongly resembling a polar bear, descended the ship's side. But that was momentary. He followed the crowd to the cottage of Olaf's mother, where as many as could get in listened to the story of the adventurers. Olaf's narrative, however, must be left till our next number, when we shall resume the thread of this history.

A Naval Alarm.

When a British fleet menaced a part of the American coast, during the revolution, a man promulgated that he had discovered a combustible matter which could be easily conveyed uninjured to the ships, and produce a dreadful conflagration. Accordingly, at an appointed day, a number of barrels were set on float, which made their way towards the ships. Shortly after, one of the barrels exploding with considerable blaze and report, the fleet, whose cables were already slipped, departed with precipitate haste, leaving the inventor, whose dangerous scheme was now entirely exhausted, in full possession of the coast for many miles.

Roman Triumphal Procession.

THIS pompous and imposing ceremony had for its object to do honor to a victorious general. It was the greatest military honor that could be attained in the Roman state. First came the musicians; next the oxen for sacrifice, adorned with flowers; then the spoils taken from the enemy, and captives of rank in chains. The general himself, crowned with laurel, rode in a circular chariot, drawn by four horses. The consuls and senators sometimes preceded, and sometimes followed him, on foot. The soldiers closed the procession.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Merry. Good morning, Mr. Peter Parley — good morning! How are you to-day?

Parley. Why, pretty cherk for an old man. I've seen better days, but I've seen worse, also. We've all a great deal to be thankful for, Mr. Merry.

M. Certainly, certainly. If we kept as close an account of our pleasures as we do of our sorrows and disappointments, we should see that the former greatly overbalance the latter. But pray excuse me for turning your attention to a little matter of business. Have you any thing for the Museum this month?

P. Nothing — nothing — except —

M. Except what?

P. Why, as I was coming along, noticing the objects by the way, and reflecting upon the wintry and desolate aspect of every thing around, I saw a little snow-bird, singing on a bush, and so I put his song into rhyme, as follows: —

You may deem the season sad —
The frozen landscape dull and dreary;
Yet to one whose heart is glad,
All around is bright and cheery.

The tempest comes, with sleet and snow;
But why should joyous snow-birds mind it?
There's many a seed where breezes blow,
And those who seek are sure to find it.

The wind that speeds the snowy drift,
To me is but an airy swing;
And on its pinions, wild and swift,
I glide, a light and joyous thing.

The wind may through the forest moan,
And echo answer sigh for sigh;
Yet we can sing, in joyous tone,
For smiling boys and girls are by.

M. Very well, Mr. Parley; that is not number one, but it will do. I am much obliged to you. Do you not intend to give us something for each number, as you promised? All the young people are glad to hear your stories.

P. Are you sure of that, Mr. Merry?

M. Certainly: why do you doubt it?

P. Why, it seems to me that I have got so old and frostbitten, and have told so many stories, that every body must be tired of me.

M. Not at all — not at all! There's a good deal of good stuff in you yet, and I beg you will not let your modesty keep you from giving it to your friends.

P. Well, I will try; so you may calculate upon something for each number, from me, hereafter.

Chelsea, October 15, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum for almost one year, and have been very much amused and instructed by it. I have also found out almost all the enigmas, which interest me very much. I have ventured to try my hand at one, and here it is. You may put it in the next number of the Museum if you think it worth a place, and oblige your correspondent for the first time,

F. H. E****.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 1, 7, 3, 21, 2, 6, is a city in France.

My 21, 3, 4, 4, 10, is a state in Italy.

My 11, 2, 3, 20, 18, 23, a country in Africa.

My 10, 16, 5, 22, 6, 11, a city in Greece.

My 5, 13, 4, 21, 18, is a burning mountain.

My 11, 12, 5, 13, 21, 22, 23, 10, a celebrated island.

My 10, 9, 21, 10, 11, mountains in Africa.

My 20, 24, 6, is a river in Scotland.

My 21, 7, 14, 20, 15, 19, a city in Europe.

My 1, 10, 3, 6, 8, 7, 14, a town in Massachusetts.

My 11, 18, 19, 25, 13, a river in South Carolina.

My whole is a temperance motto.

Preston, Connecticut, Nov. 21, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

When I brought your November number home for my two little boys to read, they seemed delighted with its contents, and especially with the idea of making puzzles; and after we had solved the one from J. H. S., to our satisfaction, they were desirous to try their hand at the same work; and each one produced a puzzle upon his own name, one of which I herewith send you, to dispose of as you deem proper.

F. H.

PUZZLE.

My name consists of twenty letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 12, is an article used in the transmission of intelligence.

My 16, 17, 6, 7, is something very important in architecture.

My 20, 19, 15, 18, 17, is a place of merchandise.

My 13, 14, 5, 3, 9, is an exercise in which soldiers often engage.

My 14, 2, 10, 4, 17, is an instrument of warfare. And,

My three initials are the pride and ruin of thousands.

Connecticut Literary Institute, Oct. 16.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have addressed you once before, dating from the town of Bristol. I am now a student in the Connecticut Literary Institute, treading up the ladder of learning, and I have already been many a round through the pages of your excellent Museum. And now, although I am away from home, I have it monthly, for my parents send it to me. I was much surprised and disappointed when I heard the September number had not come, for I had expected a rich treat in perusing its contents. I have not found time to guess the enigmas in the October number, for we students have enough to do in studying our lessons. I liked the story of the Fairy Mignonne, and hoped it would be continued for a long time. I really hope Billy Bump is not lost.

The articles entitled "Wonderful Trees" are very interesting, as well as instructive; and I should like your magazine quite as well were it full of such pieces: but some like stories, and others riddles, so that you have to put in a little of every thing, to suit all tastes. I hope Sammy Sassafras will continue his letters, for they are very interesting. By the way, about thirty adventurers for California, went from Bristol, and the last we heard from them was, that they were half starved.

When I began, I intended to give you a description of this institution, but my thoughts were all about you; but now I will begin. It is composed of two brick buildings, — one for ladies, and the other for gentlemen: the rooms are about fifteen feet square, where the students study and sleep. The first tier of the gentlemen's department is divided into three rooms, for philosophical apparatus, recitation, and study; those under fifteen study in the chapel. In the other department, on the first tier, we eat our meals; and the second is devoted to recitation, drawing, and music rooms, and a large parlor for visitors. The third and fourth are divided into rooms for study. The bell will soon ring for prayers, and so I must close my epistle.

From your friend and subscriber,

CHARLES E. M——.

MR. MERRY:

Pray excuse me for asking you a question. Is the story of Billy Bump a true story, or a fancy story? I have had a dispute with James Simpson about it; and I have bet with him my spelling-book, against his grammar, that it is a real, genuine history. Now, will you say who has won? and oblige

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN SPICER.

☞ We do not encourage betting: it is a low, vulgar practice, and we shall give no countenance to it by answering the above question.

DEAR ROBERT MERRY:

I am a very little girl, and I cannot read or write. This is written for me by my sister Delia. I hear all the children talking about Robert Merry. Now, pray, come and see me some day, and I will show you my doll, and my little cooking-stove, and my blue glass beads, and all my things. I've got some new red slippers, and I guess mamma will give you a nice piece of pumpkin pie when you come.

Good by.

JANE A——.

We have letters from W. H. P., of Hingham; D. T. H., of Milo Centre; F. S. K., of Louisiana Institute; W. P., of Vernon; P. B——, of Lowell; C. J., of East Cambridge, who writes with a pencil, and not with ink; N. S. and S. C. McA——, Canton; S. S. D., of Salem; L. C. C., of Ceres, Pennsylvania.

The Snow Storm.

THERE was once a little girl, by the name of Cornelia, who was very fond of having her own way. In this, she was no doubt very much like many other girls, and boys too. But Cornelia carried her self-will very far, and I am going to tell you how it once brought her into serious trouble.

You must know that she lived in the western part of Connecticut, and near that ridge of mountains which separates that state from New-York. The village in which she dwelt was called Ridgebury, and if you ever visit that place you will see that it skirts the woods lying at the foot and up the slopes of an elevated mountain. These woods are filled with chestnut, walnut and butternut trees, and to gather their fruit, the children of the vicinity often visit them.

Now at the time of which I speak, it was late in November, but as yet there had been no snow, and very little cold weather. The season was, indeed, uncommonly mild and pleasant. Well, on a certain day, Cornelia had arranged with some of her young friends, to go

into the woods a-nutting. She was very impatient to have the day arrive, and when at last it came, she was in high spirits. The sun rose fair, and seemed for a time to promise a beautiful day, but soon a cloud in the west rose up gradually and spread over the sky. At the same time a peculiar chill was in the air, which made the farmers shake their heads, the birds seek shelter in the forests, and the old hens to step slow, high, and long—all the while uttering low and scarcely audible sounds.

Cornelia's father was what is called *weatherwise*, and he advised his daughter and her companions not to carry out their plan—saying that he believed it was going to snow. Some of the children were disposed to adopt this advice, but Cornelia was determined to go—rain or shine.

"Pray, father," said she, "what if it does snow? we don't care."

"But," said the old farmer, "you may take cold, or you may suffer from cold, or you may get lost in the woods. It is folly to seek pleasure when you are likely to get nothing but pain."

All this had no effect upon Cornelia; she had made up her mind to go, and nothing could stop her. So at last she set off with her half-dozen companions. Full of expectation, they went along with hops, skips, and jumps, and at the end of two hours they were in the woods. All had their baskets, and, the chestnuts being tolerably thick, they had pretty good picking, even though the squirrels had been for a full month laying in their winter stores. So on they went, from tree to tree, gradually filling their baskets, and their mouths too—if the truth is all to be told.

Thus the early part of the day was passed, during which time the gay and thoughtless party had buried themselves in the thickest part of the forest. So busy were they, that no one took notice of the path by which they came, or the direction in which they had gone. Nor did they, for some time, observe that the clouds had become thick, and that fine flakes of snow were sailing down from the sky, and lighting, softly and stealthily, upon the ground. When snow begins in this way, it forebodes something serious. It is with snow-storms as with people: if they set out with big, blustering pretences, they are likely to wind off with a mizzle, or a drizzle; but if they take it quietly at the start, say little and work steadily—before they get through, they are apt to do a great business.

Well, on the present occasion, the snow storm did not advertise in the newspapers; it did not put up a tall board, saying, "Look out for the engine while the bell rings!" it did not send notice by that strange, incredible, unaccountable creature, which the editors work so hard, and which is called *The Express;* in short, it did none of these things. So quietly did it fall, that our little gypsies did not discern what was going on till the snow had fallen an inch deep. Then they began to look about, and pretty soon they perceived that the flakes now filled the whole atmosphere. So thickly did they fall, that it seemed

they must be shovelled down from snow-banks in the sky.

At first the girls all began to laugh, and then they began to be serious, and ask what was to be done. "Where are we?" said one. "Which way shall we go?" said another. These were very important questions, for the reader will observe that when we propose to set out for any particular place, it is somewhat essential to know the direction in which it lies. Now the little girls wished to go home, but which way home lay, not one of them could tell. They had been so busy in their sports, that they had taken no heed of the points of the compass, and no notice of the paths by which they had reached their present position. And this, by the way, is very apt to be the course of young people, not only in hunting walnuts and chestnuts, but in pursuing other pleasures. They run along, thoughtless and joyous, dreaming only of amusement; they turn hither and thither; they do this and they do that; perchance they disobey their parents, or neglect their duties, or get the habit of telling falsehoods, or become deceitful and unkind, or treacherous. So they go on, till at last a day of storm comes; then they find that they are disliked; no one loves them; no one trusts them. They feel alone; they want help, they want friends—but none are at hand. How dark is all around, at such a time! O, how does the miserable child now yearn to get back to the scenes of peace, and innocence, and love! Yet how often is it that they find they have wandered too far to return; they know not the way—they are lost, and nothing but storm, and tempest, and sorrow are before and around them.

But we must go back to our little friends. They stood close together, like a flock of startled quails, for some time, looking in each other's faces—and pretty long faces they were. But while they stood still, the snow kept on falling. By this time it came in one wide sheet, while at intervals, rowdy gusts of wind seized upon the tops of the tall trees, and made them bow and toss as if they were about to dance a polka. One might have imagined that the forest was a giant's head of hair, and an angry barber was combing it; and I might say powdering it, too—using a plenty of snow for the purpose. At last, Cornelia led off, and the rest of the party followed her. For some time they threaded the thickets, in silence following their leader; but at the end of half an hour, they found themselves returned to the very spot from which they started! Again they set out, and by good fortune found the path by which they had entered the wood. They now scampered along pretty merrily, though the snow by this time was six inches deep.

They finally came to a place in the woods where two paths—one leading to the right and one to the left—lay before them. Which of these were they to follow? That was the question. Cornelia said they must take the left; all the other girls judged that the one to the right should be followed. And now Cornelia's habitual obstinacy and self-will took possession of her. And I may as

well say, in passing, that if any one has a fault, it is very apt to come in the way at the very worst time. I have often noticed, in travelling, that if a wheel or a bit of harness has a flaw or a weak spot, it is sure to give way when you are on a hill side, or at a broken bridge, so as to give you a turn-over, or at least a tumble. Just so it was with poor Cornelia, as we shall see. Her fault, on the present occasion, brought her into great difficulty and danger. To tell the truth, she was by no means sure which was the right road; but as she had given her opinion in favor of that to the left, her pride induced her to speak with great confidence. At last she said, pettishly, "Well, girls, I shall take this path, and you may do as you please." Saying this, and not deigning to look behind her, she struck into the left-hand path, and proceeded on her way.

The other girls, after a moment's hesitation, took the right-hand road. It was a long way home, and the snow was deep; but at length, just at evening, they reached the village, and went to their several dwellings. They called by the way, and told the parents of Cornelia what had happened, though they seemed to have no apprehension on her account. But night soon set in, and Cornelia did not come. Then her parents became anxious. The father went to the door several times; and the mother looked up repeatedly from her work, and listened. The old dog, now fat and wheezy, would not sleep by the fire-side as usual, but he sat out on the door-steps and kept his ears erect, as if uneasy or troubled. Finally the farmer took his hat and went out. It was not dark, for the world seemed dimly lighted up by the snow. Never was there a more dreary night. The snow-flakes came swift and steady, and the bitter wind—chill and screaming—tossed it hither and thither, now making it spin along the roof, now chasing it into the angles of the house, and now making it dance, like ghosts, along the tops of the half-buried walls and fences. Suddenly the thought struck to the heart of the father, "Perhaps my child is wandering in the forest, this terrible night!" He went back to the house, almost faint with apprehension. He took his coat and stout cane, while the eye of his wife rested upon him; she saw in a moment what this meant. She sprang to his side, and gazed in his face, now pale and terror-stricken.

"You are right, you are right!" said she; "go, but do not go alone. Heaven have mercy upon our child!" Leaving the mother in a state of dreadful anxiety, the farmer called upon his nearest neighbors, and in a brief space, five brave men set out in search of the missing girl. They had got the best account they could from the companions of Cornelia as to her probable route, and, impelled by their fears, pushed as rapidly forward as the encumbered state of the roads would allow. Breathless, and oppressed with terrors which he did not dare to speak, the father of the lost child led the way.

Leaving the party for the present, we return to Cornelia. For some time after

her separation from her young friends, she went steadily forward, not turning to see if they followed her; but at last she became uneasy, and paused to listen. For a moment she thought of turning back, and following her friends, but then again her pride interfered. "What!" said Pride, whispering in at both ears, "what! you, Cornelia Blossom—you turn back? You confess you were wrong? you be laughed at by half-a-dozen chits, not one of them so smart as you? Do this, and you lose your place as queen of the village forever!"

Now perhaps, gentle reader, you might think it quite as ridiculous, quite as humiliating, to be nosed about by that miserable, cross-eyed fellow, called *Pride*, as it would be to follow the advice of your friends. For my part, I think it is very silly indeed, to let Pride govern us, especially as Pride is very apt to make us do dirty and mean things. No doubt our poor friend, Cornelia, was very foolish in listening to the fellow; but girls will have their whims, even though they pay dearly for it. Having finally decided not to go back, she went as rapidly forward as she could, and in spite of the deep snow, made considerable progress. But what's the use of getting ahead, when we go in the wrong direction? Poor Cornelia! you were all this time going from home, and not towards it; every step you took carried you farther and farther from the object you sought!

Nevertheless, the girl kept on, till at last evening began to set in. At the same time the storm increased, and the path became more obscure. Finally it vanished entirely, and a trackless forest was before her. Her courage now began to give way. She stopped and burst into tears. Yet what cared the trees, or the tempest for this? What sympathy had the snow, or the wind, or the roaring forest, for her? O, where was mother, where was father, then? It is in the time of trouble that our hearts perceive the truth; that we see the value of friends and parents, whom we have, perhaps, spurned in the hours of prosperity. What a feeling of contrition now stung Cornelia's bosom, as this thought crossed her mind. "O," said she, mentally, "how often have I disobeyed my parents; how have I set at nought their counsel; here, this very day, did I reject the advice of my father, and come upon this unlucky expedition against his warning! And now perhaps I am to perish in this forest as a punishment for my folly and disobedience. Dear me—what shall I do—what shall I do?" The poor girl's voice was lost in the creaking and groaning of the trees, and the hollow roar of the winds.

For a short time she stood still, wringing her hands — and then she grew angry. "It's too bad, it's too bad!" said she, stamping her foot, and throwing herself down upon the snow. But this did not feel good to her bare flesh, and as the stones and trees did not express any pity, or come to her help, she thought best to help herself. So she got up, brushed off the snow, and again set forward. But whither she went she did not know. Her mind was

so bewildered that she hardly sought to pursue a definite route. She wandered hither and thither, and at last a terrible fear came over her, and throwing her hands wildly in the air: "Must I indeed die?" said she, "must I die in this terrible wilderness? O, mother! help! help!" The piercing cry was caught by the wind, and echoed along the hollows of the forest, but the snow-drifts sported not the less merrily, and the tops of the trees revelled not the less madly in the gale.

Poor Cornelia! you are indeed lost, if One who hears the cry of His children come not to thine aid. She was now nearly fainting. Her brain soon whirled, and then a dreadful stupor began to creep over her. Her feet and hands were numb; her heart seemed scarcely to beat. Her tongue could hardly utter audible sounds. The trees seemed swimming around her. She paused; her limbs trembled, and faintly exclaiming, "Father! father! father!" she fell upon the snow. Loud, cold, and indifferent, was the storm that dreadful night. What cares the snow-drift, whether it becomes the winding-sheet of a blighted leaf, a perished flower, or a lost child? Can trees hear the cry of distress? Will the wind listen to the wail of despair? No—but a father's ear is keen, and a father's ear caught the last appeal of the wanderer. Heaven guided the faint sounds, "father! father! father!" to his heart. He heard the cry. He rushed forward, and clasped his child in his arms. He was not too late—and we need not tell the rest of the story.

Tit for Tat.

A GREAT lubberly boy had got a small 'puplet,' apparently but a few months old, of which he was trying to make a 'water-dog,' although the poor beast had no more of the water species in him than a cat. The boy first threw a chip in, and then ordered the dog to 'go and fetch it.' The little fellow looked up in the boy's face and wagged his tail. The order was repeated; when the dog still hesitating, the lubber seized him by the tail and threw him into the middle of the pond.

The little animal scrambled to the shore again as well as he was able, where, moaning and shivering with the cold, he crawled up to his master, and endeavored to lick his feet. Kicks and buffets, despite our remonstrance, repaid him for this demonstration of love; and then followed another order to 'go and fetch it.' The dog now tried to crawl away, when the boy seized him by the neck, and stood ready to give him another plunge. As he held him for an instant, the poor creature turned his head, as well as he was able, and gazing in his master's face, said so piteously, by his looks, 'Oh, don't do it again!' that nothing but an extra share of inhumanity

could have prompted the boy to repeat the outrage.

The dumb appeal was disregarded. He was again thrown into the dock, and was most probably severely injured by the fall, for he floundered about in a circle for three or four minutes, as if bewildered, and afterward sank several times before reaching the shore. When he got to land again, he staggered a few paces, and then fell exhausted on the pavement. The boy ran towards him, his face flushed with passion, and was about to inflict farther chastisement on his victim, when a burly, good-natured, sailor-looking man, who had been quietly watching the affair, checked him.

"My lad, look here!" said he, pulling a large orange from his pocket, and holding it temptingly towards him. The boy paused, and looked wistfully at the fruit. His eye glistened as he put out his hand to clutch the proffered gift, when the sailor withdrew it, and tossed it into the middle of the dock. "Now, you young rascal!" said he, turning to the boy, "*Now, sir, go and fetch it!*" The fellow shook his head, and began to step back. "Go and fetch it, I say," repeated the sailor, in a sterner voice, and advancing a step or two. The young rogue now turned on his heel, and was attempting to run, when Jack seized him by the seat of his trowsers and threw him plump into the middle of the dock, with as much ease, apparently, as he had done the orange. Our first impulse was to interfere in the matter; but, on a second thought, we came to the conclusion that as justice had already been done in the premises, things might as well remain as they were.—*Knickerbocker.*

Late Hours.

It may be doubted whether any fashions or customs have undergone so thorough a change, as the hours of rising and taking refreshment, the number of meals, and the time of retiring to rest. The stately dames of Edward the First's court, rose with the lark, despatched their dinner at eleven o'clock, and shortly after eight were wrapped in slumber. In the Northumberland House Book for 1512, we are informed that the family rose at six in the morning, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, and supped at four in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at nine, and no further egress or ingress was permitted. In 1570, the University of Oxford used to dine at eleven, and sup at five in the afternoon.

The dinner hour, which was once so early as ten o'clock, gradually got later and later, till at last it was thought the excess of vulgarity in the fashionable world, to sit down to table earlier than half past six, while others deferred it to nine or ten. Public breakfasts were often given at five or six, or even seven in the evening.

One of the best sarcasms ever passed on this folly of late hours was pronounced by Mr. Pitt. Being invited to dine with a lady of fashion at ten in the evening, he stated, by way of apology, that he could not accept her ladyship's invitation to dine at ten, as he was engaged to sup with somebody else at nine.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

Wonderful Trees, No. 5.—The Plane Tree.

THERE are two species of this tree—the *Oriental* or Eastern, a native of Asia Minor and the Levant, and the *Occidental* or Western, which is found over a great part of the American Union. The former arrives at perfection only in low situations where the soil is rich and humid; as it ascends the sides of mountains, it soon becomes scrubby, and degenerates into a bush. In favorable positions, it becomes one of the most noble of trees, with deeply divided leaves, glossy and bright green, and huge branches which spread in all directions from its massive trunk, forming in eastern countries the most agreeable of all shade. The leaves burst from their buds in May, and fall off early in autumn. The Plane was extensively employed by both the Greeks and Romans for avenues and other purposes of ornament. Its timber is fine-grained and hard, though brittle. When the wood is old, it acquires dark veins and assumes the appearance of walnut.

This splendid tree, which, in the east, affords shade and repose to the delicate limbs of pachas and other oriental monarchs, and whose arching foliage inspired the ancient writers with such

glowing descriptions of nature, is nothing more nor less in our home-spun United States, than the well-known Buttonwood, which was so dreadfully sick some time ago all through the country. It extends even into Canada, but its favorite range is in the moist rich grounds of the banks of the Ohio and the Southern States, whence it straggles into Mexico. Its leaves are rather angular than fingered, by which it is readily known. In the north it is a tree of slow growth, and has lately a shabby appearance, few of its leaves being free from brown and dead portions, unless in very favorable seasons. While the Buttonwood epidemic was raging, all of them seemed to have one foot in the grave. While every other tree was green, they alone were brown and withered, and seemed either dying or quite dead. Before the summer was half over, their leaves and branches had fallen off and strewn the ground beneath. They stuck their dishevelled limbs into the air, in strange contrast with the thick foliage around, where the birds were feeding their young, or singing their morning songs. No one ever found out what was the matter, though people generally thought it was worms. The disease seems now to have died itself, for we hear no more of its ravages. The tree, as it grows in this country, is much inferior to its Eastern brother, but when it is not sick, is a very respectable republican tree. Its monarchical relations on the other side of the Atlantic may turn up their noses if they please; but if a revolution among the forests should ever force them to cut and run, they may perhaps be glad of a refuge amongst us—Let them come! there's room enough and to spare.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER II.

THE cottage of Olaf's mother was filled with eager listeners of all ages. There were some there that Olaf had never seen before, with red cheeks and redder noses, who seemed to have taken the places of others whom Olaf remarked were no longer present. He had many questions to ask, for himself, on matters and things at home; but as travellers are always supposed to have more to tell than those who stay at home, the hero of the hour drew a long breath, cast a glance at his crew who were seated around him, and thus began:

"Now, my friends, you know a voyage that it took a ship five years to make, would cost my tongue a weary wagging to tell of, if I did not leave out a good deal—so I shall be mighty brief. Besides, I may write a history for the benefit of posterity and all such as can read my hand-writing. To start at once into full sail, five years ago three good ships left the shores of Norway, to explore the continent lying in an unknown ocean to the west of Greenland. A good many had heard of this land, some few had seen it, and fewer still had returned to Iceland to tell of it. Haco, Harold and

I, you know—I've no need to tell you that—were filled with a desire to see this wonderful country where there were two climates separated by but a short tract—and two kinds of people; the one living in the colder latitudes, and like the Greenlanders feeding upon whale oil, and dressed in seal skin—and the other with brown skins and long hair, living in forests and hunting wild beasts—with a soft soil under their feet, and a warm sun over their heads.

"We had all of us spent our lives on the water, but it was a strange thought that we were upon an ocean whose boundaries were unknown to us, that we were going we knew not where, and leaving our homes farther and farther behind us. We had hardly been a month on our way, when a gale from the south forced us to change our course and sail towards the north. For three weeks we fled before the tempest: we lost sight of the other vessels, which like us were trying to escape the fury of the winds. Our progress began soon to be arrested by fields of ice and floating masses of frozen snow. These increased in size and number as we advanced farther to the north, and we soon began to find it hard work to keep out of their way. The wind was still blowing at a furious rate, and the icebergs were sailing about after each other, seeming to be having a great time of it, all by themselves. Sometimes an enormous fellow would set out at full speed after us, and then, when on the point of dashing us to pieces, or rolling over upon us and burying us in the waves—would seem to change his mind, and leave us for some more sprightly playmate of his own kith and kin, which he seemed to think better game. The ship would not mind her rudder, for the currents were stronger than the wind, and we had nothing to do but to let things take their own course and trust to chance. A thousand times did we give ourselves up for lost, and as often did the memory of our far off homes bring the tears to our eyes. But at last luck favored us, and we succeeded in putting an enormous iceberg, five times higher than our tallest mast, between us and the south from whence the gale still blew. Here we were in still water and had a chance to look around.

"We had apparently left the sea behind us, for towards the north the masses of snow and ice, which were at first mere floating islands, became one continuous expanse of frozen matter, extending far away in the distance. Mountains rose in the back-ground and lost their summits in the sky. The cold was greater than we had ever known before, though it was now summer, and the sun remained stationary above the horizon, appearing like a full moon or a ball of fire seen through a curtain of smoke, fog and exhalations from the sea. The wind ceased to blow in a few days, and a dead silence succeeded to the crash of icebergs and the washing of the waves. The summer was coming on fast, and the congealed ocean began to crack and groan as if it were dying a thousand deaths. The piles of snow began to be covered with seals, and we got down our only boat, and the whole of us set off for the chase.

Our ship lay under the friendly iceberg, out of reach of harm. Oh! we little thought what disasters we should meet with, before we mounted her side again.

"Well, in about an hour we reached the main land, as we thought we had a right to call the boundless tract; we were all armed with stout clubs, with which to strike the seals over the head. They were curious creatures indeed. They were very fat, had large whiskers on each side of the mouth, and smelt very fishy. It was rather cruel work to kill them, they bore it so meekly; at the first blow they quietly turned over on their back, and stayed there. Poor Wilrig, our cook, will never forget that unlucky day! There was a fat, contented-looking seal basking in the sun, which Wilrig marked as his prey. He was swinging his club in the air, when the seal awoke and sliding a little from his position, got out of the way. Wilrig fell whack on to the seal's back, and his club flew into the water. A pretty hot scuffle followed: Wilrig lost his labor, for the seal was so slippery he couldn't hold him. He tried to throttle him, and gave him a hug for all the world as if the seal had been a young Wilrig, but the creature slid out as if he had been rubbing himself with blubber. Then Wilrig thought he'd finish him by sitting and jumping on him—but Slippery was not to be caught in that way. Wilrig's blows and buffets fell thick and fast, but the seal's flesh went in and out like an India rubber ball. At last both of them got mad, and what began in sport seemed likely to end in sober earnest. Wilrig had a way of poking his tongue out between his teeth, when making a great exertion—so he did now, just before giving the seal a pummeling that he meant he should remember—but Slippery saw the tongue, made a jump at it and bit a pretty good piece out in a twinkling. Poor Wilrig threw himself with a spasmodic effort as far as he could from his dangerous enemy, and fell where the ice began to slope towards the water. Before he had time to recover himself or before any one of us could reach him, he had fallen down the slippery side of a frozen precipice, and tumbled lifeless and mangled into the water below. Poor fellow! we could not recover his body, and we left him where he was—but that was not the end of him, as you will see

"This terminated our sport, and we started to go back to our boat. But a different enemy was waiting for us on the edge of the ice. As we approached the water, we heard a great noise of paddling and shuffling, and pretty soon saw a nose, mouth, and pair of eyes come out of a wave which was just breaking; then came a pair of shaggy paws, which, taking good hold of the ice, gave a spring and brought into view the rest of the body of a white bear! Our clubs were our only weapons, and these were useless against so formidable a foe. On his part, he seemed to think that we were too many for him, and looked about for some of his relations to come and help him. In the mean time he scented the seals that we had thrown into the boat to carry back to the ship. Without further discussion in he jumped, the boat broke the

slight fastening which held her, and falling into some current or other drifted out to sea, bear, seals, and all! The bear kept on eating till the seals were gone, letting his tail hang out behind to steer by. When he'd done, he jumped back again into the water, kicking the boat topsy-turvy as he went. There's a specimen of North Pole manners! Why couldn't he have brought the boat back when he'd done with it?

"However, he came back again himself, and landed at the spot where Wilrig had fallen over the precipice. I don't want to frighten the ladies, but, sad to relate, the bear devoured him, just as innocently as if he was only tasting a herring. We stood on the top of the slope, watching the dreadful scene, wondering whose turn it would be next. Horror and fear had taken our legs away; besides, it was better to trust ourselves to a bear surfeited as our acquaintance below was, than to run the risk of meeting another with an appetite sharpened by the recent gale. So we waited. The bear finished his meal, and looked up at us. His manner was entirely changed. A smile seemed to come over his face—it is astonishing how much he smiled like Wilrig—and he seemed to say—'Come now, where's the use of being cross and frumpy? I've eaten one of you, but he was dead before I touched him; I've upset your boat, but'll show you how to get another.' Thus saying or seeming to say, he stepped on to a floating piece of ice of moderate dimensions, and sailed out as he had done in our boat. We caught the idea, followed our new friend's example, and were soon on our way to the ship on an iceberg of our own. We reached it in safety, bade good-by to the bear who was gliding gaily out to sea, trimmed our sails, and with a favorable wind, left the North Pole behind us.

"We steered now south-west, instead of west, as the gale had carried us so far to the north. We fell in shortly after with Haco's ship, which had had pretty much the same sort of adventures as ourselves. Continual daylight still reigned, though as we gained the south, the sun occasionally bobbed under the horizon. On we went, for months together, till we began to get impatient, then a little frightened, and finally hungry, for our stores were ready to give out; but we never got to that condition in which, like the bear, we could have eaten any thing. The weather began to grow colder, and chilly head winds retarded our progress. All the crows that we had sent off to see if land was in sight, had returned to the ship; but now soaring high in the air, and stretching out their necks, they started off in the direction we were sailing, and came back no more. We made our preparations to land, and eat the first full meal we had had for a month.

"One day, as we were making our way merrily through the water, we all at once saw before us, land, green grass, hills covered with bushes, and mountains capped with snow. It seemed as if a cloud of fog had suddenly rolled away, leaving us in full sight of the wished-for haven. We threw our caps in the air, and gazed upon the almost magic scene. Haco's

ship was a little distance behind us, and his men and mine, gave such a shout as waked up the whales and porpoises, who came blowing and puffing to the surface of the water. We shook hands all round, and clapped each other on the shoulder, and were as happy as if we expected to find our wives and sweethearts on these unknown shores.

"But all at once—we hardly knew how, for we saw no change—every thing was topsy-turvy, upside down, standing on its head with its feet in the air. The hills, valleys, and mountains were playing at head over heels, and seeing how long they could stand in that position without being dizzy. We put on all sail, and pursued these mysterious forms, which retreated as fast as we approached. Then the heavens seemed to be on fire, and streaks of light shot from the water, suddenly going out in mid-air. This was very much as we have it at home, only brighter and with more dazzling colors, and you could hear, too, the rays of light as they whizzed through the air. The aurora soon died away, and we saw in the distance a thin white line resting upon the surface of the waves. This line rose gradually from the sea, and expanded as we sailed nearer into a bold, rocky coast, high, rugged, and barren. There was no deceit about this;—every thing was too craggy, cold, and dismal to be any thing else than real. There were no fairy tales here, no mountains topsy-turvy, no valleys turning their inhabitants out of house and home. Still we did not shout, or shake hands any more, for fear of again dispelling the illusion, if it were one, but crowded all sail. Masses of floating ice soon began to encumber our passage, and we had to give up attempting a landing here. We turned the ship's head south, and followed the coast for many weeks. It rose from the water's edge into precipices and mountains, which were either covered with snow or lost themselves in the clouds. From time to time we got a glimpse of a valley or a plain, but all was stunted and barren. A few herbs and dwarfish shrubs, now and then a patch of moss or withered grass, were all that relieved the desolation of the scene. A tree as tall as a man could not find soil enough to spread its roots in. All the rest was rock, snow, ice, clouds; not a seal, or a fox, or a bear, or a bird; nothing living found refuge in this sterile waste. So we kept on, hoping in time to reach some place of less forbidding aspect, and of easier access. For days together, we saw nothing but snow-capped mountains, or precipices, upon whose smooth and perpendicular sides neither snow nor ice could rest. Sometimes, when the ice on the shores had accumulated to a vast extent, and the sea had washed away the foundation on which it rested, the enormous mass would break loose from the land with a tremendous crash, and roll, roaring and tearing, into the water. The waves that one of these fellows would stir up, went foaming out to sea, and perhaps broke into splinters on the other side of the world."

Here Olaf paused to take breath, and we adjourn the remainder of his story to another chapter.

Continental Money.

THE first settlers of America brought with them the hard money of their native kingdoms,—but soon finding this an insufficient medium of exchange, they resorted to the use of beaver-skins and wampum, and the shell-money of the Indians, to supply the deficiency. Later, various species of grain and cattle were thus appropriated. In 1635, bullets were adopted by the authorities of Massachusetts instead of farthings, in order to keep this defensive ammunition in circulation; twenty years afterwards, a mint for silver coin was established in the same State, and the pine-tree currency introduced. The coins under this act, had upon one side the word "New England," with the date, and on the reverse, the name "Masathusets," with the representation of a pine-tree beneath. Two years later we find dry fish and even boards used and passed from hand to hand as cash. In 1686, the mint was suppressed by the king, and a bank established. Bills of credit were first issued in New England in 1690, when Massachusetts attempted to discharge the debt incurred in her attempt to reduce Quebec to subjection to the British crown, by the creation of a paper currency. But the people were still obliged to use other mediums of exchange, and for many years, hemp, fish, flax, bar-iron, &c., served them for money and coin.

On the breaking out of the Revolution, Congress began to issue the bills of credit, better known by the title of "continental currency." This word *continental*, whether applied to Congress, regiments, or money, was probably adopted by our forefathers, as a word expressive of the union of the va-

rious colonies in a common cause against a common enemy. The credit of Congress was pledged for the redemption of these bills, with which the provisions and supplies bought for the army were paid for. The first issue was made in June 1775, to the amount of 10,000,000 of dollars, and this was soon followed by the emission of 5,000,000 more. The credit of the government was at that time good, and the bills were rapidly circulated. In 1776, 100,000,000 had been issued, and as a natural consequence, their current value began rapidly to diminish. In 1777, three dollars of this currency were worth one in silver. In '79 the value of the scrip was as 28 to 1, and finally as 150 to 1. To remedy this depreciation, Congress continued to multiply the amount in circulation, and made an attempt to make them a legal tender; that is, every one would be obliged to take them in payment of any debt which might be due him, not merely from the government, but from any indebted person. But this only seemed to benefit the debtor at the expense of the creditor, and failed of its object.

Taxation was then resorted to, and many of the States were called upon for quotas of provisions and forage; much opposition was made to this system, and several States never bore their share. The army was miserably supplied with provisions, and were often in want of the mere necessaries of life. One division was quartered in New Jersey under Washington himself. The quartermaster and commissary had no funds, and found it impossible to lay up magazines of supplies. Early in 1781, the soldiers were put upon allowance, and the whole stock of provisions in store was soon exhausted, and there was neither meat nor flour to be distributed to the troops. To prevent the dissolution of the army, Washington was reluctantly driven to rigorous measures. He exacted a certain quantity of meat and flour from each county in New Jersey, to be brought into camp by the end of six days. The gallant New Jerseyans, though impoverished by the great demand which had been made upon them in former campaigns, cheerfully afforded the full quantity of provisions required by the commander-in-chief.

Congress was now obliged to yield to the pressure, and declared that bills of the continental currency might pass for what they would bring, and not for their nominal value. This currency soon ceased altogether to circulate, but a brisk trade with the West Indies had brought a large quantity of gold into the country, and specie was borrowed both from Holland and from France. The Bank of North America was established under the direction of Robert Morris. In 1786, the present currency of dollars, dimes, and cents, was adopted.

VIRGIL, in the second book of the Georgics, had bestowed very high eulogiums on the fertile territory around *Nola* in Campania; but the inhabitants of that city, not choosing to allow their waters to run through his lands, he erased *Nola*, and put *Ora* in its place. Such is a poet's vengeance!

New Year's Day in New York.

SANTA CLAUS and the New Year have a standing wager, as to which will spend his birth-day in the manner most agreeable to the human race. Santa Claus celebrated his 1850th anniversary the 25th of last December, and the New Year held his a week after—on the 1st of January. They both of them made a great many people happy, each in his own way. Santa Claus, who has lived ever since the first Christmas, and whose head is white with the dust of centuries, lifts once a year the weight of time off his shoulders, and seems to try to dance back again to the days of his childhood. The New Year, on the contrary, hardly a day old, confines his attention to those of maturer growth, and imagines himself already a man. New Year's day in New York, is emphatically the day of the grown-ups, and our readers in the four corners of the Union shall see how it is that they spend it.

The First of January was up bright and early this year. He rose before the sun, to put the streets in order, and to brush the cobwebs out of the sky. The snow on the side-walks he shovelled into the streets; and thus made better walking for those that went on foot, and better sleighing for those that didn't. He chose a bracing breeze from his well-stocked wardrobe, painted the sky the color of certain eyes that we know of, put all noisy winds and gloomy clouds to bed, and then bade the sun get up. How he made the city glitter and sparkle! How he sent his rays into every corner of the town, prying through curtains and between the slats of blinds! Every now and then he stopped to melt an icicle, by way of wetting his whistle. Then every body pulled aside the curtains, and threw open the blinds; and then, tempted by the gorgeous sight, slid up the window, and thrust forth curl-papered heads and unshaven faces into the morning air. What a wonderful provision of clean shirts and starched collars in every body's drawer! All holes had been mended, and all dust and dirt brushed and broomed away the night before. If hair could by any possibility be tortured into a curl, you may be sure it was now—the part was altered from the left to the right side, or *vice versa*, and every one seemed bent on beaming forth afresh. One would have thought that the little boy who was presiding over all these festivities, was none other than Cupid, whom every body has heard of—the fact is, they are near relations — cousins perhaps — though Cupid is pretty apt to take the whole year to himself, if you'll let him,—St. Valentine's day into the bargain!

However, the great day had now arrived, and breakfast was despatched as if it were a dire necessity—a mere prelude to what was to come. Then followed the mysteries of the toilet. We wish some one would tell us how much soap is dissolved, how many towels, that were once crisp and white, are reduced to a damp and useless state, when

a whole city performs its ablutions. On the day of which we speak, every body washed himself—and this is a fact worth mentioning, as there are people who neglect this important duty for days together, and who do not comb their hair because it hurts. We do not here allude to any of our readers. However, there was no excuse to-day, and no one wanted any—everybody looked as clean and nice as though just taken from a wrapper of silk paper. About ten o'clock, the ladies of each family, arrayed in their best gowns and in many other things, the names of which we don't care to know, assembled in their parlors to receive the calls of the gentlemen: for be it known that on the First of January every gentleman visits every lady that he knows, and whose acquaintance he wishes to keep—a slip in this respect is an unpardonable sin, and few ever recover from its effects. The name of each visiter is inscribed on a register; and this record is closely consulted, when a party is given, and invitations are sent. In the luxurious mansions around Union Square, beautiful young ladies take these lists upon porcelain tablets, while in other places they write your name on a slate, or in chalk behind the kitchen door. You will find on the first, many such names as Fitz Ferdinand, and Hyperion Bogle Kid, while Big Dicks and One-eyed Toms figure most conspicuously behind the door.

As each gentleman starts upon his round, he casts a glance upon his way-bill, which he probably spent the evening before in preparing. In this a thorough knowledge of the city or a plan of the streets is indispensably necessary. It would be tedious to do the ground over twice, and so every one marks out his route beforehand. At each lady's house, besides a kind welcome, and the interchange of the compliments of the season, he is likely to find the wherewithal to make a hasty lunch or dinner as the hour may indicate. People's tastes differ in this respect—some out of compliment or hunger, make a point of tasting every one's cheer—and in the course of the day drink thirty small glasses of wine, and eat some scores of pats of chicken salad—others reserve themselves for the house of some favorite cousin, where they arrange to arrive at about three o'clock: they then make up for lost time. We prefer this plan to the other, as it is not so infallibly followed by indigestion or headache.

It is rather disagreeable on New-Year's Day to look like anybody else—for the young lady who keeps the account, is usually a little bit flurried, and might easily make a mistake. We know a Mr. Royal Altamont Smythe — the *y* pronounced as *i* in bile—whose name was put down as John Smith—the *i* pronounced as in pin—simply because their noses were somewhat similar. In the course of the ensuing year, Mr. Smith—pronounced as before—received seventeen invitations from the family at whose house he did not call, while Mr. Smythe—same pronunciation as previously—ingloriously stayed at home.

No one is ever embarrassed on New Year's day—the most absurd blunders

go off with the most perfect self-possession, under cover of the hilarity of the season. You make a mistake as to the street, turning into the fifteenth instead of the sixteenth, and arriving at number 61, rush boldly up the steps, march through the open door, and cross the threshold of the parlor. An affable lady whom you never saw, meets you half way; she supposing you to be some long-lost acquaintance, welcomes you back to the metropolis of the Union—you take the hint, and dilate upon the pleasures of a trans-atlantic trip. You eventually marry this lady's daughter, and live to a good old age, and every New-Year's day relate your story to a numerous group of children.

Some people dread the First of January. They are obliged to give presents to a large family, and for the life of them they can find nothing new in the shops. This year, California gold dollars came to the rescue of many a despairing father, whose invention was exhausted by half a dozen years of present-hunting. Last year, it was baby-jumpers. A lady that we know, received seven card-cases, while all the while she was dying for a thimble with her initials on it. Another received a pair of skates, while her brother, who was just entering college, got a wax doll with movable eyes. This was the work of a doting uncle, who had grown thin in the search of something for his nephew and niece. He finally resorted to tossing up for it, and was quite pleased with his ingenuity.

By the way, while we think of it, we must relate an adventure that happened to one of the eastern relatives of Billy Bump on New Year's day. His name was Goahead Pike, and he had come down from Barkhampstead, in Connecticut, to spend the holidays in New York. Some one had told him that on the first of January everybody kept open house, and that he might visit any one he pleased. He made up his mind to shake hands with the finest ladies, and taste the best oysters to be found in the city. When his toilet was finished the next day, he started with a bold heart from his boarding-house, for the fashionable portions of the city. He avoided all brick houses, and passed them by with a contemptuous sneer. "Nothing but marble or free-stone will do for me to-day, I can tell you," he said to himself as he went along. "I won't speak to a woman, without she's dressed in velvet or satin; I hain't put half an inch of blacking on my boots to talk to gals in kaliker." At last he stopped at a splendid mansion, with a large portico overshadowing the front door. He thought it advisable to find out the name of the lady of the house, and so consulted the highly polished plate upon the door. This was in German text, thus, COULDOCK. "Ah ha!" said he, "COCKROACH; this is the woman for me; she 's one of the reg'lar big bugs, I reckon; I'll go in, and see how she is." He was stopped at the door of the parlor by a shiny-faced darkey, who asked him his name, in order to announce him to his mistress. "My name! what do yew want to know my name for? Tell me yourn first." "My name 's Quashy,

sir." "O your name 's Quashy, is it? Well, mine 's Huckleberry, and I hope yer satisfied; let me in;" so saying he opened the door, and found himself in the presence of the proprietress of the mansion. The velvet, mahogany, glass, rosewood, gold and silver, which met his eyes at every step, and the lace and silk which decorated Mrs. C.'s person, rather disturbed Mr. Pike's self-complacency; he stopped short, and gave a long, low whistle, with something that sounded like a "dew tell," or a "wall, now," at the end of it. He then sat down with a terrific bang into a cushioned arm-chair, which nearly let him through, and then leaned back upon an embroidered net-work which had been placed over the back, to prevent gentlemen's heads from coming in contact with the rich material of the chair. Mrs. C. welcomed him kindly, and though she felt inclined to laugh at the odd appearance and manners of her guest, was too much a true lady to wound his feelings by rudeness or incivility. He at last broke silence, and said with great choice in his expressions, "I dew suppose, marm, that the fixins of this ere room cost a mighty lot of money—I'm glad I didn't have to foot the bill. What 's that shiny thing out there, marm," pointing to a full-length mirror which nearly covered one wall. "That, sir, is a looking-glass." "Oh! then that gentleman out there is me, I dew suppose; wall, I thought I'd seen the face somewhere, but rately I shouldn't ev known the trousers!" Poor Mrs. C. began now to be thoroughly concerned as to how she should get rid of this stray customer, when she noticed, that he was carrying on a pantomime all by himself in one corner of the room. "A plague on my tallered head," said he, "that ere lace concern that was on the back of the chair, has gone and stuck to it! O my eyes, I wish I was out of here. I've had enough of this thing for one while!" Mrs. C. now advanced towards him with a plate of chicken salad. "Mr. Huckleberry—I think I heard you tell my servant your name was Huckleberry—allow me to offer you some refreshment." "No, marm, I'm much obliged to yew, but you see I never tech anything of that kind; I hain't put a mite of mincemeat down my throat since I got that hair twisted round my palate; I dew suppose it's all right, seein' it 's yew, but I'd reether not, positive; all the same obliged to yew, marm. I'm partiklar fond of beans, when I'm at hum." Mr. Pike here seemed to have run out of conversation, and made for the door. Mrs. C. mentally ejaculated good riddance, and Mr. Pike disappeared round the corner.

That same evening, as Mrs. L. of University Place, who had not received calls during the day on account of indisposition, was looking over the cards which had been left with the servant, she found one among them which seemed to rivet her attention. Upon its highly polished and perfumed surface was the name, in delicately engraved letters, of Mr. Curricle Tandem; so far so good. But underneath, was written in strange and uncouth characters, the cabalistic

sentence, GOAHEAD PIKE! The servant's evidence went to show, that our doughty hero had called at the door, and having no card of his own, had written his name in lead pencil on Mr. Tandem's. This was his last visit that day. And when he got back to Barkhampstead, he sat down in a wooden chair to a dish of baked beans, heartily glad that he had left soft cushions and chicken salad behind him.

For some days after New Year's, the whole city seems to lull itself into repose, and to be resting itself from the fatigues of the great day. Ladies and gentlemen seem to have had enough of each other, for a while at least, but like repentant lovers, they find in forty-eight hours that they were better off before, and soon return to their old ways. Nobody seems to feel worse for a whole day thus devoted to social intercourse, except a handful of our friends from the "ould counthry," who insist on being locked up for the night. The watchmen say that a good many go home in a most zig-zag manner, while others mistake the way entirely. Perhaps this is because the watchmen themselves don't see straight, who knows? It is the First of January for all the world, and watchmen are men like the rest of us. Before we can again hold a New-Year's chat with our readers, they will all be a year older—three hundred and sixty-five days nearer the other end of their life. With good humor, cheerful hearts and Merry's Museum once a month, we doubt not that they will be better and wiser on the next 31st of December. SIMON SASSAFRAS.

Sagacity of the Dog.

A FRENCH dog was taught by his master to execute various commissions, and among others, to bring him his dinner from the restaurant in a basket. One evening, when the dog was returning to his master thus furnished, two other dogs, attracted by the savory smell of the viands that this new messenger was carrying, determined to attack him. The dog put his basket on the ground, and courageously set himself against the first that advanced upon him: but while he was engaged with the one, the other ran to the basket and prepared to help himself. At length, seeing that there was no chance of beating both the dogs, and saving his master's dinner, he threw himself between his two opponents, and without further ceremony, devoured it himself; and then returned to his master with the empty basket.

THE Empress Catherine of Russia once sent Voltaire a small ivory box, made with her own hands. The poet upon receiving it, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired out. In this unfinished state he sent them to the empress, with a poetical epistle, in which he told her, "That, as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship made by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of woman's work from the hands of a man."

The Eagle and the Child.

EAGLES are very large and powerful birds, and some are so strong as to carry off lambs, and even little children. They live in wild and rocky countries, where they build their nests and rear their young ones. Among the mountains of Scotland there are many eagles, and some of them are very fierce and daring.

One of these eagles was soaring high in the air, when he saw a little child upon the ground below. In a moment the bird flew down, and pouncing upon the infant, carried it off into the air. The mother of the child was at a distance, but she saw the eagle, and she heard the little boy scream. She called aloud and she ran to the spot, but alrea-

dy the terrible bird had gone far beyond her reach.

The mother in great distress noticed which way the bird flew, and going in that direction, she was able to follow it to its nest. This was on the edge of a high cliff among the mountains. She clambered up the rock, and there in the nest with three young eagles as big as small turkeys, was the child quite unhurt. The eagle had given him to his young ones to eat, but he was probably too big a mouthful, and so they let him alone. The child found the nest warm and comfortable, and seemed quite content with his wild rocky cradle.

As the mother was taking the infant away, the eagle came at her, snapping his bill, and uttering dismal screams; but such was her anxiety for her child that she had no thought of fear. Taking the little creature in her arms and hugging it to her breast, she descended the mountain, and reached home with her precious burthen, in safety.

Musical Composers.

Haydn, when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care, had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. Frederic II. had given him a diamond ring, and Haydn declared that if he happened to begin without it, he could not summon a single idea. He could only write on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes, as if he had been engraving them on copper-plate.

Gluck, when he found himself in a humor for composing, had his piano carried into a beautiful meadow, and with a bottle of champagne on each side of him, transported his imagination to Elysium.

Sarti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the solemn stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Cimarosa delighted in noise and mirth; surrounded by a party of friends, he composed his operas, and as the ideas presented themselves he seized and embodied them.

Paesiello composed his most celebrated works in bed, and Sacchini declared that he never had moments of inspiration unless his two favorite cats were sitting one on each shoulder.

At the marriage of the Count D'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to furnish marriage portions. A sweet little girl of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover. "O," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city furnished every thing." This being told to the Count, a worthy husband was sought out for the girl, and her marriage portion was doubled.

An Irishman was once observed watching a red-headed woodpecker, while it was tapping a beech tree. On being asked what attracted his attention, he said, "I'm speering at the strange baste in yonder tree—for sure enough, the silly crathur has knocked his face against it, till his head is a gore of bluid."

The Water Rat.

UNDER the name of rat, numerous species of animals have been classed. One or other of these is familiar to everybody, and they are among the most mischievous and troublesome animals in existence, in dwellings and storehouses. They are all lively, and some of them even pretty, but a Cain's mark has been set upon the whole race, and "whosoever findeth them," endeavors to "slay" them.

They are a very numerous family, all bearing some resemblance to each other —from the carniverous and fierce rat, to the timid and cheese-nibbling mouse; they eat both vegetable and animal substances, and some of the larger kind of rats attack even living animals for food. Instances have been known of their inflicting terrible wounds upon the bodies of helpless and bedridden people. To do them justice, they are also of great service in destroying offensive substances and dead animals. Millions of them live in the sewers of large cities, where they subsist on the drainage of the kitchens. They also devour the large black beetle in great numbers, which would otherwise overrun the dwellings of man.

The black rat was formerly very numerous in Great Britain, but has been nearly exterminated by the brown rat, which is now the principal species found there and in our own country. It is not satisfactorily ascertained when it was introduced here, but it is supposed to have arrived with the settlers from England.

The brown or common rat, which is so troublesome about our dwellings, barns, and out-houses, multiplies to a prodigious extent. They are fond of

living near the water, into which they plunge when alarmed, and swim with great ease and quickness; they devour all kinds of fruit and grain; birds, rabbits and poultry, fall victims to their attacks. They are very numerous where animals are kept, infesting the barn and the pig-sty—they are so strong and daring, that a party of them have been known to kill and devour a good-sized cat. Where there are any quantity of them, the common domestic cat can do nothing towards diminishing their numbers. The terrier being quick, and biting with a snap, is the only creature that is successful in destroying them—if one of them, however, should fasten on his nose, he will not be very willing to encounter them again.

When a barn is infested with these voracious animals, it is scarcely possible to get rid of them—there are many ways of destroying them; amongst other modes that of poison seems to be very obvious, but their sense of smell is so acute, that it is not easy to deceive them. They are said to suspect the bait set by the hand of man, and to avoid touching it, unless scented by some strong odor. Aniseed and musk, are the favorite perfumes of this animal. Who would suppose on regarding this noisome creature, issuing from the pig-pen, or the dung heap, that his nose delighted in the essence poured on the fine cambric and lace of the fair and fashionable dame? Nature is fond of whimsicalities—and this is one of the most remarkable.

The little animal represented at the head of this article, is of the same family as the brown rat, but of a different species. Its nature is entirely different, having no desire for any other food than the roots and fibres of bulbous plants. The whole appearance of the animal bespeaks a timid and gentle disposition—the fur is fine, soft, and bright, the head short and round, and the nose deficient in keenness of scent. On looking at its mild and soft expression, a person would be sure that the animal had no propensity to destroy even a worm.

The water rat chooses its abode on the banks of streams, where it makes a burrow a little above the level of the water. The bit of grass in front of these openings is always cut and trimmed round with great neatness, thus proving the occupants to be good house-keepers. It feeds upon the roots of plants which grow on the moist and soft meadows, where there is stagnant water; and while occupied in making its meal, if it is alarmed, it runs immediately to the water, and suddenly darting into the clear pool, makes, in its descent, a very pretty appearance. The rapidity with which it goes to the bottom, causes it to take down with it a considerable portion of air upon its fur. This collects into little bubbles, and the creature appears as if by going into the water, it had got its jacket spotted over with pearls. But although it takes to the water as the means of safety, it cannot continue long below the surface, but soon comes up to breathe.

On some of the trouting streams, the presence of the water rat is often very unwelcome and annoying to the lover of the bait and hook—not that it does any active harm either to man or fish, being

at peace with the whole animal kingdom, but the angler, approaching its burrow, frightens it; it enters the water with a plunge, alarming the trout, which when once frightened away, will not return, and the disappointed fisherman leaves the brook to find another, where he may chance to meet with the same ill success.

Shells.

WHO does not take pleasure in looking at shells? Who that lives within travelling distance of the sea, has not at some period of his life, amused himself for hours together in picking them up on the shore? Smooth stones and cockle-shells are very often all that reward one's search on our coasts. Such dainty shell-fish as those in the picture, are like oranges and figs, and only grow in warm climates. They are found in abundance among the islands that skirt the eastern edge of Africa. We doubt not that many of our young readers would like to be able to find them scattered among the pebbles on our shores. But if they had to take with the shells, some of the other things that live in their company under the equator, we think they might soon repent of their bargain. Instead of our fields of waving corn, we should have jungles and thickets denser than our western forests—bramble-bushes so tangled that our children couldn't go to school; elephants and ostriches, hippopotami and rhinoceri to ride on, and lions and tigers to hunt. Then there would be swamps filled with crocodiles, fogs swarming with mosquitoes, and many other things that we are much better

without. Inasmuch as we cannot bring all this to pass if we would, we think we may as well let things stay as they are.

Shells do not exclusively belong to the inhabitants of the waters. Several species of land animals are provided with these protecting coverings, as the snail, the armadillo and the tortoise. Many amphibious animals are likewise protected by shells of such strength as to defy the stroke of the sabre or the spear, and even the shot of musketry. Such are the crocodile and the alligator. But it may be generally said that shells are found to be the covering of immense multitudes of creatures whose residence is confined to the liquid element, whether fresh or salt, whether in lakes, rivers, or seas.

Conchology is that branch of natural history which treats of shells and their classification into genera and species, and which describes the character, economy and habits of those animals that live in them. Many persons have taken infinite pleasure in making collections, and shells form a conspicuous portion in the most celebrated and valuable public museums.

Napoleon when a Child.

THE following anecdote of Napoleon, in his childhood, is furnished by his mother: "One night, he was walking in our garden, like a man who is meditating some great thing. It was raining violently; his brothers had sought shelter in the saloon, where they were playing. I knocked at the window several times, and made him signs to come to me. He shrugged his shoulders with an appearance of ill-humor, and kept on his way. He was drenched with the rain, but he did not mind the storm, and continued his walk, with his head

uncovered, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Sometimes he stopped before the little fountain in the garden, and appeared to delight in seeing it run, and to arrest its fall with his hand. Some claps of thunder were heard, which caused him a nervous shudder, but it did not seem to be fear. He then crossed his arms over his chest, and looked at the heavens, courageously waiting for another peal of thunder. I sent my servant to order him to come in. He said to him with coldness, but respectfully, 'Tell my mother that it is warm and I am taking an airing.' When the servant again entreated, he precipitately turned his back on him, and accelerated his step. It was only when the storm had ceased, that he came in, wet to the skin.

"'That was not right, my child,' I said to him; 'you have disobeyed me.'

"'I could not help disobeying you,' he answered. 'I do not know what kept me in the garden; but if I am to be a soldier, I must accustom myself to rain and storms. I am not a girl, I am a man.'

"'You are a child, my son, and a disobedient child. If you intend to be a soldier, you will learn that it is necessary for you to obey.'

"'But I will command,' said he, with an expression that much excited our risible faculties.

"'Before you command,' I replied, 'you will be compelled to obey, and for a long time. When you enter the service, you will not be a general.'

"He advanced towards me, took my hand in his, and pressed it, thus tacitly acknowledging that I was right, but not willing to confess it. Already, at that age, he was proud!

"'What were you thinking about during your walk?' I said to him, whilst I pressed my lips to his wet hair.

"'I do not know; I do not remember. I was thinking of a great many things. Ah! I was endeavoring to recollect a dream I had last night—a dream that pleased me very much. I dreamed that I was a bishop; that is grand, is it not; a bishop? Do bishops go to the wars?'

"'No, my child, that is expressly forbidden them.'

"'Then I will be a soldier, when I am no longer a child. At fifteen you are no longer a child, are you, mother?"

"'I think you are something of a child still.'

"He paused a few moments, and, looking on the ground, he said—

"'At fifteen, I will be a man.'

"He then extricated himself from my arms, and ran into the garden."

A PRIEST, in extreme poverty, resolved to get credit for a miracle. He put the yolks of several eggs in a hollow cane, and stopped the end with butter: then walking into an ale-house, he begged to fry a single egg for his dinner. The smallness of the repast excited curiosity, and the landlord gave him a morsel of lard. He stirred the lard with his cane, and, to the wonder of the surrounding peasants, produced a handsome omelet. This miracle established his fame; he sold omelets, and got rich by his ingenuity.

A MERCHANT who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever, in adding vessel to vessel and store to store, though considerably advanced in life, was asked by a neighbor, how much property he supposed would satisfy a human being. After a short pause, he replied, "*A little more.*"

WHILE Dr. Franklin was in France as minister from America, during the war, he had numerous proposals made to him by projectors of every country and every kind, who wished to go to the land that flowed with milk and honey—America: and among them, was one who offered himself to be king. He introduced his proposals to the Doctor by letter, stating—first, that as the Americans had dismissed or sent away their king, they would want another. Secondly, that himself was a Norman. Thirdly, that he was of more ancient family than the dukes of Normandy, and of a more honorable descent. Fourthly, there was already a precedent in England, of kings coming out of Normandy; and on these grounds he rested his offer.

AN ambassador from England, on being presented to one of the kings of Spain, declined doing homage, considering it inconsistent with the instructions of his master. Highly piqued at this imaginary insult, and desirous to put the ambassador out of countenance for it, the king cried aloud to the courtiers around him, "What! has my good brother of England no other men in his court, that he has sent me a fool to represent him." "O yes, may it please your majesty," replied the ambassador, "my master has many men about him far wiser than I; but he makes it an invariable rule, to suit every ambassador to the king at whose court he is to reside."

Our Monthly Chat.

[*Present, Robert Merry, Peter Parley, Jane and John, Susan and Tom, Betsy and Ben, Ann and Amos, and the rest.*]

Merry. Well, Mr. Parley—have you any thing for the Museum this month?

Parley. Why, is not that story of the *Snow Storm*, which you promised to put at the beginning of the number, sufficient?

M. No, indeed—I want all I can get from you; my subscribers like me pretty well, but they are constantly saying, "*Do give us something from Mr. Parley.*"

P. You say that, just to wheedle me, but it wont do. The truth is, you are getting lazy—Robert—and try to make your friends do your business for you.

M. To tell you the truth, friend Peter, I am a little tired. This work, work, work—month after month, year after year—makes a dry, rheumatic, old wreck of a man like me, sometimes feel as if he wished he could live without it.

P. Well, then, be idle!——

M. And starve?

P. Yes.

M. But that's not pleasant.

P. No—it is not pleasant, and therefore you will continue to work, work, work, to the end. So make the best of

it. Do as I do; if the blues come and make long faces at me, and say "what a miserable world this is"—and how "flat, stale, and unprofitable, everything is;" if they turn my mind upon the pain in my eyes, upon the rheumatic twinges in my joints; upon the gibes and jeers of the rich and haughty, as they see me hobbling along in the streets; upon the sarcasms flung at me in the newspapers; upon the saucy letters I get from some people who don't like my writings; upon my real insignificance in this busy world, and the consciousness of the contempt which will ere long furnish a slab for my grave;—if the blue imps poke all these things into my bosom—as they very often do—why, I open the door, and clear out, and put myself in good-humor by walking away over the woods and rocks and hills.

M. But you can't go into the woods in winter?

P. Well, then the boys and girls come and see me, and they brush away the blues, famously. Let me tell you my secret, Robert. I know of no cure for the heartache like a romp, or a chat, or a dialogue, or, if you please, a serious talk, with the Black Eyes and the Blue Eyes. Of what consequence is it, if the proud world laugh at you and me? It is, no doubt, more in fashion, to spend one's life solely, to make one's self rich; it is more in fashion to get a big office, and command the respect of the multitude, than it is to write books for children. And if one cares not for the account that is to be given of his stewardship, hereafter, perhaps it is well and wise to be selfish, and use the world as we would use an ox—to make it work for us. But there are two comforts in our avocation—humble as it is—contemptible as it is, in the eyes of many. There is real gratification in being an object of affection with the young—and there is great support in the feeling that we are doing them good—good for this world and that which is to come. After all—I would not exchange my profession—though it scarce gives me a living—and imposes constant toil—for that of the man who, day by day, grinds his fellow-men beneath the upper and nether mill-stone—that he may coin their blood into gold—and with that gold, purchase a palace.

M. Well, there's some sense in that—no doubt. You talk pretty well, friend Peter, and doubtless try to screw yourself up to the text from which you preach to me. But—nature is nature—after all. However, we'll say no more about it, just now. Come, John—you promised to write something for this number of the Museum; is it ready?

John. Well— * * * —not exactly.

Jane. Oh, Mr. Merry—'tis ready—he read it all to me, and it's real good, if anybody could understand it.

M. Bring it here, John. (*John comes up gingerly, and gives Mr. Merry a piece of paper.*)

John. There 'tis—but you musn't read it loud.

All the children. Yes, yes, read it! Read it! Go ahead!

M. Well, I'll read it—it looks pretty good. Now let all be perfectly still. (*Merry reads.*)

THE OLD HEN AND THE PHILOSOPHER: A FABLE.

PART I.

REFLECTIONS OF A HEN WITH CHICKENS DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

"Craw * * * craw * * * craw! What's the matter with my eyes? It looks very dark, for a clear summer's day. I must be getting old, for it aint more than 10 o'clock, and it seems exactly like sundown. Craw * * * craw * * * craw! Why, it's getting cold. It seems as chill as evening. Cut, cut, cudawcut! What can be the matter? Why, the sun is going to bed before it's fairly got up. Cur—r-r-r-r-r! Well, after all, it may be only a fit of the vapors—or my gizzard may be put out of order by that toad I ate yesterday. I thought, then, I should pay dear for it. Cur—r-r-r-r-r! Here chicks—come under my wings! I'm going to take a nap. Come along—Nip, Dip, Pip, Rip—come into your feather-bed, my little dearies! There! Don't stick your noses out—be still now—I'm going to sing a song.

Hush, my chickies—don't you peep—
Hush, my children—go to sleep!
Now the night is dark and thick—
Go to sleep each little chick!

* * * * *

Fiddle-de-dee—I can't sleep, and the chickens are as lively as bed-bugs. Cut—cut—cu—daw—cut! What on airth is the matter! The sun has got put out, right up there in the sky, just like a candle. Well—never did I see or hear of such a thing afore! And now it's night in the middle of the day! What will come next? Why, I expect I shall walk on my head, and fly with my claws! It aint half fair, to shave an old hen and chickens out of their dinner and supper in this way. However, it's too dark for decent people to be abroad. So, my chicks, we must get into the coop and go to rest. Cur—r-r-r-r—it's very queer—indeed. How thankful I am that I don't make day and night, and get the world into such a scrape as this. Come in! Come in, chicks! It aint our affair. Come along—there—you rowdies! You aint sleepy, and I don't wonder at it. But hens and chickens must go to bed when the lamp is put out. Cur—r-r-r-r-r.

PART II.

REFLECTIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER UPON A BLADE OF GRASS.

Here is a leaf, which we call a blade of grass There are myriads like it in this field; it seems a trifle; it seems insignificant. But let me look at it with my glass. How wonderful is its texture! It seems woven like net-work, and nothing can exceed the beauty of its structure. And yet every blade of grass is like this. It exceeds all human art in the delicacy of its fabric, yet it grows here out of the ground. *Grows!* What does that mean? What makes it grow? Has it life? It must have life, or it could not grow. And what is that life? It cannot think; it cannot walk; who makes it grow then? Who made this blade of grass? It was not man; it is not the beast of the field. It is God who made it! And is God here in the field, all around me—in every blade of grass, in every leaf, and stem, and flower?

It must be so, indeed. How full of instruction is every thing around us, if we use the powers we possess!

Moral.—Some people believe, that birds and beasts have minds and souls as well as human beings; but we see that the most stupendous wonder of nature excited in one of the most intelligent and civilized of birds, only a queer sort of surprise, expressed in the words cut—cut—cu—dawcut! At the same time it appears that a single blade of grass opens to the philosopher a sublime strain of thought, teaching the profound lesson that God is everywhere!

Is there not a gulf as wide as eternity, between the human soul and animal instinct?

All the children. Bravo, Bravo—John!

Merry. Well, John—that'll do for a boy. I shan't insert it as my own, you know; people will say, it's good for John Smith, only fourteen years old; but for Robert Merry—why, it's too ridiculous, altogether. At any rate—John—the moral is good—and if people do laugh at the article, you just say to 'em—*keep your tongue between your teeth, till you*

do better, and you won't speak for a year! There's nothing like showing a proper spirit upon occasions of importance.

And now my friends, good night.

I insert the following with pleasure, though I cannot possibly find out what the conundrum means. I hope the writer will excuse the delay of the insertion. If I ever get to Centreville, I shall find him out.

Winton, Nov. 4.

MR. MERRY:

I have had a great deal of pleasure in reading your Museum, but have been disappointed in not finding any puzzles in the last number. I send you a conundrum which was written for me by a friend, which I suppose your subscribers will not find very difficult to solve.

My first, is a word which we commonly use
When we taste what we like; or commend
A pithy expression: nor would we refuse,
To prefix it, before the word friend.

My second, to be, is the ardent desire
Of all who this world highly prize;
Altho', my young friends, I trust you'll aspire
To what is more worthy your sighs.

My whole is a name which o'er all girls and boys
A magical power must wield,
As leading them on to taste of the joys
Cull'd from wisdom and virtue's fair field.

When I was at Baltimore last, I went to see an exhibition of canary birds which I thought very curious.

There were one hundred of them, and they cut a great many funny capers, but I thought they acted the death of Marshal Ney better than any thing else. They were dressed in marshals' uniform, with military caps and cloaks, and mounted on toy-horses. The little bird which acted Napoleon, was the most inquisitive little bird you ever saw, and kept turning his head about as if giving orders, while the others sat as if listening most attentively to them. A very small cannon was brought out, and a little post set up with a stick balanced on it, just above the touch-hole of the cannon. One end of this stick was set on fire, and a little bird representing the gunner, upon receiving the order jumped upon the stick, which caused it to fall on the touch-hole, and made the cannon go off with a loud report, while Marshal Ney fell as if killed. Two of them stood on a pistol while it was shot off, and never moved. They suffered themselves to be put in little coffins, with lighted torches around them, and did not stir until the flames came very near them. They did a great many other things of which I have not time to tell you.

That little girl's letter from Paris was very interesting, and I should like her to write again. She must have felt rather flat when the donkey threw her over his head. If I had been in her place I should have been very much frightened.

We hope you will not stop with Billy Bump, for we want very much to see how he got on at the gold-diggings.

I am the same little boy, Mr. Merry, who wrote to you last May telling you that I was then only nine years old. I shall be ten on Christmas-day. I always look forward to that day with a great deal of pleasure.

I should like very much if you ever come to Baltimore, to have you visit Centreville on the eastern shore of Maryland, which was the former residence of Mr. R——n, now a pastor in Boston, who says he is acquainted with you. If you should come there, we should certainly invite you to Winton, where you would meet with a most cordial reception.

Your friend and admirer,
R. T. E.

Memphis, Dec. 10, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir—My brother Thomas has been a subscriber to your Museum for several years past, and I have been an occasional reader of it myself. Last night he left home by stage for Jackson, Tenn., to commence his studies in the West Tennessee College, located in that town, and he has left all the back numbers to me, and I have taken his place in father's store. I now feel able to set up for myself a little, and I want to become a subscriber to your Museum, so will you direct me one every month next year. Direct it to R. A. P——r, jr., Memphis, Tennessee.

This is a wintry night; it is *snowing* very fast out doors, and the snow is already two inches deep, but I am sitting by a cheerful coal fire. Father is lying down with his gown and slippers on, and mother is lying upon the couch, reading the December number of the Museum, and has just commanded us little ones to be silent, while she reads Billy Bump's letter from California.

This, Mr. Merry, is a very interesting letter, and I was sorry when it ended. After mother had concluded the letter, my brother G., who had been an attentive listener, asked her whether the mule upon which the Spaniard rode was drowned or not? Mother was unable to say; the letter stated that he was "carried down stream by the current."

I am astonished at the presumption and pertness of "Nonpareil Small Caps;" he says he is thirteen years old, and can see nothing instructive in Billy Bump's letters. He says they are too childish for him. Really, Mr. Merry, I should have thought from his vanity and presumption, that instead of thirteen years, he was at least thirty years of age. I am thirteen years old myself, and think that I am as smart as most boys are of my age, and I find a great many interesting and instructive things in Billy's letters and those of his mother. I should think that Billy was, by several years, older than "Small Caps."

It is getting late, and I must draw my letter to a close, so I must stop. Good bye.

Your friend,

R. A. P., Jr.

☞ We have to say, in respect to the mule, spoken of in the preceding letter, that we have no information upon the subject, beyond what is said by Master William Bump in his account of the melancholy disaster. We are left to inference alone; it looks very much as if the poor brute was drowned and ate up by the alligators; but, inasmuch as mules are pretty knowing fellows, may be he got ashore. If I get any account of him, my friend R. A. P., jr., shall hear of it.

Henderson Co., Ill., Dec. 14, 1849.

Mr. Merry:

Dear Sir—As we are desirous of continuing your interesting magazine, I send one dollar for the publisher, which is to pay our next year's subscription; will you be so kind as to hand it to him?

I am very much interested in reading the Museum, and should find it very hard to part with it. I read your "Bump correspondence" with great satisfaction, and wish Billy much success in far-off California. I should like to know what has become of Miss "Peggy Betsy," and why she has discontinued letters that were so interesting to your readers; I hope we shall hear from her before long. I hope the next time you undertake to write the biography of Tom Titmouse, you will not forget to finish it.

I send you an enigma, which you may insert if it meets with your approbation.

Now, Mr. Merry, let me ask you, if you were ever as far west as this, our beautiful State; if not, I hope you will visit us next Spring, when our great prairies are one vast flower-garden. For, although I can't promise to feast you with "Blue Point oysters," I can give you something, which I venture to say, will be quite as good.

FANNY C. D.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 7, 14, 16, 7, is an extensive country.

My 11, 18, 7, 8, is a city in the Barbary States.

My 15, 7, 19, 16, 14, is a town in the State of my 11, 2, 16, 11.

My 10, 11, 15, 20, 6, is a cape on the eastern coast of North America.

My 7, 14, 2, 17, is a county in North Carolina.

My 9, 6, 11, 5, is a town in Alabama.

My 12, 13, 19, 4, 16, 3, is a county in North Carolina.

My 2, 7, 5, 1, 16, is one of the West India islands.

My whole was the name of a very cruel tyrant.

In answer to my friend Fanny's inquiry, whether I was ever as far west as Henderson Co., Illinois—I say no. If I should ever go there, she promises me something as good as "Blue Point oysters." What do you mean, Fanny?

The First of March.

COME, boys and girls, let us have a trip together on the wings of imagination. We suppose it to be the first day of March, and now I propose that we skim along the eastern coast of the United States, stopping at various points, and noticing the state of the season.

Come, wrap your furs and great-coats around you, for we shall first stop at Castine—a small town, far down east, in the state of Maine. Well, here we are, in Castine. Look about you! See the hills and valleys—every thing is covered with snow. There is not a bird to be seen or heard in the whole country around. The rivers are frozen over, and seem converted into rock. Sleighs and sleds are in full jingle through the town. The boys and girls are muffled in great-coats, caps and mittens. See! here comes the whole school, with their sleds and skates.

It is still winter here at Castine, though it is the first of March. No one thinks of Spring yet. The sky is as dark as in December, and flurries of snow fill the air with their myriad flakes. The cattle are still shut up in the stall. The sheep may nibble a few buds from the birch trees, but not a blade of grass can they find on the hill-side. The old hen scratches in vain to find a grub

amid the leaves. Long icicles hang from the eaves of the houses, and at noon-day, a few melted drops trickle down their noses; but at night the wind is keen, and the poor dog shivers and howls at the door, partly from hunger and partly from cold. The owl hoots lustily in the woods, and all nature seems wrapped in sadness and gloom.

Good-bye to Castine! Let us stop a moment and warm our noses at Boston. Here the snow is gone, and though it has left behind a few lumps of dirty ice in the street, these continue to thaw a little every day, keeping up a good supply of mud, and imparting a cold, damp feeling to the atmosphere. The wind also comes cold and clammy from the sea. The people all appear to have their noses painted blue. No amiable, looking persons are to be met with in the streets. The wind bangs and blusters in your face, whichever way you go; out in the country the ground is bare, brown and frozen. The cattle stand about shivering, their hind feet drawn close to their fore ones. A wagon going over the frozen hubs seems to make four times as much noise as at any other season. No birds are to be seen, except dead poultry at the provision stores. Not a bud seems to be opening its leaves —not a blade of grass dares yet to look green. Such is the first of March in the region of Boston.

We skip on to New York. Here is a slight improvement. The sod in the sheltered squares of the city is green. The lilac-buds look yellow and ready to unfold their delicious flowers. Some of the rose-buds begin to swell out their sides, and in favored spots, the snow-drops and crocuses— white, purple, and yellow—peep out of the ground. Daring little fellows are these, and I love them all the more because they are willing to take some risk to give pleasure to their friends. It would not be easy to sum up the amount of pure and innocent enjoyment given by a patch of these bright, early flowers to the thousand passers-by in a great city. What thoughts of coming spring, what visions of glorious summer, are awakened in the minds of the beholders! with what ohs! and ahs! do the boys and girls salute these gems when they first get a sight of them! and as they pause, how do they pour out their words of wonder and admiration, as so many blessings, upon the heads of these early flowers.

We must now take a long flight; and stop in the streets of Richmond, Virginia. O, what a change! Here is spring. Not shy, doubting and coquettish—now melting you with sunshine, and now buffeting you with flurries of snow. The sun shines fair and bright. The air is filled with balm. The birds are in full song on bush and tree. The robin has already five eggs in her nest, and the sparrow perchance as many. The lilac is in full bloom—the apple-buds of the garden are bursting into leaf. The bee has opened his door, and tries a short flight to see whether his wing is in good condition. The gardener has his beds marked out; his lettuce, his peppergrass and peas have come up—nay in some cases, the latter are already in

bloom. The plough is busy in the field; the insect dances in the breeze; the crows hold their noisy debates in the forest. Such is the first of March in old Virginia.

We take another flight, and stop a moment at Charleston, South Carolina. Here the air is hot—almost sultry. For breakfast, you have fresh figs and ripe strawberries; at dinner, you will have green peas. In the country, the forests are clothed in green; the cotton fields are planted, and the first of March seems almost like our northern summer.

On we go, and pause at the island of Cuba. This is a region of almost perpetual summer. Snow and frost are unknown in this genial climate. If we Yankees should go to Cuba, and tell the little boys and girls there that with us the weather is often so cold as to convert the rivers into rock, they would be struck with wonder—perhaps they would hardly believe us. Cuba is the land of oranges, lemons, and other delicious fruits. These things grow as naturally in Cuba as do apples and pears in New Jersey. And what is very curious, many of the fruit trees there go on bearing their fruits from season to season, and showing at the same time, on the same tree, the opening blossom and the ripened fruit.

Thus, you see, that the weather on the first of March is a very different thing in different countries. Indeed, the whole subject of the seasons is very curious and full of interest. It often happens, that while it is summer in one place, it is winter in another; and while the people in one part of the earth are panting with heat, the people in another are shivering and shaking amid the snow-blast and the tempest.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Fuller, an old writer, gives the following account of Sir Walter Raleigh's first rise in life.

"This Captain Raleigh," he says, "coming out of Ireland into the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, till meeting with a dirty place, she seemed to scruple going over it. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot-cloth.

"An advantageous admittance into the first notice of a prince, is more than half a degree of preferment. When Sir Walter found some hopes of the queen's favor reflecting upon him, he wrote on a glass window obvious to her notice:—

'Fain would I climb, but I fear to fall.'

"Her majesty, either espying or being shown it, did under-write—

'If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.'

"How great a person in that court this knight did afterwards prove to be, is scarcely unknown to any."

The King of Ashantee.

ASHANTEE is an extensive kingdom of Western Africa, lying along the gold coast of Guinea. It has about 1,000,000 inhabitants, who are governed by a king, and an aristocracy of four persons. This king is a very curious personage. His dress, as may be seen in the engraving, consists of a close vest covered with metal ornaments and scraps of Moorish writing, as spells against danger; his trowsers, invisible in the picture, are loose cotton drawers, and his headdress a cap of gold or gilded rams' horns. He wears gold ornaments in profusion, some of them being well wrought, others being unshapen lumps of gold. The teeth and smaller bones of vanquished foes he also ostentatiously displays about his person. His will is law to the people over whom he rules, except on questions of foreign policy, when the aristocracy may even veto his decisions. He is heir to the gold of all his subjects. His family are not exempt from capital punishment, though their blood cannot be shed; if death be awarded them, they are drowned in the Dah.

The king's wives amount to the extravagant number of 3333, and this mystical number is carefully kept up. If the king makes a *present of a woman* to one of his distinguished men, another immediately supplies her place. If any one is accused of crime or treason towards the king, he is made to undergo a species of ordeal. The culprit is forced to chew about one eighth of an ounce of poisonous bark, and then drink three or four calabashes of water. If he vomit, he is pronounced innocent; but if his stomach be strong enough to retain the poison, it is held to be a conclusive proof of guilt.

The features peculiar to negroes are not found among the Ashantees. Many of them have faces of Grecian shape and precision. Among the females may often be seen the most graceful forms. In all things but in color, they have what are allowed among us to be the requisites for beauty. Their dress is various, every one consulting his own taste. In some places, nakedness is hardly covered, and in others the dress is cumbrous. Among one tribe, it is considered highly respectable to wear large trowsers, of several spans of cloth, and great breeches there are synonymous with great men. One of their chiefs, on seeing a European take off his gloves, exclaimed in astonishment, "Alla akbar, he has pulled off the skin from his hands!" A deliberative assembly is called a *palaver*.

The religion of the Ashantees, is contained in the allegory of "The Book and the Calabash." The Great Spirit, after creating three white and three black men, placed before them a large calabash and a sealed paper, giving to the black race the choice of the two. They took the calabash, which contained gold, iron, and the choicest productions of the earth, but left them in ignorance of their use and application. The paper, on the contrary, instructed the white men in every thing; made them the favorites of the Great Spirit, and gave them that superiority which the negroes always readily acknowledge.

Holiday Scenes in Paris.

BORDERING upon the beautiful promenade known as the Champs Elysées, in Paris, is a large open space called the "Grand Carré," or *Great Square*. It is simply a bare tract of ground, devoid of trees or buildings of any kind. It is used sometimes as a play-ground by the lovers of foot-ball and ninepins. Raw recruits and unpractised regiments are often drilled there; and during the late troubles in France, it was covered with the tents and marquees of the provincial soldiers, who had been called in to protect the capital. It is here that the holidays are celebrated with the most noise and fun—the most frolic and foolery. To this spot comes, from the four corners of France, two or three times a year, a motley crowd of travelling artists, mountebanks and jugglers, with lean horses, leaner purses, and leanest children. The aspect of this place is so queer, that we can think of nothing better to amuse our readers than a description of it; besides, they can thus contrast a French holiday with a similar celebration in the Common at Boston, or the Park at New York.

The last fête that we saw at Paris was on the first of May—Louis Philippe's birthday. Alas! kings' birthdays and royal rejoicings are over now; they celebrate the birth of the constitution instead. It was a most charming day; there was an odor of meadows and fresh flowers all around, that had come into

the city on the wings of a west wind, new and fresh for the occasion. There was a sky overhead, so blue, so clear, so warm, that had the king ordered it beforehand of the almanac-makers, he could not have got a better one. The streets and squares in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées were kept clear of horses and carriages. The pavements, watered and swept the night before, were so white and clean that you were almost afraid to step, for fear of soiling them. Over the wide avenue of the grand promenade were suspended mighty chandeliers of colored lamps and Chinese lanterns, all waiting impatiently to be lighted. On each side were rows of fireworks and illuminations, which looked as though they couldn't wait till night. It was yet early, and there were few people present. The men who were arranging the ball-room—as one would almost have taken the scene to be—the police, and the gingerbread-women who lined the two side-walks, had it all to themselves. Everybody was putting the finishing touch to their arrangements for the great day—dusting their apples, watering their lemonade, and dittoing their liquorice-water. There are very few old women, who, on seeing a decanter of some stiff beverage before them, which they are going to sell at two cents a glass, can refuse themselves the satisfaction of pouring *in* nothing's worth of water, so as to pour *out* four cents' worth more drink—even if it *is* a little weaker. Water is so cheap!

While we were waiting for the crowd to come, and the entertainments to commence, we saw a beautiful tent under the shade of an elm tree; it was either Turkish or Egyptian, with turrets, and peaks, and festoons: inside was a luxurious-arm chair, forming one end of a gigantic pair of steelyards. Over the entrance was a sign, thus—"LET EVERY ONE KNOW HOW MUCH HE WEIGHS." We sat down in the chair, and the priestess officiating soon told us, in return for a two sous-piece, our exact weight. Really! we had gained ten pounds since we left America! Gained flesh while separated from you, black eyes and blue! Got fat, with our printers and our readers 3000 miles behind us! No, no; it was not that: don't believe it was that! We had breathed the sea air, and enjoyed a season of brief repose—that's all. But by-and-by we found we couldn't get along without our young friends; we lost our ill-gotten ten pounds, and had to come home again to catch up.

The crowd began now to come in good earnest. It was a pleasant, sensible crowd—such a one as we like to see. There were a good many babies, with fat, healthy nurses; a good many boys and girls, with cents gingling in their pockets; husbands with their families; young men with their sweethearts, and sweethearts with their young men. The arrival of all this crowd seemed to be like a mill-stream setting in motion the long-silent machinery of a cotton factory. Every thing capable of movement, began to move; every thing that could sing, began to sing: musical instruments, out of tune or not, started into full play. You suddenly became con-

scious of sights where you least expected them. A quiet-looking man, whom you had noticed leaning against a tree, turns his coat wrong side out, twists and twirls his hair into some ludicrous shape, and sets to telling funny stories. Homœopathic carriages, drawn by six goats, fill up with passengers and roll down the smooth avenues. Every thing began to go, and we saw that the day had commenced in good earnest.

As we went along, looking at every thing we passed, we stopped opposite a one cent lottery. This was a large circular table, the edges sprinkled with prizes of all sorts and shapes; but all of the value of one cent. In the centre was a pivot, on which turned a large dial or finger. Wherever this finger stops is the prize which the player has gained. No one can lose, and every one wins a prize of exactly the value he has paid. We determined to venture a sou; and waited for a rosy-cheeked little girl, who was trying for a piece of gingerbread, for our turn; we paid our cent, and the man turned the dial with a tremendous effort. It had two ends, of course—a blue and yellow one; we had chosen the blue one. At first, it went so fast that you couldn't tell the two colors apart—they seemed to mix together and make a great green streak all round the table. Then it began to go slower, like a Hoboken ferry-boat, when it enters the slip; then it began to stop, just as a hoop does when it's tired out. The blue end now became perfectly visible. First it looked as if it would bring up at a piece of short, thick barley candy, the size of a pocket pistol; but it left the barley candy behind, and kept on. Then it came to a fierce gingerbread lion, with a raisin for an eye. It passed the lion too, and went on its way. It was the strangest thing that it wouldn't stop; but it seemed as if it would go on forever. A handful of walnuts, two cookies, another lion and a tin trumpet, were successively passed by: at last it did stop—it stopped entirely and ceased to move. We had won a sugar cat! a red cat, with whiskers, and paws, and a tail. We pocketed our prize, and walked on in search of more amusement.

The next exhibition was of a more philosophical nature. A man with a table before him, was explaining the properties of various glass tubes and vessels. In these tubes were liquids of different colors; some red, like water tinted with checkerberry candy, and some green, like asparagus juice. These were for different scientific purposes. One was to blow in, to see to what height one could raise the liquid by the force of the breath. Another, and the most extraordinary, was an instrument for telling the character. This was an upright tube three-fourths filled with a fluid of no particular color, or rather of all sorts of colors—as if a child's paint-box had been dissolved in it. At the bottom, it came to a point forming a sort of handle. This handle had a thin bore running through it containing a small portion of the liquid. According to the explanation of the exhibiter, this liquid being highly impressionable, would be dif-

ferently acted upon by the hands of different individuals. Persons of great nervous energy, strong minds, &c., would affect it much more powerfully than others of weak character. To illustrate this by experiment, any one might have his disposition told for two sous. It was rather a dangerous risk to run—this exhibiting your inmost-self to a holiday crowd: but there was no lack of adventurers.

First came a baker's boy, with a lazy gait, and listless air, and a cotton turban on his head. He took the glass and we waited. The top of the liquid seemed to be slightly ruffled, and something seemed to be trying to break forth. A bubble rose slowly upon its surface, and after a moment's hesitation, burst. The agitated waters subsided, and all was still. "There," said the showman, "there is, probably, the most insignificant character, that has ever, during a long career in the most populous cities in France, been presented to my observation. That young man will never set the Seine on fire, though he might his bed-clothes. Look at him, gentlemen, and then tell me if my glass has not been singularly accurate in its indications. Don't get run over, my friend, in going home."

Then came another applicant. He seized the glass and held it tightly. The liquid immediately began to boil and bubble as if it meant to break its bonds, and give the spectators a ducking. A continuous stream rose from the body of the fluid, and dashed itself in spray against the top of the tube. Really, the contents of the glass were as much agitated, as the fountain in Boston Common. "There's a contrast for you," exultingly exclaimed the exhibiter. "Let go the glass, young man; a minute more, and you'd have it in splinters. There's a fellow I shouldn't like to have a tussle with. I only hope he won't come to harm, with such a temper as he's got. Look at him, ladies and gentlemen, and judge for yourselves." The man's glass was right again this time; the young fellow would have been a severe customer in a fight. He was pale and ragged, but had a determined bearing, and a bold, unquivering eye. Ten months afterwards, we recognized him among the wounded inmates of the once proud palace of the Tuileries—then a hospital. He had fought on the barricades, and received the thrust of a bayonet in his breast.

We had now come nearly the whole length of the avenue of the Champs Elysées, and were approaching the Grand Carré. A tremendous, though confused din of music, drums, shouts, vociferations, applause and laughter burst upon the ear. A few steps more, and the whole scene became visible. On three sides of the square were arranged in long array, an army of menageries, circuses, exhibitions of living statuary, learned dogs and pigs, jugglers, clowns, dancers, tumblers; fat women, strong men; panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas; giants, and dwarfs; every thing, in short, strange or striking in the 84 departments. They all faced the square, presenting their fair side to the audience; behind,

were the broken down horses, that dragged the tents and wagons from place to place, taking their morning's meal in silence and sadness. At every ten steps, was a rude sort of kitchen, hurriedly built of stones in the open air; an odor of fried potatoes, and the hissing of a row of griddles, told that even jugglers must eat, and that necromancers, like other mortals, are susceptible of creature comforts. Occasionally, a gaily dressed harlequin, whose term of service had expired for the morning, and who had an hour to himself, leaving his jests and his antics behind him, would throw himself upon the ground, where the sun was warm, and the earth dry, and huddling his body up into a ball, would go quietly to sleep.

The strolling mountebank, whether juggler, clown, or tumbler, has but one dress, which serves him for all the purposes to which dress can be applied. His gay holiday attire, his red and yellow velvet, his silk and feathers, are his every-day costume. He travels in it, sleeps in it, jumps in it. His closely fitting tights are his only trowsers, his spangled jacket is his only coat; and, very often, he can claim no other headdress than his cap and bells. Anywhere on the road that they may stop to take an hour's rest, he is always ready with his jingling brass and bright colors to give a taste of his quality to the peasants and villagers. His meals are never so hearty as to prevent him from turning somersets, the next minute: his sleep is so light, that he will wake at a moment's call, dance a Highland fling, put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, stand on his head, walk on his hands, while anybody else would be rubbing his eyes, and composing himself to slumber again.

But it was the gay, and not the melancholy side of the picture that we had promised our readers: we meant to tell them what takes place before and not behind the curtain. But we must be excused till the next number, when we'll go into every show in the square: that is if our money holds out, for two cents upon two cents, count up in the long run.

It was formerly the custom in England to present a bowl of ale to malefactors, on their way to the place of execution. The county of York, which adheres strongly to its ancient usages, was the last place where this custom continued. A sadler at Bawtry lost his life in consequence of declining the refreshment: for had he stopped, as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived in time to have saved him. Hence arose the saying, that "the sadler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale."

A celebrated old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of making himself better known. "People will ask," said he, 'Who is that old fool?' and then others will reply, 'That's the famous general, who took such a place.'"

The Gypsies.

FOR more than 400 years this remarkable race has been strolling, with little change, over Europe, like foreigners and strangers. The year in which they first made their appearance there, is nowhere recorded; but it is clear that they did not originate in that quarter of the globe. They are called Zincali and Gitanos in Spain; in England, Gypsies, from a general belief that they were originally Egyptians: in France, Bohemians, as they first attracted attention in Bohemia. They almost everywhere lead a savage life, in the spirit of one of their songs:

> "Too much rest is rust;
> There's ever cheer in changing;
> We lose by too much trust:
> Let's be up and ranging."

They generally reside in tents, which they pitch in bye-places. Their occupations are pilfering, robbing hen-roosts, and fortune-telling; doctoring horses, mending tin-pans, and tinkering coffee-pots; peddling precious stones, and sometimes poisons. They seldom com-

mit violent robbery, or other heinous crimes, being fearful of punishment. Their manners and customs, are different in different countries though their general characteristics are the same the world over. It has been said of them that "Africa makes them no blacker nor Europe whiter; they neither learn to be lazy in Spain, nor diligent in Germany; they neither reverence Christ in Christendom, nor Mahomet in Turkey."

The Gypsies of Russia resist cold to a wonderful degree; and it is not uncommon to find them encamped in the midst of snow, in slight canvass tents, when the weather is 25 or 30 degrees below zero. The Gypsies of Hungary are the merriest of the race. They sing and dance perpetually, and play the violin with great skill. The Gypsies appeared in England three centuries ago, but for a long time persecution kept them concealed in their burrows: but those days have now passed by, and they are always to be found at the prize fight and the race course. The women tell fortunes. Both sexes are arrant cheats and thieves. They usually pitch their tents in some green lane, or on the side of a common near a village, under the shelter of a high bank or a hedge.

That they are not destitute of wit, the following anecdote will show. Some young ladies who had been taking a walk, were accosted by a Gypsy woman, who, for a small reward, very politely offered to show them their future husbands' faces in a pool of water that stood near. Such an offer was too good to be refused, and on paying the stipulated sum, the ladies hastened to the water, each in anxious expectation of getting a glance of her "beloved;" but alas! instead of beholding the form and face they so fondly anticipated, they were surprised to see only their own rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes glancing from below. "Sure you are mistaken, woman," exclaimed one of them, "for we see nothing but our own faces in the water." "Very true, lady," replied the Gypsy; "but these will be your husbands' faces when you are married."

The Gypsies of Spain are better known to us than those of any other country. The richest among them are generally smugglers, and in the large towns go from house to house, with contraband goods, especially silk and cotton, and sometimes tobacco. They likewise trade in old clothes. Others sell roasted chestnuts or grass mats. Their practice of fortune-telling lies chiefly among females; to young maidens they promise lovers, invariably handsome, and sometimes rich; to wives children, and to widows another husband; for their eyes are so penetrating that they will often discover one's most secret thoughts and wishes.

They find dupes almost as readily among the superior classes as among the very dregs of the population. It is their boast that the best houses in Spain are open to them; and perhaps, in the space of one hour, they will predict the future to a duchess in one of the hundred palaces of Madrid, and to half a dozen laundresses washing linen in the stream of the Manzanares. Their speech is as fluent and their eyes as unabashed in

the presence of royalty as among the lowest of the populace, and the consequence is that most minds quail before them. Among their other frauds, the Hokkano Baro, or "great trick," stands pre-eminent. This is neither more nor less than for some lady, suspected to be rich, to deposit, at a certain hour and place, a certain sum of money—the more the better; as the Gypsy assures her that if not looked at till a certain time, it will increase a thousand-fold. In the mean time, she walks off with the spoil and, it is needless to say, never returns.

Of the German Gypsies, the following story is told:—Three of them having acquired by various atrocities what amounted to a valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day arrived which they had appointed for that purpose, one of them was despatched to a neighboring town, to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that each might come in for half of the plunder, instead of one third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned part of the provisions in order that he might appropriate the whole of the spoil to himself. The triumvirate of worthies were found dead together.

I RISE, sir, for information," said a very grave member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no one wants it more!"

Joseph II.

AMONG the pleasant anecdotes related of Joseph II., of Austria, we find the following:—He was one day walking alone in the streets of Vienna, dressed as a private individual, when he met a young girl weeping, and carrying a bundle under her arm.

"What is the matter with you?" said he kindly. "Where are you going? What are you carrying? Cannot I calm your grief?"

"I am carrying the clothes of my unfortunate mother," replied she to the Prince, who was unknown to her; "and I am going to sell them. It is our last resource," said she, in a broken voice. "Ah! if my father, who shed his blood so often for the country, still lived, or if he had obtained the recompense due to his services, you would not see me in this state."

"If the Emperor," said the monarch much affected, "had known your distresses, he would have relieved them. You ought to present him a petition, or employ some one to relate your misfortunes to him."

"I have done so," replied she, "but it was in vain; the nobleman to whom I addressed myself, told me that he had never been able to obtain any thing."

"The truth has been disguised to you," answered the Prince, trying to hide the emotion that such an avowal cost him; "I can assure you that nothing has been said to him about your situation; and he loves too well the principles of justice to suffer the widow and daughter of an officer to perish,

who has served him well. Make a petition, carry it to him to-morrow, at the palace, in such a place, at such an hour; if what you say is true, I will speak of you to the Emperor, and you will obtain justice."

The young girl, drying her tears, thanked again and again the unknown, when he added: "But you must not sell your mother's clothes. How much did you expect to receive for them?"

"Six ducats," said she.

"Permit me to lend you twelve, until we shall have seen the success of our plan."

At these words, the girl flew to her house, gave her mother the twelve ducats with the clothes, and imparted to her the hopes which the unknown nobleman had given her. She described him, and the persons who listened to her, recognized the Emperor in all she said of him. In despair at having spoken so openly, she could not resolve to go the next day to the palace. Her relations compelled her, however. She arrived, trembling, saw her sovereign in her benefactor, and fainted away.

Meanwhile the Prince, who had asked in the evening her father's name, and that of the regiment in which he had served, had gained some information, and had found out that all she said was true. When she recovered her senses, the Emperor led her into the cabinet with her relations, and said in the most obliging manner to her—

"Here is for your mother the certificate of a pension, equal to the appointment your father had, half of which will be continued to you, if you should have the misfortune to lose her. I am sorry not to have learned your situation sooner; I should have relieved you immediately."

After this event, the Prince appointed a certain day in the week, on which all classes of his subjects could have access to him.

Judge R., who presided in the County Court of an American State, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke, at the expense of Counsellor B., a practising attorney in the same court, with whom he was very intimate, and for whom he had a high regard. On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Mr. B. observed that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent to *set* late enough to finish them that evening. "*Sit*, sir," said the judge, "not *set*; hens set." "I stand corrected, sir," said the counsellor, bowing. Not long after, while giving an opinion, the judge remarked that under such and such circumstances, an action would not *lay*. "*Lie*, may it please your honor," says the counsellor, "not *lay*; hens lay."

A debate once took place among the members of the court of another American State, as to how long they should *set* to dispose of the business before them, as they had resolved to limit themselves to a given time, and on no account to go beyond it. *Three weeks* at last were determined on. "Why, in the name of wonder," inquired a wag at the bar, "do they not set four weeks, like other geese!"

The Zoological Gardens in London.

AMONG the many interesting scenes and sights in London, there is nothing more pleasant or instructive than the Zoological Gardens. There are two of these establishments in that great and wonderful city, London—one in the Regent's Park, and the other on the south side of the Thames, called the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Both are conducted on the same general plan, which is, to collect curious birds and curious animals from all quarters of the world, and provide the means by which these may live, as much as possible, according to their natural tastes and habits.

Thus we find, in these places, a collection of beavers, living on the edge of a brook, where they cut down bushes, and build mud houses, just as they were accustomed to do in Canada, whence they were brought. Here we find water birds of many curious forms, dwelling together, upon the borders, or the bosom of a lake. We see elephants walking about in the grounds, and occasionally taking a bath in a river. We see ostriches from Africa, emeus from New

Holland, pheasants from Southern Asia, peacocks from Java, birds of paradise from New Guinea, red-legged partridges from California, toucans from Guiana, widow finches from Senegal, vultures from Egypt, crocodiles from the Nile, apes and baboons from Borneo, zebras from South Africa, gazelles from Persia, buffaloes from Bornou, bisons from Missouri, chinchillas from the Andes, boa-constrictors from Sumatra, bears from Madagascar, lions from Sierra Leone, tigers from India, and many other creatures too tedious to mention—all living, as far as convenient, according to the manners and customs of their forefathers.

It would be very easy to write a very pleasant book about these creatures, but it is much better to go and see them, if one has the opportunity. Our caravans do pretty well, for they bring to our own towns, cities, and villages, many of the strange creatures which are to be found in the Zoological Gardens; but unfortunately, in the caravans the animals are forced out of their natural habits, and appear very differently from what they do in their native condition: nevertheless, we advise all our young friends to patronize the caravans. A lion is a lion, a bear is a bear, and a hyena is a hyena, wherever you may find him. It makes little difference with these rough brutes, where you scrape acquaintance with them. They would probably be as uncivil to strangers, in their own parlors at home, as they are in the cages of the caravan.

But as to many other animals, and especially birds of various kinds, the Zoological Gardens have a great advantage. I have never seen children more delighted than in these places at London. Monkeydom—that is, the building in which monkeys of all kinds are collected—is a never-ending source of amusement. The birds, too, many of which are exceedingly beautiful, and many extremely graceful, are objects of intense delight. Will not some one of our little friends, who has paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens of London, give to the readers of Merry's Museum an account of what he saw there?

An Irishman, with his family, landing at Philadelphia, was assisted on shore by a negro, who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter, taking the black fellow for one of his own countrymen, asked him how long he had been in America. "About four months," was the reply. The chop-fallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed—"But four months in the country, and almost as black as jet!"

A famous judge, notorious for always convicting every person brought before him for trial on capital offences, and who was often called the Hanging Judge, was one day dining with a select company. The following pass of wit took place between him and the celebrated Mr. Curran:—"Is that *hung beef*, before you?" he said to the latter; "if it is, I will try it." "It is sure to be hung, sir, if you try it," was Curran's reply.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Emily. Well, Aunt, you see I am punctual; and I have my thimble and needle ready, too.

Aunt. I am very glad, my dear, to see you have not forgotten your good resolution; and I am now ready to fulfil my promise. What shall I relate?

Emily. O, if you please, Aunt, do first help me a little with my lesson! I don't know what my teacher means, by emotions of beauty, grandeur and sublimity; they seem to me to be all alike.

Aunt. Perhaps, my dear, if I tell you of some time and place when I have felt each of these emotions, you will enter so much into my feelings, as to comprehend better what they are, than you could from any formal definition.

Emily. Do, dear Aunt; I shall be so glad if I can understand my lesson, and not be the only stupid one in my class.

Aunt. Do you recollect, last summer, that I went to pay a visit in Chester County, and staid some weeks at your uncle's? One afternoon, while I was there, Esther proposed that we should ride over to Greenville the next morning, before breakfast; to which I readily agreed. Accordingly, early in the morning she awakened me, by saying that the horses were at the door. With a light heart, I dressed; and after taking a slice of bread and a draught of cold water, we mounted our horses.

At first our road lay through a wood, so that our view was bounded on each side by the tall trees; it then passed over a barren hill, clothed only with a few stinted weeds, that looked lonely and withered, as if ready to give way to the intruding stones that were crowding around them.

But the scene soon changed. As we descended the other side of the hill, a lovely prospect opened to our view. The descent was very gradual, and at the foot ran a small stream, winding its silvery way through peaceful meadows and luxuriant orchards. The sun had just risen, and a thousand little birds were pouring out their thanks for his return. The morning dew, laden with the perfume of various flowers, was ascending like incense to heaven. On our right, rich fields of grain waved their ripening heads, and on the left was seen a pasture dotted with sheep. Beyond the stream, we saw the spire of a country church, pointing upward to direct our thoughts to Heaven. I obeyed the silent monitor, as the pleasing emotions, excited by the lovely scene, rose in my soul. Well, my dear, can you sympathize with me?

Emily. O yes, Aunt; I suppose the feeling of the loveliness of some object is an emotion of beauty.

Aunt. It is so called, my dear; and now, if you like, I will tell you of a ride we took about the same time, when my feelings were excited to a still higher degree; not so soothing perhaps, but more ennobling.

Emily. Pray tell me, Aunt; I love to hear your stories

Aunt. It was on a Sabbath morning,

in June, that Esther, Hugh, and myself, set off to attend public worship. The church was about five miles from their home, by the common road; but as we were on horseback, we went a nearer route, by a pathway over two hills, which were thickly covered with wood, and very seldom travelled. We jogged on in silent meditation for about three miles, when Hugh, who had gone on a little before us, exclaimed, "Now Cousin, if you don't admire this scene, I shall think you have no taste." Aroused from my revery by his exclamation, I hastened forward, and laughingly asked him, if he was sure his taste was the true standard. "Come and judge," he replied.

I am at a loss for language to describe the scene which burst upon my view, when I reached the opening, where my admiring friend had reined in his horse. The hill upon which we were, was so high, that we had a commanding view of the Brandywine, as it rapidly issued from between two steep hills on the north, and then becoming more quiet, in silence wound its way through a rich and varied country till it was lost in Valley-Forge. From hill to hill at the most dizzy points, a bridge was thrown across the river. On the right bank lay Coatsville, as quiet as if conscious of its own insignificance, amid the grandeur of nature; while to heighten the beauty of the scene, the clouds that had hid the face of the sun all morning now dispersed, and the bow of promise appeared in bold relief against the dark western sky. Do you think you would have felt differently in this and the other ride?

Emily. Yes I think I should. It seems, if I may express it so, that there was a more quiet pleasure in your first ride. But now for your third, dear Aunt?

Aunt. I scarcely know which to relate, in a gig on the edge of a precipice, a ride or another on horseback. I think I will choose the last—partly because I was accompanied by the same friends. Hugh invited me one day, to ride with him and his sister, to see a new bridge that was being built at a romantic spot on the Brandywine. It was rather late when we started, but as we knew there would be a bright moon to return by, we did not hesitate about going. The first three miles were not very pleasant, as the roads were muddy and the country not hilly enough to present any variety to the eye. At last we entered a new road through a wood on the high and rugged banks of the river, and our ride became highly interesting.

The sun had now set, and the twilight seemed too feeble to enter the thick hemlock trees that shaded our path. The moon had risen, but her light was hidden by a dark cloud, that had suddenly gathered itself together in the heavens. Hugh could not bear the thought of returning without accomplishing our object. "It was close at hand," he said, "and when we came out into the open country he was sure we could see." So on we rode to the very edge of the river, which dashed along its rocky channel about seventy feet below us.

The darkness momentarily increased.

We left ourselves to our horses' instinct, when, finding by our slackened reins they were masters, they turned to retrace their steps. Just at that moment, several flashes of lightning played successively over the heavens, sending their vivid glare even through the dense evergreens, and revealing to us the opposite bank, bare to its summit, and the foaming waves, lashed into fury by the stormy blast—ourselves on the very brink of a precipice.

I had not time to feel the full grandeur of the scene, when our horses, alarmed by the loud thunder and descending rain, dashed forward and bore us from the scene of enchantment.

Emily. O, Aunt, thank you for your interesting definitions; I shall not soon forget them. TRUXINA.

The Battle Field.

MANY thousands of years ago, two men met in a field. One was named Cain, the other Abel. Their father Adam and their mother Eve, with a few children, were the only people that dwelt in the wide world. There was room enough and to spare; why, then, should there be strife between man and man, and especially between brother and brother? Cain was envious of Abel, for the latter had found favor in the sight of God: he was more amiable and more beloved than Cain.

And thus, though there was no real cause of quarrel, high words arose between the brothers, and then they came

to blows; and in the fury of his passion, Cain struck Abel to the earth. This was the first time, that death, that awful semblance of sleep had visited the human family. No wonder that Cain looked with strange and shuddering horror upon the cold, motionless form before him. No wonder that terrible voices seemed to fill the air, and cry as if Abel's blood spoke, and went up to Heaven calling down vengeance upon the murderer.

Cain went forth from that hour, a smitten, ruined man. He feared and shunned the presence of his fellow-men; there was henceforward no peace for him. If he were in the wilderness, Abel's blood spoke against him. If he were among his kindred, they were witnesses of his crime. In the dark watches of the night, his own heart testified against him. At noon-day, the sky scowled upon him, as if it would speak the indignation of Heaven. There was no hour so still, that he did not hear the voice of condemnation. There was no spot so secret as to shield him from remorse.

Time rolled on, but years could not wipe out the memory of this first murder. Cain lived to a great age, but he ever carried with him the mark of his crime on his forehead. Nearly six thousand years have rolled away, and still the very name of Cain stirs the blood with a feeling of horror. Yet Cain killed but a single man. Alexander slew a hundred thousand men at the battle of the Issus, and a hundred thousand more on the plains of Arbela. And these are called fields of glory, and Alexander bears the title of a hero. Cæsar put to death a million of unoffending men in Gaul, and History has wreathed Cæsar's brow with undying laurels. Napoleon shed rivers of blood at Marengo, Austerlitz and Eylau, and the world is accustomed to regard these as the scenes and the witnesses of his glory.

How strangely have mankind departed from the first simple idea of right and wrong. When society was new, when man's heart was yet uncorrupted, when men lived near to God, and spoke with him face to face, a single murder was a crime, never to be forgotten: it was a crime from which not only the heart of man revolted, but from which nature herself seemed to shrink back with horror. But as time went on, and men became debased, and formed codes of honor and ideas of glory to suit themselves, the greatest murderer, the greatest destroyer of his fellow-men, became the greatest hero. Is it not time, that mankind should revise their code, and go back to those ideas of peace, simplicity, and good brotherhood, which should lead society still to consider the destroyer of his fellow-men rather as a Cain whom all men abhor, than as a hero, whom all men admire?

A MARSHAL of France, when confined in the Bastile, was one day busily employed in turning over the leaves of the Bible; and on being asked what he was looking for, he replied, "A passage that I cannot find—a way to get out of prison."

Louis XIV.

AMONG the numerous anecdotes of the early days of Louis XIV., we are furnished with the following:—

In the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, near the market-place, there was once a small, mean house, consisting of one large room, which served the inhabitants for sleeping-room, parlor, and kitchen, all at the same time.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty presiding in this humble dwelling, there was an air of comfort and cleanliness throughout. Two simple beds stood on the right, as well as a basket-cradle; on the left were sacks of charcoal, piled up. The door was on one side, and the chimney on the other, with a long table in the middle.

This was the dwelling of the collier Jacquot and his family, consisting of his wife, two boys of eight and ten, and a little girl just learning to walk.

The family were seated around the table, one evening in July, awaiting the father's return from his daily labor.

Charlot, the eldest boy, went backwards and forwards incessantly from the table to the door, turning, as he did so, his wistful eyes towards a large covered dish.

"Father does not come; our supper will get cold."

"Let us go to meet him, brother," said Blondel.

"No, no!" said the mother, "stay where you are."

And the mother seated herself by the baby's cradle, and began singing a lullaby.

"Don't you think he stays very late this evening, mother?"

"Your father has been conveying charcoal to the palace to-day, and it is St. Anne's day, the queen's fête day; and there is a ball, and all sorts of fine doings. Perhaps he has staid to see a little of it all."

At this instant, the collier's voice was heard at the door.

"Wife, heap some more chips on the fire; make haste!" And a great dark-looking man entered, bearing in his arms a little child, apparently lifeless, whose dress was richly embroidered in gold. Torn ruffles hung from his wrists, and water was dripping from every part of him.

"What is the matter? Who is that child?" exclaimed the wife, as she placed her baby in the cradle, and proceeded to make up the fire, as she was directed.

"I will tell you, after a while. Get a blanket and warm it. That on the children's bed is the best."

"What a beautiful child," said the mother, as she helped the collier to undress the little creature. "Bring me your Sunday clothes, Charlot, this dress is wet through."

"There they are, mother," said Charlot, regarding with astonishment the embroidered ones of the stranger.

The warmth of the blanket soon revived him. He opened his eyes, looked

at those around him, and then at the miserable room he was in.

"Where am I—where am I?"

"In my house, my little friend," answered the collier.

"*My little friend!*" repeated the child, in a contemptuous tone.

"I am sorry if it displeases you; but indeed, without my assistance, you would be in a bad way now."

"These clothes are not mine; you have stolen mine."

"Stolen!" exclaimed the collier. "Little rascal!"

"Hush!" said the wife; "he does not yet know what he says. Wait till he recovers himself completely, and he will tell us who he is; he will soon see that, although poor, we are honest. But pray tell us how you met with him."

At this, the two boys drew nearer to their mother, and fixed their eyes on their father's face, determined not to lose a word.

"Well," began the collier, "I was just coming home. I had been carrying charcoal into the kitchens of the Palais Royal, and the cook said to me, "Your charcoal is very good charcoal." Well, as I was saying, I had finished my work, and I just stopped a minute in the garden to look at some of the fine things, and I saw through the windows such ladies, and such gentlemen! such feathers and flowers! Well, I stood there some time, looking in, because I wanted to see the Queen pass by the window, but I dont believe I should have known her if she had, for they all looked like queens."

"But this little boy?" eagerly demanded the wife.

"Well, as I was saying, I was standing there, when all of a sudden, I heard a noise behind me. I turned round, and by the light of the moon, I saw this little fellow struggling in one of the basins. So I jumped right in after him, and caught him. I knew well enough the cook would never let me bring any poor half-drowned child into his great kitchen, for all they've such a great fire there, and it was so very near. So the best I could do was to bring him here and dry him."

"His poor mother—how uneasy she will be about him! Tell us, child, who she is, that my husband may go and tell her you are safe."

"You are very good, madam, but there is not the least hurry."

"But they must be looking for you."

"So much the better, madam."

"Ah, children never know what a mother's feelings are!"

"Yes, we know. We love our mother," exclaimed Charlot and Blondel, running to her and throwing their arms round her neck.

"Poor children, I don't believe you would exchange me for the Queen of France."

"No indeed, mother, nor for all the kingdom of France beside."

Tears rolled slowly down the cheeks of the little stranger, on beholding this little ebullition of feeling.

"Why do you cry?" said the woman; "have you no parents to love you?"

"I have no father, madam."

"And your mother?"

He shook his head. "My mother has other things to do than to attend to me."

"A mother other things to do than to attend to her own child!"

"Yes, madam; but she has valets to attend to me."

"Valets! yes, and they let you fall into the water!" said the collier, roughly; "and if it had not been for me, there you would be yet. But let us have our supper."

They seated themselves accordingly at the table. The mother placed before each a saucer and a wooden spoon, and helped them all to boiled beans, whilst the father cut slices from a loaf of bread.

The little stranger sat down, as he was desired, but ate nothing.

"Papa," said one of the little boys, "tell us what you saw at the fête."

"It was superb."

"Kings must be very happy," said Charlot; "I suppose their sons learn to read."

"Cannot you read?" asked the stranger.

"Alas! no; it costs twenty sous a month; and we could never pay that."

Still preserving his gravity of demeanor, the little stranger got up, and took from his dress, which was drying by the fire, a purse in which there were several pieces of gold.

"Here," said he to Charlot, "take this. It will pay for twenty months' schooling. After that, I will give you some more."

"Charlot!" said the collier.

"I cannot take it, sir," said Charlot, after looking at his father; "I have not earned it, and I cannot take it."

"Why not? I have money, and you have none. I give you some of mine; is it not right? You would do the same, I am sure, in my place."

"Indeed I would," said Charlot.

"Take back your gold, young gentleman. Not that we despise your gift, for Charlot is very anxious to learn to read; but you are too young to give away so much money, without the knowledge of your family."

"It is very evident, madam, that you do not know who I am."

"No, I do not, but I hope you will soon tell us; for it is time your relations should know where you are."

"My mother loves me, I dare say; but she has no leisure to love me at all times, as you do your children."

"Is she like our mother?" asked Charlot.

"She is handsomer."

"But ours is better."

"But mine gives me fine clothes, and as much money as I want," replied the stranger, haughtily.

"And ours gives us kisses," said Blondel, reddening with anger at the comparison.

"And mine gives me valets to wait on me."

"And our dear mother waits on us herself, which is much better," said Charlot.

The collier and his wife were very much amused with this conversation, which was suddenly interrupted by a loud knocking at the door; and a voice

cried, "Is not this the house of the collier, Jacquot?"

"It's my tutor's voice," exclaimed the little stranger; and whilst the collier was opening the door, he slipped under the table and hid, making a sign to Charlot and Blondel not to betray him.

In a few moments, the humble dwelling was filled with gentlemen and valets.

A man in a cardinal's dress cast an inquiring glance around the room, and addressed himself to a soldier who stood at a respectful distance.

"Repeat your deposition."

"This evening, at eight o'clock," said the soldier, as I was on duty at the vestibule door of the palace, you passed by (to the collier) with a child in your arms. Where is that child?"

"Here!" cried the individual in question, darting from his hiding-place, and appearing suddenly in the midst of the crowd.

"Your whole court has been looking for you for two hours," said the cardinal.

"Court!" exclaimed the collier and his wife, in astonishment.

"I am very glad to hear it, Cardinal Mazarin."

"Your mother is in great uneasiness."

"His mother!" exclaimed the collier's wife, "and she did not come near you?"

"Hush, wife," said the collier.

"I am very sorry, Cardinal, that my mother has had any anxiety on my account."

"I hope, sire, you will come with us now."

"That is just as I please, Cardinal."

"But I hope it will be soon. Your mother"——

"I must first thank these good people for their services."

"Well, make haste. Of course, some money will be sent to them."

"My friend," said he, turning to the collier, "I, Louis XIV., king of France, thank you for what you have done for me. I mean now to provide for the education of your two sons, and to give your daughter a dowry. Here is my hand to kiss."

Then turning to the Cardinal, "Now let us go."

"In this dress?" said the Cardinal, eyeing Charlot's humble Sunday suit, which the little king still wore.

"In this dress."

"But the Queen is in the midst of the whole court, all in their holiday dresses."

"O, sire," said the woman, "do make haste and change your clothes; your poor mother is waiting."

"Do you hear me, Cardinal?"

And passing through the crowd, he advanced towards his carriage, which was waiting at the door, saying to Charlot,

"Come, yourself, to the palace tomorrow, and get your clothes, and bring me back mine."

"You have forgotten your purse," said the collier, running after him with it.

"I have forgotten nothing," said the young king.

Wonderful Trees, No. 6.—The Willow.

WILLOW is the name of a genus of plants, which are well known and extensively cultivated in almost every part of the world. The rapidity of their growth, the toughness and lightness of their wood, their uses in medicine and the arts, make them a very interesting study to naturalists. The willow may be thus distinguished. Its leaves are long and slender, and are of a mixed color, being green on one side, and whitish on the other; they bear a great resemblance to the leaf of the olive. Its flowers hang down like threads, which are collected into a spike and are barren. The rind of the tree is thin and delicate, and easily peals from the branches.

The willow is found in almost all climates and in all countries. It prevails in marshy places, growing beside streams and rivers, and adding much to the beauty and sylvan appearance of their banks. It is easily propagated by cuttings introduced into moist ground suited to its nature, where it soon takes root, and grows with astonishing rapidity. So unwilling is this tree to die, that if an old stump, not destitute of life, lie on the ground, it will sprout forth twigs. Though a native of warm climates, yet it grows farther north than any other tree, except the birch; in Siberia, and the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, it becomes a shrub.

The willow was known to the Greeks

and Romans; in fact, little has been added to our knowledge of its properties and uses since their time. On account of the flexible nature of their shoots, and the toughness of their woody fibre, willows have always been used as materials for making baskets, hoops, crates, &c.; and for these purposes, vast quantities are cultivated. The bark is made use of in the north of Europe, in forming mats. In Tartary, the woody fibre is macerated and separated, and then spun into threads, from which cloth is woven. Willows are much used in the manufacture of charcoal: and for the preparation of gunpowder, willow charcoal is much superior to any other. The bark of all the species contains the tannin principle, and from that of several is obtained a medicine, possessing powerful astringent and tonic qualities. The dikes of Holland, to which that country owes not only its security, but its very existence, are faced with a strong network of willow branches. It would be difficult to mention a tree the uses of which are more diversified than the willow. Some of the more important species deserve particular notice.

The *Bedford Willow* is a native of England, and grows in marshy woods. It was a tree of this species, that was a favorite with Dr. Johnson at Litchfield, and hence called Johnson's willow. It was some time ago destroyed by a hurricane, having attained a height of 60 feet, and a girth of 13 feet. The growth of this species is very rapid, and it is extensively used for poles. Its bark is said to contain as much tannin as the oak.

The *White Willow* is a native of most countries of Europe, and is more extensively planted as a timber tree, than any other species. Hundreds of miles of road between Moscow and the Austrian frontier, are planted with it. The bark is used both for tanning and dyeing. The wood is employed for making the handles of all sorts of instruments, in turnery, mill-work, cooperery, &c. Hats and bonnets are made of the shavings of it.

The *Babylonian* or *Weeping Willow* is the favorite species of the genus. It is a native of Asia, on the banks of the Euphrates near Babylon, whence its name; also of China, Egypt, and other parts of North Africa. It is said that this willow was introduced into England by the poet Pope, who on one occasion received a parcel from Spain bound with withes, which appeared alive. He took one and planted it in his garden; it grew up and afterwards became well known as Pope's willow at Twickenham. The weeping willow is a great favorite in China, as might be inferred from its constant introduction into Chinese pictures. Growing on the banks of its native Euphrates, it was the willow on which the weeping daughters of Zion hanged their harps.

The *Bay-leaved Willow* is one of the most desirable species for planting in shrubberies, on account of its late flowers, its deep green, almost evergreen leaves, its powerful fragrance and compact growth. Its flowers, which do not expand till the beginning of June, are very fragrant, especially when bruised,

somewhat resembling the sweet bay. Its twigs are used for basket-work, and its bark produces a much-esteemed medicine. The *Golden* or *Yellow Willow* is very striking as an ornamental tree, both among evergreen and deciduous shrubs, on account of its bark possessing various and conspicuous colors.

The willow is considered as the emblem of despairing love. Perhaps no tree has been introduced more frequently and felicitously into poetry than this. It is often associated with the yew and the cypress in the church-yard. Its branches were used by the Jews in their religious rites. At the feast of Tabernacles they used willows in erecting their tents.

Almost everybody has pleasing recollections of the willow, connected with their school-going days. Its long, slender twigs make excellent whips, and for the manufacture of school-boy whistles, nothing has ever been found to compete with it. We remember our first whistle so well, that, ten years ago, we gave the readers of the Museum a poetical account of it; we repeat it here, as an account of the varied uses to which the willow may be applied would be incomplete without it.

MY FIRST WHISTLE.

Of all the toys I e'er have known,
I loved that whistle best;
It was my first, it was my own,
And I was doubly blest.

'Twas Saturday, and afternoon—
That school-boy's jubilee,
When the young heart is all in tune,
From book and ferule free.

I then was in my seventh year,
The birds were all a singing;
Above a brook that rippled clear,
A willow-tree was swinging.

My brother Ben was very 'cute,
He climbed that willow-tree;
He cut a branch, and I was mute
The while with ecstacy.

With penknife he did cut it round,
And gave the bark a ring;
He shaped the mouth and tried the sound—
It was a glorious thing!

I blew that whistle full of joy;
It echoed o'er the ground;
And never since that simple toy,
Such music have I found.

I've seen blue eyes and tasted wines,
With manly joys been blest;
But backward memory still inclines
To love that whistle best.

The Rev. John Campbell relates a singular escape of a Bushman child from being devoured by a lion. The child was only four years of age, and was sleeping beside its parents in a half open hut. About midnight the child awoke and sat by a dull fire. The father happening to awake at the same time, looked at his child, and while looking, a lion came to the opposite side of the fire. The child, ignorant of its danger, was not afraid, but spoke to the animal, and sportively threw live cinders at it; on which the lion snarled and approached nearer, when the child seized a burning stick, and playfully thrust it into his mouth, when the lion scampered off as fast as it could run. The father witnessed all this, but was afraid to interfere, lest he as well as the child should be torn in pieces by the ferocious animal.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL," said Olaf, after having taken breath, "to make a long story short—for you seem to be getting weary—after many weeks sailing to the south, we found the sea gradually becoming more open, the land less firmly bound in ice, and the shores more accessible. We saw, from time to time, the remains of snow houses, or the walls of deserted log huts. We had long since given up the idea that the land we had found was Iceland, which we knew was much smaller in extent. At last, the ice along the coast began to disappear, and one fine day, when the weather was tolerably mild, we hauled the vessel into a sort of cove, and got every thing ready to land. We had been nearly a year at sea, and were as bashful about meeting mother earth again, as though she were a long absent sweetheart. Still there was some sadness mingled with our joy, for we knew not where we were, and the way home again was long and dreary. However we landed, and set off towards the interior to see what we could find. There was but little grass, and that was stunted and brown; the trees, few in number, were scraggly-looking things, hardly big enough to cast a shadow. We went along very silently, for we were more than half-frightened at being in such a far-off place, where we knew nobody, if indeed there was anybody to know.

"But upon this point we were soon undeceived. At some distance before us, on a little eminence overlooking the sea, was a row of low stone huts: warm and comfortable they appeared, all the interstices being filled with mud and turf. They had no doors, only a small hole for an entrance, into which it was necessary to crawl on all-fours. Every thing was perfectly still. At last a head appeared at one of the holes, then a body, then a pair of legs—the whole then stood upright, and took the form of a short man, with dark, greasy skin, and black, piercing eyes. Then somebody else came through the hole, and then another and another, till about twenty persons had collected together before us. There were men, women and children. They did not seem to be surprised at seeing us, nor afraid of us. It was rather awkward for us not to be able to explain who we were or what we wanted. But the thought struck me that perhaps they understood Norwegian. So I began, and in the most polite manner, and the most choice language, expressed for myself and crew our satisfaction at finding ourselves in such good company. But it did no good; they smiled, and said nothing. I then thought I'd try to invent a language, making it up as I went along—thinking that perhaps I might hit right—somewhat in this way. 'Izinto talango pombia rombia walrus slippery squash.' They seemed to understand better than I did, for the gentleman who had come through the hole

first, replied: 'Krinky kranky flobbery bob—philisy pholisy Nicholas John.' Karl, here, interpreted this to mean that the weather was fine for fishing; but it seemed hardly probable that he would have conversed on such a trivial subject to persons in a situation like ours. Pantomime was our last resource, so I asked him with my hands and arms, if he could tell us where we were. He answered by catching up a hard, frozen lump of snow and hurling it at my head. The women all rushed to the holes of the different huts, and throwing themselves on the ground began to scrabble in. The men gathered round their leader in the expectation of a fight. Karl and the rest of the crew left me all alone, saying that I was served right for making such faces and motions at a respectable gentleman who had done me no harm. This was my last attempt at speaking a foreign language or indulging in pantomimic display. We got off as well as we could, and continued our journey into the interior.

"An hour's walk brought us to a settlement of more than a hundred huts like those we had just left. They were upon the borders of a large bay which seemed to communicate with the sea. The shores of this bay were covered with long, thin boats, drawn up out of the water, and turned upside down. The carcass of a whale lay on the sand; they had taken so much oil from him, that the lamp of his life had gone out. Piles of fish the size of salmon were heaped up in his neighborhood. Spears, oars, paddles, and nets, were gathered in profusion at what seemed to be the embarking point. But O wonder! quietly moored in the bay, and lifting its tall masts high over trees and huts, was Harold's famous ship, the Bag of Wind! We had parted company with her during the storm which had blown us so far to the north. There she lay, her sails furled, and her ropes coiled up as though her voyages were over for this life. In the very centre of the town were some fifty women, women I say, engaged in building a hut, or rather a palace, of about twice the ordinary size. They were lifting monstrous stones into their places, mortaring them together with mud, and obeying most obsequiously the directions of a stout man wrapped in furs, who was overseeing their labors. 'Why,' exclaimed Karl, 'that's Harold!' 'No,' said we. But sure enough, Harold it was. He had grown so fat that we hardly knew him. He recognized us, and came running out to meet us. 'Why, Olaf, my boy,' he cried, 'welcome to Greenland! How did you get here? Did you come by Iceland without seeing it? You must be hungry all of you. What will you have? Some stewed whale, roast reindeer, or some fried salmon? We'll have a treat worthy of the occasion. Here!' he continued to the women who were building the house, but what he said is a mystery to me, except in its consequences. The women pulled a dead rein-deer from what seemed to be a store-house, and began to skin him with great rapidity.

"'Now,' said I to Harold, 'will you

be good enough to tell me what all this means? Are you the king of these people? Who are these women that are breaking their backs over these hard stones? How long have you been here? How do you get your living? Where are your crew?'

"'Stop, stop a minute, Olaf: don't go on so fast,' said he, 'I'll tell you all in good time: listen. I've been in Greenland six months: the wind blew us straight from Norway here. We landed farther to the north, where I learned the language, and how to manage a Greenland boat. On arriving here, the sight of my ship, with its wings and tail, the appearance of the crew, and the echoes, awakened among the rocks by our conch sheils, filled the people with the idea that we were spirits from another world, or superior beings sent to subjugate and govern them. You may be sure I humored the illusion, and the night of our arrival, leaving the crew on board the ship, spent the night on shore receiving the homage of the inhabitants. The next day I went to the cave of a conjurer, or Angekut as they call them here: his name is Krok-o-dyle. Wishing to impose upon him as I had done upon the rest of the people, I knit my brows, and told him in a voice of thunder that he was a humbug. He told me I was another. Finding we understood each other so perfectly, we entered into a compact, mutually to support each other's pretensions. So in public we profess the greatest esteem for each other's qualifications. These women are my servants, and are building me a palace; men here only fish, and hunt seals, and are dragged about by reindeer. The fish that I catch are considered too sacred to eat, so they are thrown back into the sea. Every night the head of one of the families in the town comes and asks me what I will have for the next day's food: whatever I demand is sent with the utmost regularity. My crew are gone on an exploring expedition into the interior. There, I hope you are satisfied. Are all your questions answered? Come, dinner is ready.'

"The rein-deer, smoking hot, was served up to Harold with great ceremony. Twenty-five women, armed with sharp stones, began to cut it up. At a given signal from the head woman, a good-sized piece was put into each one of our mouths—Harold's piece, by the way, being rather the largest. When Harold had done, the meal was finished for all of us—much to Karl's gratification, who being a poor eater, could hardly keep pace with the more hungry among us, and who declares that another mouthful would have choked him. As the meal was progressing, Harold and I resumed our conversation.

"'How long do you mean to stay here?' said I.

"'O, I don't know; probably till I get tired of the worship of these good people. I've nothing to do—no cares—no anxieties—no family. I'm getting rather fat, and that's the only thing that bothers me. If it keeps on, I shall have to go, whether I will or no; for Krok-o-dyle declares that if I ever get so big that I can't walk, he'll expose

me. At present, I consider myself too well off to change.'

"'But Gudrida—what's to become of her all this time? What do you think she would say to your being king of the Greenlanders, while she's left alone, only two months married?'

"'O, Gudrida, she'll take care of herself, I dare say. If she were here, I'd make her queen; but as she isn't, why I can't, that's all. But, Olaf, there's one thing that preys night and day on my spirits. Krok-o-dyle, who, after all, isn't a fool, took my horrorscope the other day. He burnt some whalebone, and said he saw in the ashes a picture of me and a white bear, fighting. The same night I dreamed that I was in a coffin, and that a long procession of bears were conducting me to my grave. Do you believe, Olaf, that a white bear could really kill a man?'

"I told him the melancholy end of Wilrig. He meditated some time, and then starting up, exclaimed, 'Well, no matter; my house is done, and I must furnish it this afternoon. There's a young widow over the way whose husband is to be buried in an hour.'

"'Well, but you can't marry the widow, Harold.'

"'No; but I'm going to have her furniture, though.'

"'How are you going to get it? No foul play, I hope?'

"'O dear, no. You see, Olaf, women here are considered an inferior race. A married woman is no better than a slave, doing all the drudgery, and not even being permitted to eat with her husband. If he dies first, she's robbed of all she has by the friends who come to condole with her. Her life may be even taken by any one who fancies her a witch, and considers himself injured by her in health or property. If I don't take her furniture, somebody else will—so you see, there's no harm done. I'm going to make a general scramble.

"'Well, Harold, you'll do as you please; I don't like it, though. It would be much better to prohibit all such things in future, in your quality as king. Protect the widow; let her keep her property and live in peace, instead of turning her out of house and home. I would, if I were as able to as you are.'

"'Yes, Olaf, and a pretty king you'd make. Why, you'd be deposed in a week. Good-bye! I'll be back in half an hour.' And back he did come, with his two arms full of spoil. The widow, poor creature, was drowned by Krok-o-dyle the conjurer, for some private reason of his own.

"But I could go on for weeks in this way, narrating our strange adventures and the droll customs of the people. We stayed in Greenland a year, when Harold, who had been chased when walking alone by a white bear, collected his crew together again, and hauling the Bag of Wind out of her dock, set sail for the new continent to the south-west. I haven't seen him since, and am very sorry for Gudrida's sake, that I can't give her later tidings of his welfare. But he'll be coming back one of these days, I dare say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Four-Horned Sheep.

WE are so accustomed to sheep with two horns, that many of our readers may be quite surprised, to be introduced to the one in the picture, which has four. Four-horned sheep are, however, frequent enough in the north-eastern portions of Asia, and the contiguous parts of Russia. Indeed, some sheep have six horns, though two horns are no doubt the most common.

There is considerable variety in the sheep family, though they are all supposed to have sprung from one species, found in the mountainous regions of Europe, called the *Ibex*. It is supposed by some, that the wild sheep of the Rocky Mountains are of this latter species. Domestication, however, has greatly changed the character of the sheep; when wild they are shy, shunning the presence of man, and seeking to live in the remote rocky heights of the mountains. What a difference between one of these creatures, and the soft, gentle, confiding sheep, that licks salt out of your hand. Education works great wonders. An Indian, that paints his body sky-blue, makes his face as much as possible like that of a buffalo, wears a necklace of bears' claws about his neck, and carries a skunk's skin on his arm by way of ornament, is just as much a man as the dandy who walks Broadway with white kid gloves, carries a cane as big as a straw, wears a moustache reeking with oil, and bears about his body the mingled odors of musk and flowers. But it is very evident they have had different tailors, and been to different schools.

But to return to the four-horned sheep; this animal is domesticated, and is not very different from the rest of his

kindred. His color is in general white, with patches of brown; in other respects, he seems to be a very honest, respectable sheep. We have before us a curious book, in which the author expresses the opinion that the ram which was caught in the bush and became the sacrifice, instead of Isaac, was of the four-horned species. The main drift of the argument lies in this, that as an animal with four horns would be much more likely to get his head tangled in the bushes, than an animal with two horns, hence it is fair to conclude that this particular ram was of the four-horned kind.

A Word to the Reader.

It is an old saying, that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families." I believe it may be added that the best regulated Museum will sometimes get into a muss. Now here am I, Robert Merry, in that awkward state, which, for want of a better word, we must call *don't-know-what-to-do-ishness*.

The case is this. Here's the story of Thorwald wants about two pages to finish the chapter, and I haven't got two pages for it. Therefore I am obliged to cut the chapter right through the middle, which leaves it very much in the condition of Munchausen's horse, which, on entering a castle, was cut in twain by the fall of the portcullis, leaving one half in the fort and the other half out of it.

In the next place I've got lots of letters from my little friends, saying a great many pleasant things, and praying me to print their puzzles, and I haven't room for one of them.

In the third place, I find that a strange and mysterious affair is going on between the publishers and subscribers to the Museum. As far as I can understand it, the former, who, by the way, are very good, kind, pleasant gentlemen, have been furnishing the latter a portrait of me, or somebody that pretends to be me. Now if this be true, I beg it to be understood that I wash my hands of the whole affair. I remember when I was a boy, to have opened a monstrous folio, which contained the works of a very learned divine, by the name of Wilson. At the beginning was a frontispiece, containing the portrait of the author. Underneath was written as follows:

"*Good Wilson this—behold his looks,*
And now proceed and read his books."

I was a boy then, and was inclined to take the matter very literally. I did look at the portrait, but that satisfied me. The man looked so hard, severe, and forbidding, that I shut up the volume, and never read a word of its contents. Ever since, I have had a prejudice against portraits of the authors in books.

This is my taste, but if the publishers think they have caught a likeness of me, and can gain any thing by it, they are welcome to do what they please with it, particularly as I can't help it. At all events, whatever they promise, they will no doubt faithfully and truly perform. If the Black Eyes and the Blue think it a good joke, and desire to see their old friend quizzed a little, by being daguerreotyped from one end of the country to the other, I shall take it all in good part. But they must not expect to have all the fun to themselves. I never let others put the whole of a laugh into their own pockets, but generally keep a bit of it in my own sleeve.

Under these circumstances, the reader will perceive that this number of the Museum is adjourned at a very inconvenient spot. I want three or four pages more, to offer thanks where they are due, to satisfy the claims of correspondents, and pour out my grievances upon the sensitive ear of the public. But,

"What can't be cured, must be endured."

Flowers.

THOUGH April here at the North has many cold and comfortless days, yet it has some warm and bright ones. April brings some patches of sunshine, some dashes of soft rain, some balmy breezes, some gentle evenings, and some glorious mornings.

It was on one of these that a young friend of ours, who bore the name of Catherine, set forth in search of flowers. Her little sister was her companion; and, cheered by the bright sunshine, they kept skipping on over hill and valley with great delight. The flowers were indeed few. Here and there was a patch of violets, and here and there was a timid, half-blooming anemone. Yet the two girls were content with these humble rewards of their labor. If you ask me why, the answer is easy. In the first place, the little flower-hunters were in a cheerful state of mind, and therefore inclined to be pleased. In the next place, their hopes and expectations were moderate, and therefore they were easily gratified. My young readers, and my old ones too, if there be any such, will do well to remember these observations; for they may teach a lesson of more value than gold, silver,

and precious stones. They teach us that a cheerful spirit and moderate expectations enable us to secure peace and happiness, without either riches, or power, or glory.

On went Kate and her little sister, drinking in pleasure from the light and the air, from the earth and the sky, from the distant landscape and the sheltered valley, from the orchard where the birds sang, and the sequestered glen where silence held an undisputed dominion. Nothing but love, hope, enjoyment, were in their minds. They saw nothing but beauty; they gathered nothing but flowers.

Alas! that the path of pleasure sometimes leads us to the tomb. It was so with our little wanderers now. Catherine saw a bright group of flowers, and she stooped to pluck them; they were growing upon a little hillock or mound, and, standing fair to the sun, their tint was deeper and their leaf larger than those of other flowers. As I have said, Kate stooped to gather them; her hand was upon them, and already she seemed prepared to snatch them to her bosom; but suddenly a stone standing erect by the flowers attracted her attention. It was sculptured by the hand of art, a name was graven upon it—it was a tomb-stone, and marked the sleeping-place of one who had borne the name of Mary.

Catherine started back, and many thoughts rushed suddenly over her mind. She felt that she had almost robbed the grave of mementos, planted there by the hand of friendship or love. Her heart was smitten too with the thought that the pursuit of flowers should thus suddenly lead her footsteps to the house of the dead. An accident so striking seemed to whisper in her ear that in the midst of life we are in the presence of death, and that the sleep of the grave is as much a reality in this world as the sport and the pastime of the living.

Occupied with these thoughts, Catherine continued stooping by the side of the grave, for the time forgetting her little sister. The latter looked long and wistfully in Catherine's face; then she approached and touched her, and said, in lisping terms, "Pray, Kate, why are you so sad?" Then Kate told her the meaning of that little mound of earth, and that curious stone, and the little group of violets; and the child asked many questions in reply.

"You say, Kate, that a little girl was put in the ground here?"

"Yes."

"Who put her in the ground?"

"Her father and her mother."

"Was not that wicked?"

"No; she was dead. She could neither walk nor speak; her lips were cold, her eyes were closed, her little feet could not move; she was like one asleep who cannot awake."

"And is the little girl in the ground here now?"

"Her body is here; her little hands, her little feet are in the grave below, but her soul is in heaven."

"What is the soul?"

"It is that which gives us life; it is that which enables us to love, which en-

ables us to think. It is your soul, my dear little sister, which enables you to know what is good and what is evil; which enables you to love your friends, which teaches you to love God, and love your father and mother."

"I am afraid I hardly understand you, Kate."

"When I say the soul of the little girl has gone to heaven, I mean that she has herself gone there. She has left her hands and feet, her earthly body here, for these she does not want in such a beautiful country as heaven, and where the soul is like an angel clothed in light."

"And who will the little girl meet there?"

"We believe and hope that she will meet Jesus Christ, our Saviour."

"Who is our Saviour?"

"Have you never heard his story in the New Testament?"

"Yes; but he was so great, so glorious, that a child would be afraid of him."

"He is indeed great and glorious; but do you not remember that beautiful account in the tenth chapter of St. Mark?"

"No; tell it to me, Catherine."

"Well, it is many years ago that our Saviour was upon earth. He dwelt in the far off land of Judea, and spent his time in healing the sick, in giving relief to the distressed, in imparting instruction to all. Crowds of people came to see Him, and to share in his blessings. One day some children were brought and presented to Him; doubtless their fathers and mothers wished Him to bless them also. But Christ's disciples rebuked them, and told them to take the children away; but our Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He then took the children kindly in his arms, and gave them his blessing. Thus, we see, that Christ loved children on earth. He took them to his arms, he spoke kindly to them, instructed them, and blessed them. Who can doubt that our Saviour should give welcome to little children in heaven?"

Catherine and her sister said many other things, and then they chose a few flowers from the tomb. They returned homeward somewhat more sober than they set out upon their ramble. When they reached home, they placed the little bunch of violets they had gathered from the grave in water, and for many days these preserved their bloom. The two girls loved to talk of them, and the younger one came again and again to ask questions about the grave and the flowers, and the little child that was in heaven; and thus the flowers became more and more interesting, and as they faded, Catherine made a drawing of them and colored it, and gave it to her little sister. She kept it with care, and though the subject might seem sad, yet pleasant memories were associated with it, seeming, like the fresh violets, springing up and flourishing from the tomb of the youthful sleeper.

Wonderful Trees, No. 7.—The Orange Tree.

THE orange, as well as the lemon, lime and citron, is believed to have originated in India. That it was introduced from that country into Europe either directly or through the medium of the Arabians or Persians, is probable from the similarity of the names: the orange being in Sanscrit *nagrungan*, Hindoo *narungee*, Arabic *narunj*, Spanish *naranja*, and Italian *aranceo*. There was always much communication between India and the Red Sea, and the Arabs introduced many Indian plants into their dominions. It has been asserted that the orange is also indigenous in the West Indies and the Southern States of America, but this is generally believed to be without foundation. The orange tree has an upright trunk, dividing upward into a branchy, regular head from 5 to 12 feet high, though in Abyssinia and adjacent countries, it is said to grow to the height of even 40 feet.

This tree has been adduced as a rare instance of a plant vigorous enough to

have at once beautiful shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious, nourishing fruit. But it is still more remarkable as a fruit of very warm southern countries which has been transferred to Europe, and succeeds well in the open air in some parts of Italy. This is probably owing to it being a shrub which does not ripen its fruit, even in India, till the cold weather or winter of that country. It is thus naturally disposed to bear a greater degree of cold. It endures the open air at Nice, Genoa and Naples, but at Florence, Milan, and often at Rome, it requires the temporary protection of a shed. In Spain it is very abundant, where "fruits of fragrance blush on every tree," and where are seen "the orange tints that gild the greenest bough."

The orange tree being a native of warm southern latitudes, is a remarkble instance of one which gives employment to, and forms an article of commerce from, the southern to the more northern European nations. It is exported not only there, but also to this country, from Italy and Malta, from the south of Spain and from Portugal, and in very large quantities from the Azores. Its cultivation is profitable not only on account of the esteem in which the fruit is held, but also from the extreme productiveness of the tree: the fruit being sometimes sold, even here, at a price not much above our own apples and pears.

There are three principal species of the orange; the sweet orange, (*citrus aurantium,*) the bitter orange, (*citrus bigaradia,*) and the Bergamot orange, (*citrus Bergamia.*) Each of these contains several varieties. One of them, the sweet skinned orange, has so juicy a pulp, and so tempting an appearance, that the French call it Adam's apple or forbidden fruit. The Mandarin orange, is a native of China; its fruit is chiefly consumed in presents to great officers of state, whence its name. Its singularity consists in the rind so completely separating from the pulp when quite ripe, that the latter may be shaken about in the inside. The St. Michael's orange, produced in the Azores, is perhaps the most delicious of all the oranges, and is by far the most productive. It is said that 20,000 of them have been picked from a single tree at one harvest, exclusive of the large quantity which were blown down or rejected as unfit for sale. The blood-red orange, which has a pulp irregularly mottled with crimson, was once looked upon as a great curiosity, and was thought to be produced by grafting an orange upon a pomegranate. Living plants were purchased at a great price. It has now, however, ceased to attract much notice. One variety is cultivated solely for its flowers, which are large, sweet, and produced in extraordinary profusion. The French gardeners call it the Nosegay Plant. The Bergamot orange produces a favorite essence. The rind, deprived of the pulp, first dried, and then moistened with water, is pressed in moulds into fancy boxes for holding lozenges and other sweetmeats, and these boxes retain much of their natural odor. A fruit, somewhat resem-

bling the orange, is called Adam's apple by the Italians, as they fancy, that the depressions upon its surface, look as if they still bear the mark of our universal father's teeth.

The orange grows abundantly in the West Indies, and forms a large source of profit to the inhabitants. The Havana oranges are celebrated for their sweetness. In Florida, and indeed in all the southern states, this fruit is largely cultivated. The frosts, however, sometimes kill the trees in the more northern latitudes.

The orange, as well as the citron and lemon, serves several valuable purposes in medicine. Every part of the Seville orange is used medicinally. The rind contains a bitter principle, and much volatile oil. The pulp and juice are exceedingly agreeable to persons afflicted with inflammatory complaints. The roasted pulp forms an excellent application to ulcers. When Commodore Anson sailed round the world, his men were surprisingly cured of scurvy, by the oranges which they found in the island of Tinian.

We suppose that most of our young readers imagine, that all the oranges in the world are made expressly for them, and perhaps many wise, learned and profound people, accustomed to see old women at the corner of the streets, with heaps of this fruit before them, chaffering them away with the boys and girls at two cents a piece, have a solemn and dignified contempt for them. Now, while these wise persons expend their regards upon roast beef and ruddy wine, we venture to declare a very great interest in the subject of oranges, for the very reason that they are so interesting to the boys and girls. What a prodigious amount of pleasure, leaving out of view the other uses of this species of fruit, do they give!

This last suggestion leads to the inquiry, how many oranges are produced every year throughout the world? Of course it is impossible for us to say, but we have some facts which will enable us to show that the number is inconceivably great. From statistical returns. it is ascertained that 190,000,000 of oranges and lemons were imported into England in a single year. It is probable therefore, that a hundred million of oranges are carried to England every year. This is perhaps not more than a fiftieth part of the whole number produced throughout the world; the annual product therefore is about five thousand millions. If we allow two inches to each orange, these laid in a line would go six times round the world, and leave a thousand a piece to every subscriber to Merry's Museum.

One Lord's day a few children were gathered round the porch of a village church, waiting for the commencement of public worship, when a wagon with a number of persons in it, who were going out on pleasure, stopped, and one of the men called out to the children, "Halloo! what sort of religion do you have there?" One of the young lads replied, "A sort of religion that forbids our travelling on the Sabbath."

Birds at Home, No. 2.—The House Wren.

THIS lively little bird only honors us with his presence during the warm months, at which I am not astonished, for I should think our bitter cold winter weather would soon freeze such a diminutive little fellow to death.

Early in May, the wrens begin to erect their summer domains, into which labor they enter with great activity. They build, from preference, near the house: their nests are found in hollow orchard trees, in the corner of a shed or barn, or beneath the eaves, and frequently in wooden boxes placed on the top of poles. I have seen a little platform firmly placed on a pole, with five or six houses and a church upon it—quite a little village—inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Wren, and all the little Wrens, but the irreverend fellows, not content with the cottages, inhabited the church, fighting every time they came out or went in, until the most powerful drove the others away and remained sole possessors of the church, cottages and all. I have also seen one large wren-house, capable of containing several families; but they are totally different from our Irish emigrants, and first come, first served, seems to be their doctrine, and wo to those who come the "day after the fair."

I wonder if the wrens imagine that we furnish shelter for them only, for they drive the blue-bird and martin away, and seem determined to have full possession of all the wooden boxes to be found. If they are so arrogant, they must feel complimented at the pains we take to please them. I once read of a pair of wrens, who, finding no other place convenient for a nest, made one in the sleeve of a coat, belonging to a farmer, who had hung it up three or four days before. When he attempted to put on his coat, he found the sleeve completely filled with rubbish, and on taking out the whole mass, he found it to be a wren's nest completely finished. The forlorn little proprietors, scolded him smartly for thus disturbing their household affairs.

Having decided upon a building lot, wrens collect a quantity of short crooked sticks, which they hook one within another, thus forming a firm outside: the entrance is made so small, in order to prevent the intrusion of snakes or cats, that it scarcely seems possible for the body of the bird to be admitted. Within they weave a quantity of fine grass and feathers. To think of wrens sleeping on feather beds! I wonder if they cry with Sancho in Don Quixotte, "Blessed be the man (or bird) who invented sleep!"

In this little fortified domain, the female lays from six to nine eggs, of a reddish flesh color, sprinkled with dark spots. They generally raise two broods in the season; the first begin to fly about June, and the second in July or August. The young birds soon learn to provide for themselves, and it is very

amusing to watch them as they fly around, playing "hide-and-go-seek," in the old nests of other birds, and throwing themselves into antic attitudes, equalling those of the clown on the stage—sometimes watching their parents, who have perhaps already begun to repair their nest for a new brood. The male who has a very important and business-like air, sometimes builds another nest, while the mate is still sitting on her eggs; this is not very economical, but I suppose he thinks it proper to be always occupied.

The young birds often fall into the claws of Mrs. Grimalkin, and they hold her in just abhorrence. She prowls round, catching at any unfortunate little fellow, who may have left his nest to obtain food, and Miss Puss holds on, showing that she agrees with the proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Wilson tells a story of a pair of wrens, who took up their abode in a box fitted up in his window. "Already the nest was built, and two eggs laid, when one day the window being open, as well as the door, the female wren venturing too far into the room to reconnoitre, was sprung upon by Grimalkin, who had planted herself there for the purpose, and before relief could be given, was destroyed. Curious to see how the survivor would behave, I watched him for several days. At first he sung with great vivacity for an hour or so, but becoming uneasy, he went off for a time. On his return, he chanted as before, going to the top of the house, stable, and weeping willow that she might hear him, but seeing nothing of her, he ventured cautiously in at the window, gazing about with suspicious looks, and sinking his voice to a low melancholy note, as he stretched his little neck about in every direction. After some deliberation, he went off as I thought for ever; he however, reappeared the second day with a new mate, who, after some hesitation, entered the box; and the little widower, or bridegroom, seemed as if he would warble out his life with ecstacy of joy. They repaired the nest, taking out the eggs and feathers, and ultimately succeeded in raising a brood of seven young, who escaped in safety."

The wren is of great use to the cultivator, for he attends to the insects upon the fruit trees, and despatches them in a summary manner; he also renders himself agreeable by his voice, singing with great animation. Barton, in his "Fragments," says, "the esculent vegetables of a whole garden may, perhaps, be preserved from the depredations of different species of insects, by ten or fifteen pair of these small birds;" and doubtless it would be so, if there were a large quantity of barns and outhouses upon the ground, otherwise their party disputes, would prevent their assembling in such numbers; they would be too busy fighting, to attend to the trees and their destroyers.

From the simplicity of his dress, the wren might be styled a quaker, but in that respect only, for he is not certainly an example of "brotherly love." I hope, Mr. Merry, that your little read-

ers will not follow the example set by the wren, and that they may all be pleasant and kind to one another.

When I see a fight going on between two of these snappish little birds, I wish I could make them understand that their

"Little *claws* were never made
To tear each other's eyes." MINNIE.

The French Assignat.*

IN one of our late numbers, we gave an account of the first paper currency used in the United States. We now propose to say a few words upon the celebrated French notes called *assignats*, of which everybody has probably heard, but of which very few know the origin and history. They may be defined briefly as a paper currency based on the security of the lands of the state. But this needs a more extended explanation.

During the French revolution of 1789, the landed property of the clergy was declared by a large majority in the Constituent Assembly to be at the disposition of the state. Soon after, the assembly desirous to profit by this measure, decreed the sale of lands belonging to the crown and the clergy, to the amount of eighty millions of dollars. But it seemed impossible to sell at once so large a portion of the surface of France, without lowering the price of land by overloading the market to such an unexampled extent, in a period, too, of panic and political insecurity. A paper money was

* This word is pronounced *as'-seen-ya*.

therefore issued, based upon these unsold lands belonging to the state. It was just as if our government should issue bills of five dollars, ten dollars, &c., not payable in specie, but in our western lands. The French government paid its debts by means of this paper: the holders of it could buy the lands when offered for sale, giving these notes in payment. But as it might happen that the holders of such notes might have no debts to pay to the government and might be unwilling to purchase any of the lands of the state, it was proposed that the notes should be transferable so as to supply the place of metal money, or specie.

Accordingly, an issue of *assignats*—so called as representing land which might be *assigned* to the holder—to the amount of eighty millions of dollars was made, and soon after, in September, 1790, another issue of one hundred and sixty millions. In 1792, five hundred millions had been emitted—that is, paper money representing that amount—while the lands upon which the security rested, were avowedly worth only eighty millions. It was very natural, then, that their current value should depreciate. The value of commodities, as represented in this currency, was nearly doubled; and the washerwomen of Paris came in a body to the convention, to complain that they were obliged to pay thirty cents in paper money, for fourteen cents worth of soap. The laboring classes accused the rich of the evil under which they were suffering, and demanded that the price of all goods should be fixed by law. As this was refused, a general pillage of shops was recommended as a means of lowering prices—a measure immediately adopted by the mob of Paris, who began by insisting upon having articles at certain fixed prices, and ended by taking them without paying at all. These tumults were silenced by the interference of the military. But the evil went on increasing; corn diminished in quantity and advanced in price; the national lands remained unsold, and the quantity of assignats therefore was never decreased.

The convention was at length obliged to yield, and fixed a maximum price upon corn and bread-stuffs. No one was to buy more corn than would suffice for a month's consumption. A rope was fixed to the door of each baker's shop, so that the purchasers might be served in their just order, by being compelled to form a line along the rope. People in this way sometimes waited during the whole night—tumults and disturbances ensued, however, and it was then decreed that the last comer should be served first. A similar maximum of prices was soon established for all other necessaries, such as meat, wine, vegetables, wood, salt, leather, &c.; and any person who refused to sell them at the legal price, was punished with death.

The results which proceeded from the adoption of the assignat currency were disastrous in the extreme. The government was finally bankrupt, and destitute of all resources; its agents received nothing but worthless paper, and many of them died of starvation. Numbers of offi-

cers threw themselves every evening into the Seine, in order to save themselves from this extremity. The armies stationed in France were in a state of extreme misery, while those of Germany and Italy were maintained only from the countries where they were quartered. The military hospitals were shut, the police was neither paid nor equipped, and the high-roads were infested with bands of robbers who sometimes even ventured into the towns. When a change of government took place in 1795, and the new officers went to their bureau, there was not a single piece of furniture in it. The door-keeper lent them a rickety table, a sheet of paper, and an inkstand. There was not a coin in the treasury. The assignats necessary for the ensuing day were printed during the night, and issued the next morning wet from the press.

This revolutionary system of paper money ended in 1796, after having produced more wide-spreading misery, more sudden changes from comfort to poverty, more loss to all persons engaged in industry and trade, more disturbance, discontent, and outrage, than all the violence and atrocities of the revolution.

Holiday Scenes in Paris—Continued.

TO begin with the beginning. All the public exhibitions of which we have spoken commence by attracting a crowd before their tents or stalls. This is done in a great many ways, and very often the performance outside is much more amusing than what goes on inside. In front of each tent or wagon, is erected a sort of piazza or scaffolding. Upon this the whole company, father, mother and all the children, get together and lay themselves out to rivet the attention of the passers-by. They are all dressed in gay colors and gaudy ribbons. They execute a polka, perhaps to the music of a keyless bugle — or some one of the troupe dresses up as a very little man with an enormous great head, and dances till he becomes red in the face, only the spectators generally don't know it—or else, a fellow on stilts pretends to be drunk, and tumbles about as if he were going to fall from his dizzy eminence into the midst of the crowd below. Or perhaps a juggler, robed in a long black gown covered with hieroglyphics, like an eastern magus, plays off a trick or two upon some one dressed as a clown, who pretends to be very silly, and who believes that the juggler really pulled a potato from his nose.

These means generally succeed in getting a pretty good concourse of people together. The manager then comes forward and announces, at considerable length, the programme of entertainment which will be spread before the delighted audience. He goes through with it two or three times, and assures you that the exhibition has been patronized by the first society in all the cities he has visited. He generally uses very stately

language, and one is sometimes lost in doubt as to whether it is possible that this flowery speech really can refer to a twopenny show. The conclusion of his address sets you right in a moment. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me endeavor to induce you in the interest of the fine arts, to lend your countenance to this entertaining and refining exhibition. Walk in and sit down, while our performers go through with their exercises before you, and if you are not satisfied, your money shall be refunded. The price of admission has been diminished for this occasion only—it has usually been six sous, and everybody has been astonished that so varied an entertainment could be afforded at so moderate a sum; to-day, however, being a day intimately connected with the glory of our beloved country, and it having been suggested by several influential persons, that a reduction of price would be attended with beneficial results, the slight compensation of two sous only will be asked of those who favor us with a call. Two sous! Two sous only! So that every one may be able to amuse and instruct himself for nothing. Two sous! Who hasn't got two sous!"

Now follows a scene impossible to describe. The manager seizes a trumpet, and shouts, "Two sous! two sous!" till he ought to be hoarse. Then the children and the clown cry, "Two sous! only two sous!" till they are ready to faint from fatigue. Then the manager holds up two fingers in the air, keeping down the others with his thumb. The children and the clown do the same. "Two sous! two sous!" Then they begin to dance again, the stilt man reappears, more drunk than ever, the music strikes up afresh, and a frightful din ensues, in the midst of which you hear a voice rising above the turmoil, shouting, "Two sous! two sous!" Then the manager opens the gate, and a rush commences up the steps. Two sous! Up they go! nurses with children in their arms, men with little boys, soldiers, and families of six! Two sous! The manager stands near the gate, helping the old women up the stairs and piling them in at the door, all the time yelling, "Two sous!" and holding up his two fingers. Such is the noise and confusion, that people lose their senses and do very strange things. Sober citizens who only came out to breathe the air, are seized with a sudden panic, and go rushing up the steps in a most higgledy-piggledy manner. An orange seller is sometimes separated from his basket, and being caught by the tide is whirled into the tent and disappears. We go in with the rest, and get a seat upon a board which in the florid speech of the director—two sous! was covered with damask—but what can one expect for two sous! When the rush ceases, we look around us and find about fifty persons in the tent, which is little more than half full. A silence ensues, and the manager looks in at the door, and then goes away again.

This is disheartening, and everybody turns wistful glances at the curtain. Suddenly the bugle commences again on the outside, and the scaffolding begins to shake as if somebody was dancing up-

on it. The sun, which shines full upon the cotton side of the tent, daguerreotyped upon it the shadow of a very large head which seems to be carrying on in a very singular way. A fellow on stilts is evidently counterfeiting intoxication for the amusement of the bystanders. In short, the sickening conviction comes over everybody that they are doing it all over again. The explanation, the trumpet, the fingers, the two sous, the rush, all follow in the same order as before, and with pretty nearly the same results, for the second inroad fills the benches. This method of catching audiences is practised by all these exhibitions, and the description of one will suffice for the whole.

Well, we are at last safely seated, and the performances commence. They are sometimes very poor and uninteresting, and sometimes more extraordinary and inexplicable than any thing to be seen in the more pretentious fifty cent exhibitions. Once we remember, that after having been inveigled into a place where a very fat woman was to appear in conjunction with an African nondescript, it was announced that the lady was sick, but that the nondescript would be exhibited. This was nothing more than a sickly armadillo, about a foot long, who was obliged to do duty for himself and his colleague. The exhibitress played all sorts of pranks with him, poking him with her finger in tender places to make him squirm, tossing him up in the air and catching him again like a pancake, &c. No doubt he wished that the big lady would soon get well again. As we went down the steps, the manager was again holding forth upon the numerous attractions of his exhibition, giving a slight biographical sketch of the fat woman, and an anecdotical history of the armadillo.

The next show was a very different affair. It consisted of jugglery and second-sight. The tricks of necromancy were like all other tricks of the sort, but what followed was worth walking a mile to see. A girl, perhaps the juggler's sister, seated herself in a chair in front of the spectators, though at some distance from them. She was then blindfolded. The juggler came among the audience and asked the people to lend him any small articles they might have, and the girl would tell what they were. He soon had his hands full of purses, rings, pencils, snuff-boxes, handkerchiefs, &c. Then, taking one from the rest, and holding it in such a way as that it would be impossible for the girl to see, even if she were not blindfolded, he went on somewhat in this way. "What do I hold in my hand?" She answered without a moment's hesitation, "A pocket-book." "What's it made of?" "Morocco, with a steel clasp." "What is there in it?" "Money." "How many pieces?" "Three." "What are they?" "A five franc piece, a one franc, and a sou." "What's the date on the sou?" "1828." "On the one franc piece?" "1847." "What do I hold in my hand now?" "A ring." "What is it made of?" "Gold, with six turquoises in it." "Is there any lettering on it?" "Yes." "Read it." "Charles to Marie."

A very pretty young lady is seen to blush violently in the corner, and when the ring is handed back to her, everybody tries to get a sight of her face though covered with a veil. "I wouldn't mind being Charles myself," remarks a laughing gentleman at our left. "I hope Charles is well," says the juggler, and then proceeds. We handed him our watch, which had a cover over its face. Without opening it he asked the girl what time it was by the watch he held in his hand. "Ten minutes to nine," she replied. As it was about two in the afternoon, this seemed guessing pretty wide of the mark, and the people began to titter. But the necromancer quietly displayed the dial of the watch, and there it was, sure enough, ten minutes to nine. "You put it back on purpose to catch us, didn't you?" said the magus with a triumphant air. "Yes," said we, feeling very much as we should have done, if we'd got caught robbing a hen-roost. "Well, I've a great mind to keep your watch, as a lesson to you, but you may go this time." So saying, he magnanimously handed it back. In this way he went on, for nearly half an hour, never making a mistake, and puzzling all the wise heads who undertook to discover his secret. For ourselves, we could make nothing of it, and were content to consider it very miraculous, without attempting a solution.

On the piazza of the next tent in order, was a man playing on the violin in a very droll way. First he'd play as everybody does, then he'd take the bow in his left hand, and scrape away just as easily as before. Then he put the fiddle over his head, and behind his back, without incommoding himself in the least. The tune kept on as merrily as ever. Then he put the violin under his left leg, and over his right leg, playing away all the while; one would have thought that there would have been a break in the sound, at the moment when the bow and fiddle separated, but if there was an interval, it was quite imperceptible. All this he did with perfect ease, interlarding his music with funny observations. When he had thus collected a good-sized crowd, he left the stage to another man, and retired to a distance to eat some bread and cheese. The other man then began a speech, the sum and substance of which was as follows:

Within the tent, he said, was perhaps one of the greatest novelties to be seen in or out of France. This was no less than one of the wives of Abd-el-Kader, the great Algerian trooper. The way this distinguished foreigner came to be exhibiting herself at two sous a head, was briefly this. A French officer being on service in Africa, was one day in danger of being surprised by a party of Arab horsemen, who were lying in ambush for some third party unknown. From this awkward position, he was in some way or other released by the fair Algerian. The officer, finding no better way of repaying the debt of gratitude he owed her, bought her of Abd-el-Kader, and sent her to France, where she of course became free, and her own missis. "She speaks Arabic, French and English,"

continued the showman, "and any one will be permitted to address her in any of these languages. Her education," he went on, growing warm and eloquent, "has been, in all respects, such as befits the bride of a chieftain of the desert."

We went in, and after a breathless suspense of some moments, for we confess our curiosity was much excited, the lady made her appearance. She was quite dark, with woolly hair and a flat nose, nostrils very wide, a large mouth, and very thick lips. Her teeth shone as the teeth of people of her complexion always do. She had on a white muslin gown, very low in the neck, and reaching but little below the knees. Her arms, which were bare, were fat and stout, and the palms of her hands were almost white, as if they'd been used to washing dishes and scrubbing floors. Around her neck was a string of imitation pearls, and in her hair was a festoon of artificial flowers. She came forth and stood stock still, till every one had gazed his full. The audience, who were mostly French, almost quailed before the eagle glances of the free roamer of the desert, and their thoughts wandered to her far-off home, among the oases of Sahara. As for ourselves, a dim recollection of things we had left behind was beginning to come over us like a damp sea-breeze. The showman now begged the audience to address her some question in French or English. A military man with a moustache, bowed politely to the lady, and made some trivial inquiry in French, which she answered after various breakings down. It was now our turn, being the only representative of the English language present. The choice of an appropriate question was rather difficult, and we thought of several without deciding on any that pleased us. At last, for want of anything better, we said, "How's your mother?" "I hab not heerd de circumstantiums ob her health since de last time dat I hab had dat honor." Visions of banjos and melodies on the banks of the Roanoke, coupled with memories of home, rose before us. We said nothing, but waited for further developments. "Now," said the showman, "she'll sing you a song in her native Arabic. Pay attention to this, I beg you, as it may be the last time you'll ever hear that beautiful language. The words depict the scouring of a troop of horsemen across the desert." The fair Algerian took an attitude harmonizing with the spirit of her song, and commenced in a vigorous style—

> Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
> Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
> Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
> Old Virginny neber tire.

If this be expressive of the way the Arabs go it in the desert, we've been wandering in a maze all our lives, laboring under a benighted idea that we were speaking and writing English. In plain Arabic, then, Abd-el-Kader's wife was no other than some Lucy Long or Coal-black Rose from Virginia, who had left her sunny home in her youth, and by some strange mutation of fortune, fell in with a troupe of strollers, and

turned her dark complexion to account as we have described.

Our readers will probably learn, from these few instances, how a holiday is spent in the Grand Carré. If they desire further information, they can always get it on the spot, where, as we have said, the whole nomadic population of France collects together two or three times a year.

We've said enough of the place to make our readers know it when they see it, so that when they come across the queer fiddler and the armadillo, they'll almost feel as if they were old acquaintances. As for the Arabian, her occupation, we are afraid, has gone forever, for Abd-el-Kader has been since captured by the French, and the charm connected with his name while he was free, has probably faded away, now that he is a prisoner in one of their fortresses.

The Minute Man.

TO understand the full meaning of the above picture, our readers must go back some three quarters of a century, to the period when our country was weak and its enemies were strong; when our soldiers, too raw and too few to meet the foe in the field, fired from behind trees and fences; and when farmers and mechanics, leaving their unfinished work behind them, went forth with their rusty firelocks and half-filled powder-horns, to repel the enemy from their homes and firesides. It is a long time since these events took place, and the memory of very few persons now living extends so far back. Seventy-five years have

wrought a great change, and it seems hardly possible to believe that in 1776, thirteen feeble colonies, now grown and swelled into thirty sovereign states, were forced to league together in what seemed a hopeless contest with the mother country.

Most of our readers know the story of Putnam. He was working in his field when the news of the battle of Lexington arrived. He unyoked his oxen, and leaving his plough in the furrow, hastened to the scene of action. He joined the army at Cambridge, and was soon after appointed major-general, and signalized himself at Bunker's Hill. The man in the engraving is not Putnam, however. He is one of the thousand patriots who lost their lives for their country, whose names have not descended to posterity. He left his farm and family when the alarm spread through the land, and was heard of no more. His flesh melted away on the spot where he fell, and his bones sinking into the ground and being overgrown with grass, his trace on the earth was lost. He was never missed, except in a distant cottage back among the woods. The field in front of it was for a long time untilled, and it was noticed that his horses and cattle were not so fat as before the fight. It was somewhere said in a country paper, that of the volunteers who fought on that day, so many were killed, so many wounded, and so many missing. That was all the country ever knew of the names and fortunes of thousands who gave up their lives in her service.

They used queer ploughs seventy years ago, according to the picture. The one represented there looks as much like the root of a tree as any thing else. But the share, its principal part, is buried in the ground, and we can't see it. But we've heard so much of the buckwheat cakes and pumpkin pies of those days, that we feel bound to believe that if there was any thing they did know how to do, then, it was to till the land. They used flint-guns, too, a gun which has since entirely exploded. Nowadays we use caps, as flints miss fire half the time. Powder horns are out of fashion, too, for the soldiers of the present day carry cartridges, with the charges of both powder and ball ready prepared. And then in 1850, farmers don't wear tights or small-clothes—overalls have taken their place.

But one other thing that's gone out of fashion, ought to give us more satisfaction than any thing else that the picture suggests. And that is, that there's no longer any necessity among us for anybody to leave his home or his farm, to defend the country against foreign aggression. We are strong enough to let every one stay at home and raise big squashes for the horticultural exhibitions. It is not probable that for many a long year to come, there will be any need of leaving one's family to uphold our flag or defend our honor. That the necessity will ever come of our again having to repel an enemy from our shores or our firesides, none now living, we verily believe, will be old enough to see.

Onions.

THE onion is a species of a genus of strongly scented bulbous plants called *garlic*. Its uses are almost universally known, and its cultivation is practised in most countries. The range of latitude within which it may be grown, extends from the tropics almost to the coldest verge of the temperate zone. Its leaves and roots are of an annual nature, inasmuch as they die in the course of a single summer, after perfecting a bulb: the latter, however, is biennial and capable of putting forth fresh leaves and roots the following season, and of acquiring an increase in its size. Its varieties are innumerable, and new ones are constantly attracting the attention of gardeners. It has long tubulated leaves, and a pithy stalk: the root or bulb is formed of concentric coats. Its principal use is as a flavoring substance; the tops are also used as a potherb, salad and pickle.

The onion has been cultivated in this country ever since its first settlement, and was known and raised in Africa at a very remote period. In Egypt it was much esteemed 2000 years before Christ, and it is still a favorite article of food there. It appears, indeed, to have been worshipped in Egypt.

"Once Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Made gods of monsters—this too well is known:
'Twas mortal sin an onion to devour,
Each clove of garlic had a sacred power."

An onion taken from the hand of an Egyptian mummy, at least 2000 years old, has been known to vegetate on being planted. The laboring classes in every

country are very fond of the onion, and the quantities they consume, both of this and other species of garlic, such as chives, leeks, shallots, &c., are very great. Its taste differs in different countries, being soft and mild in warm climates, and in northern latitudes coarse and astringent.

The export of this vegetable from the southern part of New England and the Middle States is very great, especially to the West Indies. When shipped, they are strung on a wisp of straw. If they begin to sprout, which injures them for eating, the fibrous roots are sometimes seared with a hot iron: the pores are thus stopped, and the air, which would cause them to rot, is excluded.

The medical properties of the onion were known to the ancients. Raw onions are taken as an expectorant for winter coughs. When roasted they are employed as an emollient poultice for the relief of pain. They are excellent rubbed upon the flesh for any irritation, and especially for the bites or stings of insects, which are thus quickly removed. Applied to the soles of the feet for several hours, in cases of colds or local inflammations, they are found very valuable. In all cases they must be freshly cut or sliced.

There is but one passage in Scripture in which mention is made of this vegetable. It occurs in the history of the ancient Israelites. A series of unparalleled miracles had been performed in their behalf. Their deliverance from Egypt had been preceded by ten judgments inflicted upon their Egyptian enemies. When they reached the Red Sea, they were led over the channel of that sea dry-shod. The law was delivered to them from Mt. Sinai, accompanied by tokens of the Divine presence. That they might have water to drink, the bitter waters of Marah were rendered sweet and refreshing. That they might have bread to eat in the desert, manna fell down from heaven every morning round their tent doors. But they were discontented and bewailed their fate. "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely: the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, the onions and the garlic." It was at this period, that the Israelites were fed upon quails, which, by Divine interposition, the winds brought from the sea.

It appears that onions have a history worthy of notice. By the Greeks this root was held in abhorrence: while the Roman soldiers and laborers almost lived upon it. In the south of Europe the love of onions was formerly not confined to the lower classes, but extended even to the court; it is, however, related of Alfonso, king of Castile, who had a great aversion to that savory vegetable, that in 1368 he instituted an order of knighthood, by the laws of which it was enacted, that those knights who had eaten onion or garlic should not appear at court, or have any communication with their brethren, for the space of one month. So great a quantity of onions was cultivated at the Alibi in France, that the tithes of them produced to the Archbishop an annual revenue of one thousand crowns.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER IV.

OLAF'S narrative, which we have thus far given word for word, here went on to recount his adventures upon the continent, where he remained over two years. We omit this part of his story, as what we shall have occasion to narrate in the succeeding chapters, would be in many respects a mere repetition. We resume his account at the period of his return in company with Haco, with whom he had once more fallen in. They were approaching the Luffoden Isles, at the southern extremity of which is the terrible Maelstrom.

"Our two ships," said Olaf, "were within a quarter of a mile of each other; for some days we had seen indications of the proximity of land. But whether we should see the islands, or strike the coast of Norway at once, we had no means of knowing. The wind was blowing fresh from the south, and we were all happy and joyous in the hope of once more seeing our homes and friends. We soon began to hear a slight humming sound, which increased to a continuous roar. That we were near the dangerous whirlpool was now painfully evident. I placed three good men at the helm, and took my position on the main-yard. I had been there but a few minutes, when the ship entered the dish of the whirlpool. The velocity of the water dragged her head round towards the centre, but as we were on the very edge of the current, the helm soon brought her back. She danced gaily over the waters, which were foaming around us in every form. Imagine an immense circle, of the diameter of two miles, running round and round, the velocity increasing as it approximates towards the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, rushing, dashing, tumbling to its vortex; very much concave, like the water in a tunnel. The noise was overpowering. When I found that there was no fear for my ship, I looked around for that of Haco. I almost lost my hold of the spar upon which I was sitting from terror. The unfortunate vessel was in the middle of the current, and was careering wildly through the foam. Her sails were flapping uselessly against the masts, and her rudder, now of no avail, swung idly at her stern. The current had her tight in its fierce grasp, and played with her as a mill-stream plays with a straw. She went round and round, approaching the vortex at every turn she made. She began soon to toss and roll uneasily in the angry rapids. Then, as if anxious to be at rest, she hurried on faster and faster, till she seemed like a flash of fire. The miserable sailors with convulsive desperation, caught hold of the bulwarks, and of each other, to steady themselves. Two jumped overboard and disappeared in the boiling torrent. At last the ship, as if preparing for her fate, rising majestically for a moment above the smoke and thunder of the Maelstrom, dove for-

ward and buried her bowsprit in the waves. A wild shriek of despair rent the air, and when I uncovered my hands from my face, the greedy whirlpool had sucked her under."

Olaf here concluded his history, and his hearers sat for some time in silence; occasionally a sob would burst forth from some of the more tender-hearted, at the recollection of Haco's unhappy fate. Everybody pitied Gudrida, and despised Harold for his rascally treatment of her. Some few ventured to hope that the white bear prediction might one day become a reality. Eric openly expressed his desires to that effect. Thorwald, as soon as Olaf's story was done, went out alone, to wander on the sea-shore and meditate on what he had heard. Some great idea seemed to have taken possession of his mind. Eric and Gudrida had a long conversation that evening, the substance of which hath not transpired. We can only say that in a dream that night, Eric saw two ceremonies taking place side by side—a funeral and a wedding—white bears officiating as mourners in the first, and himself and Gudrida figuring conspicuously in the last.

Thorwald and Eric met the next day, and the former announced his intention of following in Olaf's track, and seeing for himself the wonders of the new world, and exploring the depths of its hidden wilds. "If I find that rascal Harold, I'll bring him home to his poor wife, whom he treats so shabbily."

"No, don't," exclaimed Eric, "don't bring him back! I'm sure Gudrida doesn't wish to see him again. Why couldn't the Greenlanders revolt, and depose or behead him. But if, Thorwald, you should find him really dead and gone, and that I can marry Gudrida for good and all, come back and tell us of it, and I'll give you my house and my farm, my flocks, every thing I have except my life, which I want for myself. Come, Thorwald, be off and be back again with good news, before two years are gone, and I'll be your slave for the rest of my days."

"Well, Eric, I might as well have a definite object and end in my travels; and so, for your sake and Gudrida's happiness, I promise to find Harold, if he's alive; and if he's dead, to come back and see you safely married. If you have any children, call them all Thorwalds, after me."

Six weeks after, Thorwald, and a picked crew, snugly housed in Olaf's trusty ship, were dancing over the Northern Ocean, on their way to Iceland and the continent. For a time we must leave Norway and our friends there behind us, and follow the fortunes of Thorwald, our hero. Only 19 years old, and captain of a ship bound he hardly knew where! Not yet of age, and leader of an expedition to the unknown country of North America, in search of the King of the Greenlanders!

CHAPTER V.

At the period of which we are writing—that is, somewhat less than a thousand years ago—Iceland had been discovered and colonized by the Norwegians, who were then the boldest navi-

gators in the world. Many of these colonists belonged to distinguished families, who had fled from the dominion of Harold Harfagra, tyrant of Norway. They established a republican government, and held an annual assembly in the south part of the island. They retained their love of adventure and a roving life, and in their voyages successively discovered Greenland and the continent of North America. Many expeditions were despatched to prosecute further researches in these quarters, till the news of their exploits reached Norway. The curiosity of the inhabitants was excited, and the fleet, of whose fortunes Olaf has given us so full an account, was fitted out. Thorwald, in his turn, set out in quest of adventure; and it is his fortunes that we are now about to detail.

Our readers will be good enough to skip over three or four months, during which time nothing important to the thread of our history took place, except that Thorwald brought his ship safely across the ocean, from Norrland to Iceland. He sailed along the coast for a day or two, till he came across a considerable settlement. He then sought a secure anchorage for his vessel, and went ashore. A good many people had collected together to welcome the new comers. They were dressed like the Norwegians, and appeared to Thorwald more like old friends than like strangers in a distant country. They were very kindly inclined, and laid themselves out to do the honors of their island with the utmost hospitality. The great man of the place claimed Thorwald as his guest, the boatswain and other officers fell to the lot of the lesser lights, while the common sailors were quartered in the comfortable huts of the fishermen and cattle-breeders.

The inhabitants were all Norwegians or descendants of Norwegians, so that the hosts and their guests, speaking a common language, and being to some extent compatriots, were soon on the very best terms with each other. Thorwald's entertainer was a native of Norway, whom the love of travel and adventure had brought to Iceland many years before. He married, and settled in the island as a farmer. His flocks were always the fattest in the neighborhood, and his crops the most abundant. The inhabitants elected him mayor of the town where he lived, and he divided his time between politics and farming. His wife was now dead, but he had a daughter about sixteen years old, who was the object of the adoration of all the young Icelanders ten miles round. She was very pretty, and what is better, very good: she took care of the house when her father was absent on affairs of state; her butter and cheese tasted as if they were natural and grew on a tree. She had a knack of converting seal-skins into coats and waistcoats for her father, and all sorts of garments for herself, that no one on the island had ever been able to imitate. In short, she was a sort of household divinity; everybody liked her, and some who were of a different political opinion from her father, used to say that her eyes would make more

converts in an hour, than all his arguments could in a month. But this was flattery, gross flattery; for they always voted against him, and then told the young lady, whose name was Fredegonde, that it was her fault for not bribing them. However, her father, whose name was Beeze-wacks, always had a majority, without buying anybody's votes, and Fredegonde's cheese was as freely offered to his opponents as to his supporters.

Such was the family into which Thorwald was admitted on his arrival. It caused some heart-burnings among the young villagers, who would have given the product of a year's fishing to have lived under the same roof with Fredegonde. Thorwald was soon on the best of terms with her, and when her household duties were done, she used to show him the lions—or the bears, as the case might be—of the neighborhood. The weather was not too cold for enjoyment, being but little more severe than what Thorwald was accustomed to in Norway. They amused themselves by telling each other what they had seen; Thorwald related the scenes through which he had passed during his long voyage, and Fredegonde explained the curiosities and wonders of her ice-bound home. She told him that every spring vast masses of ice floated upon the shores of Iceland, which the winds had detached from the rocky sides of Greenland. These were so large that they often ran aground in eighty fathoms water. She showed him springs of boiling mud, where the earth bubbled and steamed like the water in a tea-kettle. They went to see the hot springs, of which there were a great many. In one of these, which we who live nowadays, call the *Great Geyser*, the water boiled with a loud, rumbling noise in a sort of natural well or pot. This was about ten feet in diameter, widening near the top, and opening into a basin fifty feet wide. Three or four times a day this spring exploded, throwing a stream into the air from thirty to eighty feet high. Whenever it did this, it announced it by sounds resembling the report of artillery. The column of water rose perpendicularly to a great height, and then divided into several smaller jets, which were projected in every direction. The sun shining through the spray, filled the air with the brightest colors of the rainbow, and took the opportunity to play a trick on Fredegonde, who was standing in a favorable position, and painted her face pea-green. "What's the matter," cried Thorwald; "how you do change color!" "I know what you mean," replied she; "but you'd better look at your own face, which is rather more purple than usual." The same effect is often produced upon promenaders by the lamps in druggist shops, as every one may try for himself, any dark night.

As Thorwald and Fredegonde were returning from one of their walks, they came across a patch of verdure, lying fair to the sun, where there was a large quantity of berries, growing upon low, stunted bushes. They were red and very good to eat. Fredegonde stopped and sat down on a green hillock; she pulled a bush up by the roots, and gave

it, almost bending under its load of fruit, to Thorwald. He, in his turn, sat down by another green hillock, plucked a bush, larger and fuller if possible than the one he had just received, and gave it to Fredegonde. We have always remarked that people about the ages of our two friends, make more extraordinary advances in acquaintance or friendship, when on huckleberry or nutting excursions, than in any other way. They go out, shy and retiring, hardly daring to look at each other, and come back bosom friends, and say Nell and Sam instead of Miss Ellen and Mr. Samuel. There's something in huckleberries that opens the heart as well as the mouth. At first they eat and pick very silently, hardly hazarding a remark on the weather, till at last they forget their restraint and begin to laugh and talk more freely. We don't know why this is so, we only state the fact. It was the same with our hero and Fredegonde. Neither said a word for some time. Thorwald occasionally looked up, and then dropped his eyes again, when he found that Fredegonde was looking into them. At last she said:

"What makes you so silent, all at once, Thorwald?"

"Oh—I don't know;—I—I was thinking of something."

"What were you thinking of, Thorwald?"

"I was thinking that I should soon have to go away from here, and that I might never see —— never see your father again."

"Oh, yes you will, Thorwald. You can stop here again, on your way back to Norway."

"Yes, but you may be married then, Fredegonde."

"Well, that won't prevent you from seeing my father."

"I mean *he* may be married again; and then—and then" ——

"I know what you mean, Thorwald," said Fredegonde, her eyes twinkling so brightly that they reflected a bunch of berries which she held in her hand. "But why need you be in such a hurry to go? Don't we treat you well? Here, here's a handful of huckleberries. Now, you can't say I never gave you anything!"

"No, Fredegonde, you are very kind indeed; and I never shall forget the few days I have spent in your company. But my crew are anxious to be off again, and I have no right to keep them here any longer."

"But you are the captain, Thorwald, and you can do as you please. Why don't they like Iceland as well as you do, I wonder?"

"Why, one reason is, that they haven't, all of them, found a very pretty young lady to be very kind to them, and take long walks with them, and to eat huckleberries with them. And then, perhaps, they think of their sweethearts that they left behind them, and are anxious to get back as soon as possible."

A pause of several minutes ensued here. At last Fredegonde, who had been pulling a bramble-bush to pieces and throwing the leaves on the ground,

said in a very low voice, without raising her eyes from the earth:

"Did you leave any sweetheart behind, Thorwald, that you are very anxious to get back to?"

"If I did," he replied, "I shouldn't have come away. Have you got any particular friend, Fredegonde, among the young men of your village?"

"If I had," she answered, "I shouldn't be here eating huckleberries alone with you, Thorwald."

And so they talked and talked, till it got very dark. On their return, Thorwald announced that he should take his departure in a very few days. "To-morrow," he said to Fredegonde's father, "we are going to walk up the sides of Mt. Hecla for exercise, and then I shall bid you good-bye for a long time."

"Take care of Mt. Hecla," interrupted Beeze-wacks; "we are beginning to think it not so quiet a creature as it seems. It groans and grumbles awfully sometimes, and will have a fit of vomiting, one of these days, before it gets well. Take my advice and stay at home."

But Thorwald and Fredegonde were bent on having their own way, and set off for the mountain the next day. As they passed the place where the berries were growing, Thorwald plucked an icicle which was hanging from a projecting rock, and breaking it in two, gave half to Fredegonde and kept half himself. Fredegonde put her portion into her mouth and held it there till it was melted, and then Thorwald did the same. Thus were they betrothed after the Icelandic fashion!

The Walk and the Talk.

Lucy. I always like to walk with you, mother.

Mother. Why, Lucy?

L. Oh, I hardly know; but I think it is because every thing seems more interesting when I am with you.

M. And why more interesting.

L. When I walk out alone, I look all round and see a great many things, but I don't notice any thing in particular. When I go with you, you make me look at certain things, and tell me about them, and make them appear very interesting. I suppose you'll laugh, mother, but when I walk out with you, it seems as if I had a different pair of eyes from what I have when I go alone. I see a great deal more with these other eyes than with my own.

M. I am glad to hear you say this, Lucy; for it shows that you pay attention to what I tell you. Now, *attention* is a very important thing. I like to see children run about; I love to see them hop, skip and jump; but sometimes, and on proper occasions, I like to see them pay attention to what is said to them by their parents, and by their teachers.

L. By paying attention to things, mother, I suppose we learn a great deal.

M. Yes, certainly.

L. And why is it so important that we should learn?

M. There are two reasons why it is important. The first is this—by paying attention, by studying, or by thinking, we acquire knowledge. Now, knowledge is necessary to us in this world. The sailor, who goes in a ship to sea, must know how to manage his vessel, or he will be drowned. The carpenter must know his trade, or the houses he builds will tumble down. The farmer must understand his business, or he will starve. The traveller must know the road, or he will get lost. We must know our duty to God and man, or we shall sin against both, and our souls will perish. Knowledge is, therefore, necessary to us. Knowledge is sometimes compared to the sun. By its light we are enabled to walk about in safety. Now, it is by attention, by study, by thought, that we acquire this necessary knowledge, this heavenly light, which is indispensable to us, as well in the common business of life, as in the solemn relations we bear to God, and another state of existence.

There is no other way of gaining knowledge than by attention, study, and thought. And therefore it is, that I speak of these things as so important. But there is still another reason, why I recommend the habit of attention. Dogs, cats, and cows, are mere animals, and if you give them enough to eat they are satisfied. But human beings are not mere animals, and are not satisfied with mere eating and drinking. We have within us a mind or soul, something that thinks, and this craves knowledge. Just as the body is hungry and thirsty for meat and drink, so is the mind hungry and thirsty for knowledge; and just as eating and drinking give pleasure to the palate, so the acquisition of ideas delights the mind.

L. Yes, mother, and that is the reason why I love to walk with you. When alone, I am apt to pass by every thing, birds, insects, trees, plants, and flowers. I do not think about them, and so they do not excite any lively interest in my mind. But you make me pay attention to these things. You select a particular flower; you make me observe its form and its color; you tell me its properties; you make me understand how it is connected with other flowers which resemble it, seeming like a whole troop of uncles, aunts and cousins. And so you direct my attention to a particular bird, or a particular insect. You tell me their curious habits, their wonderful instincts, and their strange and mysterious gifts. And thus I am interested in these things; and every time I walk out, I find my interest in them increases. I never feel alone now, when I am in the fields. These seem to me like so many leaves in a great book, and I am never weary of reading them.

M. This is very well, my dear Lucy. I am gratified to find that my field-teaching has been so successful. A few years since, when I spoke to you of paying attention to particular things—

of studying, thinking, investigating—you tried to run away, just as if I was about to give you a dose of physic.

L. Oh, yes, mother, I remember that, very well. I thought *studying* was the hardest work in the world. It seemed to me mere drudgery; but there is nothing now that I like so much. Studying seems to me very much like cracking nuts; the labor being well paid by the meat we find in the shell.

Who'll get there First?

IT was a fine day and it was spring. School was just out, and some one shouted, "*Let's see who'll get there first!*" No sooner said than done; away scampered they all, boys and girls, little and big, swift and slow, fat and lean.

Off they went, up hill and down, every one straining his nerves to the utmost. But what was it all about? Where were they going? Why such a desire to get there first? What was to be seen—what was to be done? Was there a house on fire—a ship to be launched—a balloon to be sent up to the skies? Not at all. On their way home from the school-house, the chil-

dren had to pass a turn in the road, at which there was a shoemaker's shop occupied by one Ambrose Benedict. This place went by the name of Amby's Corner. There was nothing remarkable in, on, or about it. The road was plain, smooth, and naked, with a low stone wall on either side. Amby's shop was a brown little building ten foot square, with two windows. In one of these an old hat supplied the place of a broken pane, while the pipe of an iron stove was poked through the other window. At morning, noon, and night, the vigorous hammer of the shoemaker was heard upon his lapstone, but beside this, you could hardly find a spot more simple, dull and commonplace, than Amby's Corner.

Now we see twenty children, not counting Snip and Trip, racing and chasing, like mad, to see who'll get there first. Do you ask why—what for? Alas, friend Grizzle Pate, it is long since you were a child, or you would understand at once, that these children are running for the fun of it and nothing else. It is spring. There is a genial breath in the atmosphere. These revellers are young, spring is in their hearts, and then they are set in motion by that stimulating banter—"*Who'll get there first?*"

Long-faced, sober-sided people, may see nothing in this but childish foolery, yet it seems to me a picture of life. What is ambition among politicians, merchants, lawyers, doctors, but a kind of chase, to see who'll get to some Amby's Corner first? The difference, if there be any, is that children are impelled to the race by the genial impulses of nature, and use only fair means to win success, while the children of a larger growth are very apt to be swayed by corrupt motives and to use foul means, in order to outstrip their competitors.

Ballooning.

I FEEL a great interest in balloons—not merely because it is very curious and wonderful, to see them rise up into the heavens, and go sailing away like spirits; but I cannot help thinking that some time or other, balloons will become the common mode of travelling from one place to another. A few years since, a turnpike was thought to be good enough, and to travel fifty miles a day was deemed a great achievement. Now the steam car hurries us along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A short time ago, a ship with spreading sails ploughing the ocean at the rate of six knots an hour, was regarded as a miracle of human ingenuity; now the steamers dash through the waves—without regard to wind or weather—at the rate of three hundred miles a day. Formerly the mail which carried your letters from Boston to Washington in a week, was held to be a wonderful triumph of human skill. Now, by means of the Electric

Telegraph, you whisper in the ear of your friend a thousand miles off, as if he were in the next room. This is indeed a seeming miracle. By its means, distance appears to be annihilated, and the spirit of man seems on the point of achieving a kind of omnipresence. It is not difficult to conceive of God as everywhere—as seeing all things, hearing all things, knowing all things—when man's whisper may be instantly heard at the distance of a thousand miles.

Now as to balloons, somebody will yet discover the means of guiding them, and that is all we want to make them practically useful. This may not be done in my time, but ere long you will see balloons going over your heads like flocks of pigeons, east, west, north and south. Perhaps every family will have its bal-

loon, or at least every town and city will have its balloon line, as we have now our lines of packets, steamers, and railroads.

What a grand time that will be—not for the grown-up people alone, but for the rising generation! What magnificent picnics the schools will have! They'll set out in the morning from Boston, have a picnic at the top of mount Holyoke and get back to tea. And then what a capital mode it will be to study geography in balloons. Instead of thumbing over Parley's geography, and looking at the map of the western hemisphere—where the whole river Mississippi looks about as big, long, and crooked as a spider's leg—we can hitch up our balloon, whisk away to the hills and mountains, and follow the rivers from their very source to the broad mouths by which they are emptied into the ocean. What a magnificent thing it will be for a schoolmaster, with forty children seated upon benches in a balloon, pointing with a long pole to the mountains, towns, cities, countries, and kingdoms, that lie like a map beneath the view. There will surely be no dull scholars when we come to teach geography in that way!

A LITTLE boy, upon asking his mother how many Gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother, "Why, one, to be sure!" "But how do you know that?" inquired his mother. "Because," he replied, "God fills every place, so that there is no room for any other."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

All the children. Really, Mr. Merry, what is the matter? You seem to have your arm in a sling, and you carry your head all on one side, and your face is as long as if you saw nothing but ghosts.

Merry. Well, boys and girls, I don't know what is the matter. I have had a sad pain in my shoulder, so that it was hard work to lie down, and a good deal worse to sit up. I first tried to be cross, but that didn't seem to do any good; I then attempted to be good-natured, but this was no go. One of my neighbors advised me to call in Dr. Little Pill, and another, Dr. Big Pill. One recommended Dr. Cold Water, and another, Dr. Leechhim. Mrs. Goodbody said she was sure it was rheumatiz, and she thought I had better apply cold water. Her husband, Mr. Goodbody, called in, and advised me to try hot water.

I was so puzzled by these various counsellors, that I sent for Peter Parley. He came, and I told him my symptoms. He looked very wise, shook his old pate, and went away, saying he would send me a prescription. This came soon after, and on opening the paper, I found it read as follows:

"Grin and bear it."

Now, as I have some confidence in the said Peter, I adopt his rule; I grin as well as I can, and this enables me to bear it.

But who will open this great heap of letters, and read them to me?

All the children. O, we'll do that! we'll do that! Here, John 's opened one, let him read it. (*John reads.*)

Tuscarora, Lee Co., Iowa, Dec. 19, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I wrote a letter to you some time ago, but as you had so many on hand, mine, with many others, was not published. But I thought I would try again, and see what success I shall have this time. We like the Museum very much indeed.

The stories of Master Billy Bump are very interesting. I think he underwent a great many trials and troubles in his journey to California. Please continue his letters. We live in the middle of a large prairie, with not much advantages of learning. We are small in stature, but large in feeling, perhaps for the want of news and knowledge. Good bye.

From your blue-eyed friends and subscribers,

MARY L. B.
WILLIAM H. B.
JOHN C. B.

All the children. Here's another letter, all the way from Georgia:

Zebulon, Georgia, Jan. 6, 1850.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have seen so many letters from your little black ked blue-eyed correspondents, that I long to b me e one of them; and when we saw the pr to send an engraving of Mr. Goodrich to th abited t paid in January, I asked mamma for the nnd th and she said, "Write a pretty letter, and songste have it." We always pay punctually, very na nducement makes us brisker this time. happen been taking your nice little work for six cording d welcome every number with more de- about t have three brothers, and four little sis- if you could see our joy when papa VOL. is appearance with the Museum, you that it was indeed appreciated.

I live in a retired little village in middle Georgia, with a court-house, two churches (but no steeples and bells), two academies, several stores and shops, and about 25 dwelling houses; but, alas! we are off the railroad, and our place does not increase—but there are many thriving towns springing up around us, and I hope some day to live in one of them. Our state is rapidly advancing. We have many improvements in art progressing, and besides we have a pleasant climate, fine water, delightful fruit and vegetables, and best of all, good health. We also have large corn, cotton, and wheat fields, and almost every thing to make us happy and comfortable. Now, Mr. Merry, don't you think we ought to be very good for all these things? I had almost forgotten to tell you of some of our natural curiosities. We have a stone mountain, at which fairs are held every year, that visitors say surpasses Niagara falls in sublimity; we have also several falls, which are magnificent. If you will pay us a visit, I think you will pronounce our State as ranking number one—and if you come near me, I will be sure to go and see you.

Why do I see so few letters to you from the sunny south? Do our little boys and girls love you less than they do at the north? You say you are the same as Peter Parley, and I know your books have found their way among us, and I think it is only necessary to read them to love the author? Now, Mr. Merry, have you favorites? and won't you accept letters from a distance, as you will those near home? or are they not well written and spelt? or do they not patronize your work here as they do north? or what is the matter?

Well, Mr. Merry, I do like you, and if you will notice this long letter, I will write again. You must know I am only nine years old, and mamma says she thinks it is as well as could be expected from a little girl of my age. Pray send the portrait, so that I may know you when I see you.

Your little friend, LOUISA J. N.

The children. Here's a very funny letter, indeed.

Rome, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir—I take the liberty of writing to you the first time I ever wrote a letter in my life. I spoke at school last week, "You 'd scarce expect

one of my age," &c.; and now pa says I may write you a letter, and punctuate it myself, so you must forgive mistakes. I think a great deal of little "Billy Bump," and others of your little letter writers, and only wish I could write as well.

I have dreamed about you a number of times, and last night again. You appeared tall, and a little round-shouldered—hair combed straight back over your head, a little gray, and very long. I thought you came along near where I was, with little Billy Bump by your side, and I reached out my hand to shake hands, and you laughed, and winked at Billy Bump, and said you would shake hands with me "over the left." I felt so bad that I awoke, and behold, it was a dream! I told father my dream this morning, and he said that probably the reason that you would not shake hands was, that I *owed you* for the Museum for the last year or two, which may be the case, as we have only paid the agent that solicited the first year's subscription. I am willing to pay, only let the publishers send the bill, and the *picture* must come, of course.

I do not know any thing to write that is new. We have an excellent school here, a fine building, fine teachers, and a fine village. Here fought the brave Willett and Gansevoort, here stood old Fort Stanwix, and here is modern Rome.

I like the Museum very much, and the more pictures you put in with your stories, the better I like it; and I always like the answer of a conundrum in the next number, for I do not like to play yankee and guess for more than a month at a time.

I shall not be offended if you do not publish this, but shall do by you as you did by me in the dream, if you do not. Your friend, W. A. C.

We have only room to add that we have many other letters from our kind friends this month, wishing us happy new years, a long list of subscribers, abundance of good health, and many other excellent things. Several of them furnish the solution of the puzzles in the preceding numbers of this year: "Charles Albert Roberts" and "The Tyrant Robespierre." Accept our thanks, gentle friends, and when we get over practising Peter Parley's prescription for the rheumatism, we shall have plenty of new stories to tell.

Postcript.

☞ Pay your Postage.—We have frequently requested our correspondents to pay the postage upon the letters they send us. Receiving 50 or 60 letters a month from our little friends, it is very clear that we can hardly afford to be saddled with the postage upon them. Yet, notwithstanding our request, letters from our young friends are frequently sent to us, the postage being unpaid. At the same time, the writers of them are very anxious to have us print their communications. The following is a specimen of these unpaid letters.

Lynchburg, Va., Feb'y.

Mr. Merry:

I see that you print the letters of boys and girls; and as I should like to see myself in print, I hope you will print it. I am only 11 years old, yet I write all this myself. I like the "Museum" very well, though I think there are some mistakes of grammar. However, we must not be uncharitable. I think the story of Billy Bump is pretty good, though in some respects it might have been better. I am not a subscriber to the "Museum," but I read it sometimes, as one of my friends takes it. I hope you will therefore consider yourself under obligation to print this, for I should like to show it to my uncle and aunt, and the rest of my numerous friends.

I am, very respectfully,

C. S. P——E.

Now, whatever the writer of this may think, it is a very indifferent production; and we may remark, in general, that a correspondent who has not sense enough to pay the postage on his letters, has not sense enough to write a letter worthy of being printed in the Museum.

JOE SMITH was an honest old man, who lived in a small brown house, at the other end of the town. It was a lonely spot at the foot of a hill covered with thick wood. Here was the favorite abode of owls and whippoorwills, who kept up their dismal songs every summer night; near by was a pond, inhabited by frogs of all sorts and sizes, and these joined in chorus with the songsters of the forest. Now it was very natural that strange things should happen in such a strange place. Accordingly, very curious stories were told about this house of neighbor Smith's. It is said among other things that a wonderful event happened there on the 1st of April last.

It was past midnight, and honest Joe lay in a profound sleep. What he was dreaming about I cannot tell; but suddenly, he was awoke by a terrible noise, thump, thump, thump, at the back door. Joe rose up in bed, rubbed his eyes, and said to himself, "What can this mean?"

He waited for some time—all was silent, and concluding that it was a false alarm, he laid himself down once more to rest. Scarcely had he shut his eyes, when again the terrible knocking was heard—

thump, thump, thump; once more, Joe rose up and listened.

After a long silence, the awful sounds were again heard. Joe's hair began to rise up on his head, while his tongue stuck fast to the roof of his mouth. The sound continued to be repeated at intervals, until poor Joseph was almost frightened out of his wits.

At length, he lighted a candle, and with a sort of frenzy, rushed to the door. He threw it open, when lo! a strange sight was before him. There stood old Dobbin, the donkey, and it was very clear that he had been the cause of the alarm. The next day, Joe told the story and asked his friends what it could all mean?

"Why, it's the first of April!" was the reply. Joe said no more about it, but if you go that way you can see the very house where these events happened, and hear all about the donkey who made an April fool of his master.

The Hercules Beetle.

"HERE I am, legs, horns and all! Ain't I a beauty! Don't I shine! What a prismatic fellow I am, and how the sun sparkles on my blue body and my coal-black head! I live in South America, and am six inches long. My home is among the briars and jungles of Brazil, where I eat, drink and bask in the rays of the sun all my life long. Oh dear me, it's very pleasant! I'm the

biggest beetle there is, and so they call me Hercules. I'm monstrous strong, and when any little beetles get in my way, I make 'em hop.

"There's a tree that grows where I live, that's full of a very nice drink, that I like immensely. Me and a good many other beetles get together, and we climb up one of these trees, and work out on to some slender branch, where the rind is thin and the juice runs easy. Then we begin to rasp off the bark, and suck the sap, which is very sweet and very strong, a little sour and a little bitter, with a taste of nutmeg on the top! And we suck and suck, till we can't hold on any longer; then we tumble down on to the ground and go to sleep. The next day, it's all over, and we are ready for another spree. And so we go on, always having plenty to do. We are always busy (this word is pronounced *boozy* in Brazilian). Who wouldn't be a beetle, especially a big one like me! Here I am and I'm six inches long!

"So much for my physical comforts. Speaking of intellectual enjoyments, I have my share. Where I live is a great country for studying natural history. Alligators, boa constrictors, lizards of all shapes and sizes, occupy the ground; festoons of green serpents hang from the trees; monkeys fill the woods with their chatter; gnats and mosquitoes fill the air with their dreamy music; macaws and parrots carry on the opera, admission free—the orchestra being conducted by bull frogs, toads and tadpoles, in every imaginable key. A great country this—and the biggest beetle is me!"

Royal Visit to a Menagerie.

His late majesty and a party of the nobility visiting the Tower to behold the royal menagerie, had the animals explained to himself and suite in the following uncouth though natural strain by the man appointed to show them:—"This, please your kingship, is the wonderfullest creture alive—this here helephant is as docile as a child, and will do whatsomever he is told, just like a umane creture. If your kingship will just tell one of your loose hands to step and pump this here pail full of water, I shall be hable to prove what I says is true." The *loose* hands of which the keeper spoke were the lord chamberlain, the master of the horse, and a lord of the bedchamber.

The Speed of Birds.

It is said that the speed of swallows, when emigrating, is not less than fifty miles an hour; so that when aided by the wind, they soon reach warmer latitudes. It has also been calculated that the swallow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour, and that the speed of hawks and several other tribes is one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Hook or Crook.

The origin of the term "by hook or by crook" is found in an old English law which states that persons entitled to fuel from the King's forest, were only authorized to take it from the dead wood or fallen branches of trees, "with a cart, a hook and a crook."

Deer Hunting.

THAT'S a very confiding, unsuspicious deer in the picture. He never read the fable of the ass in the lion's skin, or he might have been more on his guard. Our readers probably have sharper eyes than he, and will observe that the deer in the distance has six legs, two of which are copper colored, besides two heads, the one horned and the other tattooed. He seems also to be singularly skilled in the use of the crossbow. Our friend in the foreground looks on and smiles. Poor simpleton!

Yet that's the way they did for many long years in this country, while the red men were yet masters of its soil, its forests, and rivers. The manner of proceeding was this: An Indian carrying a bow in his hand, and on his shoulders the horns and part of the skin of a deer, steals quietly in among a herd who usually pay but little attention to the intrusion. From time to time he rubs the horns against his bow, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. He approaches by degrees, raising his legs very slowly, but setting them down suddenly, after the manner of a deer. If any of the herd leave off feeding to gaze upon this extraordinary phenomenon, it instantly stops and the head begins to play its part by licking its shoulders and performing other necessary movements. In this way the hunter attains the very centre of the troop without exciting suspicion, and has leisure to single out the fattest. The arrow flies, the victim falls, and the herd scampers off. The hunter trots after them, fitting another arrow to his bow as he runs. In a short time the poor animals halt to ascertain the cause of

their terror: the foe stops at the same instant and greets the gazers with a second fatal discharge. The consternation of the deer increases, they run to and fro in the utmost confusion, and sometimes a great part of the herd is destroyed within the space of a few hundred yards.

When the white men came to America, they too wanted to learn the trick—as if they didn't know quite enough already, with their fire water, glass beads, and pewter money. The Indians imparted the secret to the pale faces, and taught them the art of hunting the deer. The engraving represents a native in the act of giving his class a lesson. A quick eye may detect the pupils peering out from among the trees and bushes in the background. We can see six; no doubt some of our friends who are smart at addition will be able to make out a dozen or more.

Our conscience would go against eating any venison captured in this way. A fair field and no quarter, say we! The deer has got four as fine legs as ever were made, to scamper with, and we should like to see him have a chance to use them, before any lurking shot lays him low. If flying from one foe, he runs into the range of another one's fire; if his horns get entangled in a thicket, or a rolling stone sends him head over heels into a swamp—these are the fortunes of war, and as he can't help it, neither can we. But to come out with one of his relations' hide on your back, and pretend to be his mother or his aunt, and then aim, and draw, and let fly—we think this mean, and leave it for persons who've got nothing better to do. We could not eat any so ill-gotten venison. It would be apt to go down the wrong way. Currant jelly and a blaze would only make the matter worse.

SIMON SASSAFRAS.

For Merry's Museum.

Disobedience; or the Afternoon with Mrs. Pratt.

WHEN I was quite a little girl, only nine years old, my grandmother, with whom I lived, sent me on an errand to one Mrs. Pratt, whose house was more than two miles from ours. Mrs. Pratt lived on a farm, had plenty of cows and sheep, chickens and geese, and I went there to ask her if she had some yarn ready, which she had promised to my grandmother, and which was to be woven into thick, warm cloth for winter wear. As I had no little brother or sister to play with me, I was accustomed to amuse myself alone and to take long walks, and spend whole days in the woods, taking with me a little basket of luncheon, and coming home, when the black crows went cawing back to their trees at sunset.

The road to Mrs. Pratt's was very pleasant, running past green meadows, and hilly pastures covered with sheep, by the side of brooks, through shady groves and deep woods, and now and then by a comfortable farm-house. But it was now October, and the trees had

put on their red and brown and yellow trimmings; the grain fields had been reaped, the corn was stacked, the bright yellow pumpkins were piled up in large heaps, the potatoes had been dug, and men and boys were busy with carts and oxen taking the produce home to the barns and granaries. I had never been this road before—but there was no danger of losing my way. My grandmother charged me to deliver her message to Mrs. Pratt, and then to stay and play with the children, and rest an hour, but to be sure and come away so as to be at home in good season and before dark. I kissed her, promised to be punctual, and walked cheerfully off on my errand.

I watched the pretty squirrels jumping over the fences, and stone walls, or busily employed under the beech trees, picking up and nibbling at the little three-cornered nuts, or stowing them away for their winter food. The birds had almost all left, excepting here and there a solitary red-breast, or a partridge who went whizzing through the trees.

I reached Mrs. Pratt's, and found the good woman at home, and inquired immediately about the yarn for grandma. She said it was all ready, and she would send Jim over with it the next day. Mary Pratt, a little girl about my age, took me to see the hens and chickens, and then to the barn, which is generally the favorite resort of children in the country. There was a man threshing wheat in the barn and singing to keep time with his flail, which is a long stick with which he beats the kernels of grain out of the husks. After we had been all over the barn, and jumped about on the hay, we went into the house and saw Polly Pratt weaving, and Hannah spinning. Two little boys, Ira and Albert, were picking up chips, where Jim was chopping wood—every one was busy. I asked Mrs. Pratt if I had been there an hour. It seemed to me that it was growing dark, and that it was time to go home. She said it was not time yet, and I must stay and have some supper. I said no, as grandma had told me not to. But still I waited a little longer. How bitterly I repented of it afterwards. Mary Pratt said she would walk part of the way home with me. I was glad of this, for I began to dread the long, lonely walk. It began to grow cloudy and dark, and then I said I must go, for I was afraid it would rain; and grandma would be very much troubled if I did not come home in season, as grandpa was away, and she had no one to send for me. But I did not put on my bonnet and shawl and bid them good-bye as I ought to have done, and Mrs. Pratt did wrong in urging me to remain, as little children always think older people know best about such things. Mrs. Pratt said she would send Jim home with me after supper, for she was afraid it would rain. Sure enough in a few minutes it began to sprinkle, then to rain faster and faster. I began to cry. I was very sad indeed; I thought how anxious grandma would be, how she would look out of the window, to watch me coming up the road, and how grieved she would be to think

I was out in the rain, when I, naughty child, had not even left Mrs. Pratt's. Bye-and-bye we had supper. Polly made some nice slap-jacks, as she called them, but I could not eat any. Mrs. Pratt said it rained so, she should be afraid to let me go home, and I must stay all night. I was now more wretched than ever; I stood at the window and watched the clouds. Though it was about the time of sunset, there were no bright streaks in the west, and I was in despair. It grew dark and lamps were lighted. I still stood at the window. After a long, long time, some one knocked at the door. Who could it be? They had no neighbor near, and what could bring any one out in such a rain? Mrs. Pratt taking a candle and shading it with her hand, went to open the door. O, how rejoiced I was when I heard my grandfather's voice, inquiring if their little Annie was there! Yes, Mrs. Pratt told him, and in came poor grandfather with a lantern in his hand, and his coat and umbrella dripping with water. He looked cold and tired. He said he did not get home till nearly dark, and then he found grandma very much distressed because I had not returned. As I was always at home in season, she feared something had happened to me on the way, and he immediately started to meet me, and had inquired at all the houses on the road if any one had seen me pass. How sorry I was that poor grandfather had to come all this way in the storm after me!

Mrs. Pratt asked him to let me stay all night, but he said I had better go with him; he did not like it because Mrs. Pratt did not send me home in season—this, however, I found out afterwards. I don't know what would have kept me there any longer, so Mrs. Pratt wrapped me up in a large shawl, and I trudged along by the side of grandpa, holding on to his coat, for I could not take his hand, as he held the umbrella in one, and the lantern in the other. The road was full of puddles of water, the wind blew with a dismal sound through the tall trees, the leaves strewed the ground, and the brooks swollen with the rain, were rushing a long helter-skelter, and the scene was as much changed since noon, as was the cold, wet, repenting child, from the gay and happy one, who went along a few hours before as cheerful and contented as the birds and squirrels. Grandmother had a nice bright fire and a comfortable supper all ready for us, and warm, dry clothes to put on; we both needed them, for we were drenched with the rain. Grandmother said nothing then about my disobedience in staying so long; she saw I was miserable enough, without any other punishment—but I was more wretched for the trouble I had caused her and my good grandfather than from pain, or cold or hunger. But the consequences of my misconduct did not end here. The next day I was suffering with a terrible sore throat, and it was two weeks before I was able to be out with the birds again. But I never forget this sad lesson, and the memory of the dismal afternoon at Mrs. Pratt's haunts me to this day.

ANNIE ARMSTRONG.

GENTLE reader! we here give you a picture, hoping that it may amuse you as much as it has amused us. See, old Squire Bustle has sat down in his chair and gone to sleep! His large cue hangs over the back of the chair, and a playful kitten attracted by its swinging motion, is giving it a few gentle touches with its paw. The cook, a fat, easy creature, is crossing the room with a dish of baked apples, when she sees the kitten at his sport, and bursts into a fit of laughter.

There's a picture for you, reader! Who drew it, I do not know; but he must have been a man of pleasant fancy—one who has a ready eye for amusing scenes, and a happy faculty in presenting them on canvass.

Scotch Music.

The following incident shows what Scotch music will make a Scotchman do, when out of his country.

A gentleman who was a first-rate performer of Scotch music on the violin, spent a winter in Essex, and of course soon became acquainted with the musical people of the place. Being one day with a professor, the conversation turned upon Scotch music, and a strong argument arose as to its bearing competition with foreign music. The Scotchman, whom we shall, for the present, designate as the Fiddler, insisting that when properly played, nothing could excel it; the Professor, on the other hand, insisting that it was only fit for a barnyard.

"I'll tell you what," said the Fiddler, "I'll lay you a wager of five pounds, that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together, I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

"Done," said the Professor; "and if your music is capable of that, I will not only pay you the five pounds with pleasure, but will be convinced that it is the most enlivening, pathetic and best music in the world."

A difficulty arose as to getting an opportunity for a trial. But this was soon obviated by a third party informing them that a party of young Scotchmen dined at the Old London Hotel, on the anniversary of Burns' birth-day. This was a capital opportunity for the Fiddler—for these young men, being principally raw-boned, over-grown Scotch lads, who had recently left their own country to vend tea in the neighborhood, were the very ones upon whom he was sure to hit.

All being now arranged, and the utmost secresy being agreed upon, the eventful day was anxiously looked for. At length it came, and the Fiddler and Professor, by an introduction to one of the party, got an invitation to the dinner. There were twelve of them altogether, and a right merry party they were. The Fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a real musical set, and he waited patiently till they were fit for any thing. At length he gave a wink to the Professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.

The violin was brought, and all were in breathless anxiety. The Fiddler chose for the first tune,

"Here's a health to them that's awa,"

and played it in a most solemn and pathetic manner.

"That's a waeful tune," said a big, rawboned youth to his right hand neighbor.

"It is that, Sandy. There's a mickle in that tune, man. It reminds me o' ane that's gane;" Jamie at the same time giving a deep sigh, and drawing his hand over his long, gaunt face, to hide the tears which were trickling down his cheeks.

The Fiddler, with his keen eye, soon perceived that before he got through the second part of the tune he would have them all in the same mood. He therefore threw his whole soul into the

instrument, played the tune as he had never done before, and as the last four bars of the tune died away like a distant echo, there was not a dry cheek amongst the company. Now is the time, thought the Fiddler; and without stopping a moment, struck up, in a bold, vigorous style,

"Willie brew'd a Peck o' Malt;"

out went the handkerchiefs—away went the tears.

"Chorus!" cried the Fiddler; and in an instant, they all joined in the inspiriting strain.

The song ended, up struck the Fiddler, in his best style, the reel of

"Jenny kissed the weaver."

"Hey, ye scarecrows!" cried Sandy.

"Scotland forever!" shouted Jamie; and in an instant, tables, chairs and glasses were scattered in every direction, and the whole party were dancing and jumping about like madmen.

Out ran the affrighted Professor, for he did not know what would come next; up came the landlady with her train of inmates. But none durst enter the room, the hurras and thumps on the floor being so boisterous; and it was only upon the entry of a Scotch traveller, who had just arrived, and who cried to Fiddler for any sake to stop, that order was restored.

It is needless to say that the Professor paid his bet cheerfully, and was fully convinced of the effect of Scotch music when properly played, and that the lady took care that the Fiddler never came into her house again on Burns' anniversary dinner.—*English paper.*

Salt in the Water of the Sea.

THERE are forty grains of salt in one thousand grains of water in the Gulf of Suez, and upwards of thirty-nine grains in all the specimens down to Bombay. The water of the Atlantic, off the Canaries, was found to contain forty-four grains in every thousand. Dr. Buist has constructed a simple apparatus for ascertaining the temperature of the ocean at all depths, which also may be used for bringing up water.

Glass.

GLASS, which intercepts little, if any light, will stop two-thirds of the heat; dark red glass, which intercepts 999-1000ths of the light, stops little more than one-half of the heat. The light of a fire or a candle condensed by a lens, produces a slight increase of heat. Thick glass intercepts more heat than thin, though it may transmit more light. Solar heat is transmitted through air without heating it, and passes entirely through glass.

Glorious Times for Ladies.

IN the reign of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the parliament passed an act, that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose, for a husband, the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

Grasses.

BY grass, we are to understand the common herbage of the field, on which cattle and graminiverous animals feed. Its leaves are long and narrow, and of a deep green color. In rich soils the variety is exceedingly great. When a sod is taken up, and all the plants in it are examined, the species will be found more numerous than one would believe possible. In the same ground, the plants will vary in different years, so that we may conclude that grasses, like other herbaceous plants, degenerate, when they have grown for a long time in the same spot, and that a sort of rotation is established by nature. In a sod of grass taken from Selborne Common, England, the following species were found: (we translate the Latin into the vernacular;) rib-grass, cocks-foot, festuca, poa, dog's tail, white clover, hawkweed, yellow hawkweed, bed-straw, thyme, bent-grass and yarrow. In a very scientific work called the Hortus Brittanicus, the order of *gramineæ* or grasses contains one hundred and fifty-eight genera and one thousand and seventy-one species. We need hardly say that it is directly and indirectly the most valuable of all tribes of plants for the use of man. To offer proofs

of this would be to write histories of pastures, fodder, cattle, hay, rye, wheat, flour, grain, meal, corn, bread, and many other things that we could not do without.

Notwithstanding the variety of these species, the natural order of grasses is one of the very easiest to arrange, provided the task be commenced upon right principles. This is a wise provision of Providence, for in nothing is it more necessary to be able to distinguish the good from the evil, the useful from the useless, the profitable from the unprofitable. For instance, most grasses are saccharine and nutritious to cattle, but the species of holcus, bromus, &c., are as frequently useless. There is a great difference between the value of grasses for pasture: certain kinds suit meadows; others marshes; others upland fields, and others bleak and sterile hills, where they furnish valuable food for sheep. These kinds will not grow indiscriminately, and it is necessary that the husbandman should know how to distinguish them. Many species indicate the quality of soil: some growing only on sterile ground, and others being found only in pasture land of excellent quality. Most grasses are perfectly harmless, if not nutritious: yet deleterious and even poisonous kinds grow in the midst of harmless and useful species.

The inhabitants of some countries live entirely by means of the spontaneous growth of their hills and valleys. The only way in which pasture land can be valuable is in feeding stock; and the value is in exact proportion to the number of sheep or cattle which may be fed upon it in a season. Extensive pastures are often measured only by their capacity in this respect. Thus we speak of downs for one thousand sheep; and in Switzerland and other mountainous countries, they talk of a mountain of forty, sixty or one hundred cows, without any mention of extent in acres.

Few persons are aware how much we are indebted to this spontaneous production of nature for our pleasure and our comfort. Besides being necessary for our existence and that of our domestic animals, it beautifies the landscape, furnishes us with a natural carpet upon which to walk, fills the air with fragrance, and affords the eye an agreeable repose. Does bread and butter ever taste so good as when you have the green turf for a table-cloth, and sit under the shade of a waving elm tree? Sandwiches, when eaten in the open air, have a relish about them which is something more than mere mustard. People on picnicking excursions always have good appetites, and we never heard of any thing being left for the second day. And then to hear the mower whetting his scythe, and to see the ripened grass fall gracefully before it, to scent the odor of the new made hay, are pleasures which every one feels. But summer is coming on, and before these lines meet our readers' eyes, they may be enjoying in fact, what we are only recalling from the scenes of years gone by. Some time when enjoying a summer's ramble, let them ask themselves whether their pleasure would not be

sensibly diminished, if the ground were hard and bare, instead of being covered with soft and tender grass: or if instead of being green, this were a bright blue or a dingy russet. Suppose grass should all at once cease to grow: we should suddenly become aware in a thousand ways, through the medium of the eye, the ear, the nose, the touch, by all the five senses, how great a blessing we had lost, and how little we had appreciated it when it grew silently beneath our feet.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER VI.

AS we said in concluding the last chapter, our two friends, Thorwald and Fredegonde, started upon their expedition to Mt. Heela. They took the precaution to fortify themselves with sundry sustaining parcels, from which issued a very savory smell. Fredegonde dressed herself doubly warm, as it promised to be pretty cold work scrambling up the unprotected sides of the mountain. When she was ready, her father eyed her from head to foot and said, "So, Miss Fredegonde, here you are in your glory! Seal-skins and fur from top to toe! How many animals do you consider it proper to deprive of life in order that you may be warm? O, what a destructive creature is an Icelandic belle!"

Poor Beeze-wacks! If he could only take a glance at our young ladies, he might have reason to think the manners of the North Pole simplicity itself in comparison. Nowadays we boil silk-worms' eggs, to make gowns and ribbons for our wives and daughters—we fleece sheep, rob birds of their feathers, whales of their bones, kids of their skins, oysters of their pearls, tortoises of their shells, foxes and squirrels of their furs, and make away with a great many other creatures without winking, to make ourselves handsomer and more elegant. Of course Beeze-wacks did not know all this, which in his time had not yet come to pass. Fredegonde defended her extravagance, however, by saying that if it wasn't for these convenient seals, she should have to stay at home; Thorwald took her part too, and thought the seals better off in death than in life—glancing at a tippet round Fredegonde's neck—and almost wished himself one; so that the discomfited Beeze-wacks was forced to submit to the majority and return to his cottage, to prepare an address for the approaching election.

The two adventurers now started off, full of expectations of pleasure and amusement. It was to be their last day together, and they meant, by being wide awake and making a vigorous use of their time, to extract an hour or two more out of the twenty-four, if possible. As they went, they beguiled the time in conversation. "What do you expect to see, Thorwald," said Fredegonde, "in

this famous continent that you are going to visit?"

"When I first made up my mind to go, it was merely in quest of adventures in a new land. But since that, I have promised to search out and bring back alive, if I find him, an old acquaintance who has gone out there and likes the climate too well to go home again. They say it's a splendid country, with a soft air and warm sun, where the snow remains only three months out of a year. The earth is clothed in green grass, and rivers with trees overhanging their banks flow through it and render it fertile. It must be queer to walk about in the open air with clothing enough to serve as a covering only, as it is not needed for protection. It's a country, by the way, that your father would like, as Olaf told me he saw whole tribes of people among whom a single seal-skin would suffice almost for an army. There must be something very attractive in the place, to keep Harold so long away from his wife."

"Why, Thorwald, you don't mean to say that your friend is married, and has left his wife behind him all this time!"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say I do, Fredegonde. He's been gone over five years, and where he is and what he's doing, nobody knows."

"Well, I didn't know that people could behave in such a way. They don't in Iceland, I know. I hope you won't let him teach you any of his extraordinary notions. But if you don't come back, I shan't send for you."

"I shouldn't be worth sending for, if my memory were so treacherous. But here we are at the foot of the mountain. It looks quiet and peaceable enough, and I for one am not afraid of it. Your father said it had never been known to be volcanic,* and I don't believe it will begin to-day. We'll go to the top, and look down its throat, and if it don't object, we'll pull one of its teeth by way of souvenir."

They now commenced their ascent. It was very slight at first, but soon became steep, so that they had often to stop and rest. The sides of the mountain were sometimes composed of snow, and sometimes of sand and slags. Some parts of it were covered with thick incrustations of sulphur. They passed bogs of boiling mud, and saw in the distance columns of dense smoke and steam issuing from many spots. At the present day, the appearance of Mt. Hecla is somewhat different. Its sides are furrowed by the rivers of lava which have been poured forth from its crater, and which form an immensely rugged and vitrified wall around its base. It is within sixty feet of a mile in height, and owes its present celebrity more to its violent temper than to any thing attractive or picturesque in its appearance. So Thorwald thought, for as he gazed around him, as he and his companion neared the summit, he could see but little to gratify the eye. It was in fact a

* The first eruption of Mt. Hecla on record took place in the year 1004, about the period of our story. Since that time there have been twenty-two explosions, according to the Icelandic accounts.

scene of frightful desolation. The country on every side appeared naked and forlorn; it was low and flat, except where here and there a mountain peak towered into the regions of perpetual snow. Several large lakes appeared in different places, the waters of which were of a dull leaden color. Unhealthy mists hung over them, and their banks were infested with clouds of gnats. To the south was an extensive plain, covered with sharp stones and volcanic substances, and bounded by the sea. The island seemed nothing but a chain of immense rocks whose summits were crowned with snow, but in whose subterranean caverns burned everlasting fires. Its structure was so irregular and its appearance so desolate and ghastly, that it might almost seem to owe its existence to submarine volcanic agency, and to have been upheaved at intervals from the bottom of the sea. One third of it was covered with vegetation of some kind, usually stunted and barren, while the other two thirds were occupied by snowy mountains, fields of rock and sand, chains of ice and beds of lava.

After Thorwald and Fredegonde had feasted their eyes on this scene of enchantment, they turned their attention to the object more immediately before them, the mountain itself. They were very near the top, which was divided into three points, of which the middle was the largest. These were very rugged and craggy, and Thorwald began to hesitate in his scheme of looking into the crater's jaws. There began to be a peculiar smell just then, which Fredegonde said was sulphur, and the sky began to grow dark and lowering. Fredegonde felt something burning her feet, and kneeling down, placed her hand upon the sand.

"Thorwald," she exclaimed, starting up; "the mountain's on fire! It burns my hand, and I can feel the heat through my shoes. Come, run, we shall be roasted alive here! May Heaven have mercy upon us, and give us time to get safely home!"

But a new appearance transfixed them both to the spot. Directly beneath their feet, in the bowels of the mountain, they heard a low gurgling sound—this soon increased, till it roared like thunder: it dashed from one side to another, gathering force as it went. A black cloud of smoke burst from the crater, and then a huge mass of matter was thrown into the air—and all was still again. Thorwald and Fredegonde held their breaths; hardly a minute elapsed before the mass was dashed to atoms at the foot of the mountain. It fell in fragments, and sounded like the falling of hailstones upon the roof.

"Now," said Thorwald, seizing Fredegonde's hand, "now we must run for it. Draw a long breath, and keep good hold of me—it's down hill, not up; that's one consolation!"

Off they started. Never did two people run so before. Where the descent was steep, they slid. Never was such a race seen before or since. Life or death was the prize to be won, and a live volcano the antagonist they had to contend with—a volcano that had its steam up,

and had nothing to do but to belch forth fire and brimstone, to reduce our poor fugitives to a couple of grimmed and blackened cinders. Whew! how they ran! But they were beginning to get tired now, and Thorwald, out of breath and trembling with faintness, said to Fredegonde:

"I wish I dared to look round a minute and see if anything's coming. There's no use running if there's no danger, you know." So they stopped and looked round. The crater was boiling over. Something foaming hot, of a dirty greenish yellow color, was pouring from every crack and cranny in it. It came in perfect floods, sizzling and scorching a few shrivelled shrubs, that were growing there. Down it came and off went Thorwald with Fredegonde's hand fast in his. The lava had the best of it for some time, for the mountain near the summit was narrow, and it ran in one solid mass. But it soon separated into rivers, each one choosing a channel for itself. One got right in the track of the fugitives, and doubled its speed in consequence. "We must dodge it," said Thorwald. "We can't escape by running; if it follows that gorge there, we are well enough where we are!" The stream of lava soon dashed by in the track Thorwald had laid out for it, leaving them safe and sound on its brink, but half suffocated by its strong sulphurous smell.

Having drawn in a fresh supply of air, and gathered new courage by this slight rest, they started again in their headlong course. As they ran, Fredegonde told Thorwald of a chasm in the side of the mountain near its foot, which conducted to a vast cavern called the abode of the king of the regions of fire. In this she thought they might take refuge, if hard pressed by the descending lava. Encouraged by this prospect of an asylum, Thorwald redoubled his pace, dragging Fredegonde after him. They had continually to look around, in order to avoid the currents of melted matter which followed close at their heels—while the way before them was almost rendered impassable by those which had already passed. The chasm of which Fredegonde had spoken was but a few rods distant, when they heard a dreadful hissing and fizzing noise behind. It was a stream of lava that was covering the entire side of the mountain: it followed no channel, but spread from right to left as far as the eye could see. A dense cloud of smoke rose from its surface, and they felt its hot breath on their cheeks, though it was yet a quarter of a mile behind. The crater was sending forth flames and smoke, and on every side, stones and masses of earth were falling in thick profusion. Fredegonde, whose eyes began to close from dread and faintness, dragged Thorwald into a narrow opening in the mountain's side. Hardly knowing what they did or whither they went, they staggered down a sort of natural stair-case, and then, unable to proceed further, awaited their fate, whatever it might be. The lava rushed over their heads, in one mighty stream, sealing the mouth of the cavern, and shutting out the light of day for-

ever. Then on it went rushing and tearing to the very base of the mountain.

Fredegonde spoke first. "Are you there, Thorwald?" Thorwald felt for her hand and took it in his, but said not a word. He was thinking over their wonderful escape from the lava, and over the chances they had of ever getting out of the cave, now that the entrance was closed. "Did you ever hear of any other passage out of the cave than by the chasm through which we entered, Fredegonde?"

"No, never! Very few persons have visited the cavern at all. The King of the Regions of Fire is supposed to dwell here, and people don't like to trust themselves in his domain. But those who have been here, always entered and came away by the same opening. We may have to spend the rest of our lives here, Thorwald."

"It's a pity then we weren't married before we came—don't you think so, Fredegonde?"

Fredegonde laughed, and the idea that they could joke and laugh in such a situation revived their spirits a little, and seemed to be a good omen. So they plucked up courage and wandered on. They felt their way along the sides of the passage, which they soon found became wider and wider. A faint light seemed to glimmer in the distance. The cold was intense, and the air was clammy and damp. They kept on towards the distant speck of light; occasionally hitting their heads against a protruding rock or slipping over an unexpected sheet of ice. At length, they came to the place from whence the light seemed to proceed, and turning a sudden corner found themselves in the Fire King's Palace.

And a queer palace for the King of Fire it was. Ice formed the floor, the walls, the ceiling, in every form of crystallization. It hung from the roof in long, graceful points, some slender and delicate as a blade of grass, others solid and massive as the pillars of a temple. The floor was smooth and polished; the sides of the cavern were broken into numberless arcades and alcoves; a subdued light was thrown over the whole, and a dry atmosphere pervaded the place. Every thing was perfectly still; not an insect or a reptile was anywhere to be seen. Our hero and heroine were perhaps the only living things which had broken the stillness of the scene for many a long year. They broke it pretty effectually, however, for they wandered from side to side prying into every nook and cranny, in search of some fissure by which to make their escape.

"Thorwald," said Fredegonde, "what can the Fire King want of a palace like this? I should think the king of icebergs and snow-storms would be better off here."

"O no," replied Thorwald, "the Fire King wants a nice cold place like this to cool off in, after his exertions in his own element. He'll come to-day, probably, when he's done stirring up the inside of the volcano. But your king of the icebergs has no doubt, by way of contrast, some blazing cauldron, in whose gentle

warmth he may forget his snows and his frosts. But Fredegonde, I'm a little hungry—suppose we sit down and banish care with a few herrings and cheese?"

"With all my heart, Thorwald. I was thinking of the same thing, only I was afraid you'd consider it wrong to eat in such a horrible situation."

So they sat down and eat a hearty luncheon or dinner, as the case might be, for they didn't know what time it was. As they were making way with the herrings, they thought they heard a step advancing in the distance. It was a slow, measured foot-fall, and they involuntarily shrunk into a sort of alcove. The step approached, and the sound grew more distinct. It did not seem like the tread of a man—there was something unearthly—something subterranean about it. Thorwald and Fredegonde felt an instinctive consciousness that it was the king, and peered forth from their retreat, till the awful being hove in sight. It was a great green lizard! It walked on all-fours, dragging after it a long tail, which swept the ground like a train. Its eyes were staring wide open and emitted a red light peculiarly refreshing to behold. Its legs were short and chubby, and terminated in very flat feet with long claws at the end of them. Its appearance was such as would have been highly interesting to a student of natural history.

"What a beautiful king!" said Thorwald in supreme contempt. "I'll kill him, and then if we are threatened with a famine, we'll eat him."

"O no, don't," said Fredegonde. "I couldn't eat any of him if I was ever so hungry. He doesn't look good. Let's follow him, perhaps he'll show us a way out."

Thorwald thought this a good idea, and so they followed the lizard. The creature went pretty fast, and his followers walked briskly to keep up with him. He seemed to be perfectly at home, and to know exactly where he was. They followed him for half an hour, during which time they went about a mile, as Thorwald judged. He noticed also, that the cavern seemed to descend a little, thus running parallel with the surface of the mountain. At last they came to a lake or large pool of stagnant water, in the very heart of the cavern. The lizard stopped upon the edge and began to fish for his dinner. This he did in a way peculiar to himself. He squatted down on the bank, and let his tail hang into the water. Whenever he felt anything bite it, he whisked it out with a violent jerk, which sent the fish some distance into the cave. The lizard then marked with his eye the place where the fish landed, and baited his tail again. When he had caught a sufficient quantity, he went round and gobbled them up without missing a single one. He then went back to the pond and letting his tail drop, went through with the operation again. This time, as the fish came flying into the cavern, Thorwald stole from his retreat and quietly pocketed them, so as to be fortified against any emergency. "I wish," said he to Fredegonde, "that I could get that lizard's tail; it's the most wonderful fishing-rod

I ever saw yet." When the lizard found his fish gone, he uttered a low sort of growl, and afterwards eat every one as he caught it.

This did not seem much like getting out of the cavern, and their hopes fell lower still, when they saw the lizard coil himself up in a circle and go to sleep. It was pretty evident that he didn't know the way out any better than they did. So they left him to his slumbers and went on without him. The cave seemed to have no end; for they traveled several miles more without obstruction. Its inclination downward had ceased some time ago—so that Thorwald supposed it to be now following the level of the surface of the island. A low roaring sound attracted their attention, and Thorwald's practised ear told him that it was the tossing and rolling of the waves of the sea. This increased as they went on, and a wide opening appeared in the cave just before them. Through this opening they saw the sea white with foam, and the waves dashing over huge masses of ice. They clambered up a steep, craggy barrier, from whence they could once more see the light of day. A violent storm was raging, and it was at the peril of their lives that they made their way over rocks and ice which were at every moment swept by clouds of spray. At last they stood upon dry ground. Never did the dreary scene before them appear half so enchanting as now. Tired as they were—for they had walked twelve miles that day—they set off for home at a smart pace. We need not detail their meeting again with Beeze-wacks, or how all the young men of the vicinity had started for the mountain, in the hope of rescuing the fair Fredegonde from her perilous position. That night, our heroine's slumbers were somewhat disturbed by visions of lava and lizards—but either the lizard swallowed the lava, or the lava overwhelmed the lizard—her dreams always ended well.

The next day—but what happened the next day must have a chapter to itself, so we take our leave for the present.

Birds at Home, No. 3.—The Golden-winged Woodpecker.

ALTHOUGH beauty in birds is but *feather* deep, still when debating in my own mind to which of this interesting tribe I shall next ask your attention, I always feel that I am leaning towards those of bright plumage and gaudy dress. Remember, I speak only of that beauty which strikes the eye. We often find superb plumage and very disagreeable voices. The stately peacock is only beautiful when silent. His haughty strut and majestically spread tail, lose half their beauty when his frightful cat-like voice is heard. I often stand watching them and admiring their beauty, but clap my hands to my ears and run away, as soon as they attempt to give utterance to their thoughts.

You will see why I mention this, for I have chosen a decidedly unmusical bird, but at the same time, one of the most interesting of any with which I am acquainted. Look at him as he rests upon that branch—is he not a fine specimen of a feathered dandy? There he stands, to be looked at and admired. Let us examine his toilet. His neck-cloth is a bluish grey: his coat is umber color and his waistcoat a golden yellow: his pantaloons are a bright blue: on the back of his head he sports a crimson head-dress, of which only the tassel is wanting to make it a complete smoking cap. Add to all this any quantity of breast pin, and a magnificently formidable moustache—is any thing wanting to complete his attire?

It is not to be wondered at, that America—so rich in deep forests, as it once must have been, and is indeed now where the fatal axe of the woodman has not yet commenced its devastating labor—should possess many species of woodpecker; among which are the Ivory-billed, the Red-headed, the Downy, and the Three-toed Woodpeckers. They dwell generally in the solitude of the forest; are shy, suspicious, and retiring in their habits, and not easily reconciled to domestication. And who would be astonished at all this? What would be the horrors of a prison life to him who has always been accustomed to roaming the wide, dense forest, "monarch (in his own estimation) of all he surveys?" Liberty! sweet liberty! is the cry of bird as well as of man.

Though dressed in nature's gaudiest colors, it cannot be said of the woodpecker that he "toils not," for he labors hard to earn his living. Think what an exertion, to dig one's dinner out of a tree—why it is almost equal to going to the California diggings. In the heart of the tree he finds insects who have taken up their abode there, and are eating out its life, while the external crust is left sound. These insects he devours with great gusto, his relish for them being heightened by the vigorous exercise required before he penetrates into their dwelling place. Their labors are easily observed, and the use of them in the economy of nature is well understood.

As the woodpecker is said to be made for the tree, so is the tree made for the woodpecker: it is the scene of all his operations. It is his dwelling, his storehouse, his pasture, and the resting-place for the young.

In the winter season, the woodpecker is not so frequently heard, but when spring, soft, genial spring, wakes slumbering nature up to new life, then he

wakes with every thing else. He immediately commences operations, and his first and loudest labor—that of hammering the tree with his large, powerful bill, is for the purpose of preparing a cell rather than for that of seeking food. He begins a peculiar hammering of varied and pitched cadences, which is understood by the whole of the woodpecker clan, to be an advertisement for a wife. If answered, he and his mate soon arrange a nest either in a natural hollow; or if necessary to excavate one, the pair feed and labor by turns until it is accomplished.

In this secure retreat the female lays five or six eggs of transparent whiteness. They are generally laid upon the rotten wood of the tree, with sometimes the addition of a little cotton wool. In the breeding season, the pair seldom separate, but affectionately watch the progress made by their young, which may be seen scrambling about the tree in which their nest is situated, some time before they are able to fly. They are brought up with great care, sent to bed very early, where they are allowed to sleep quietly until sunrise; they are then aroused whether they will or no.

This interesting bird is closely associated with the majesty of the forest. He is very dignified and commanding in his aspect, and with manners to correspond. He is found in the orchard, on rails, fence posts, and prostrate logs, or in the towering but blasted cypress trees. Here, amid piles of impending timber, his loud strokes resound. Wherever he has been, he leaves his mark behind him. Around the roots of the trees he has favored, are such quantities of bark and chips of wood, that one would imagine that woodmen had passed by and tried the sharpness of their utensils upon them. The tree, too, is so covered with excavations that it is scarcely possible to believe the whole to be the work of a bird.

Instead, however, of being a destroyer, he is a preserver. The sound, healthy tree he touches not, it is only to the sick and dying that he *sends in his bill.* He visits only those trees, between whose bark and tender wood the crawling enemy has made his home. He laments the ravages of these vermin and shows for them a deadly hatred.

The insect plague defies all human prevention, and though the individual creatures seem insignificant, their powers are multiplied until their numbers are not only beyond arithmetical calculation but beyond conception. In the attack upon the pine forests, the destruction is complete. In ship building the pine is the most valuable tree of the forest, and it is impossible not to regard it as a special instance of God's goodness, that the woodpecker is set to watch over the pine tree, where the enemy being always found within, and not external upon the leaf, are inaccessible to slender-billed birds.

He does not always, however, keep to his own dominions, but excites the anger of the farmer, by venturing into his garden and tearing open his ears of corn. All his past services are forgotten in a moment of anger, and this valuable bird

is grudged a few grains of maize, and his life falls a sacrifice to his desire for change of food.

Let me then plead, with those who may read this article, for the life of the woodpecker. Recollect that for one misdemeanor, he repays by numberless favors. "Look before you leap," is an adage familiar to you all, and let "think before you shoot" become a shield for the noble bird of whom I have had the real pleasure of telling you. MINNIE.

Wonderful Trees, No. 8.—The Juniper.

THE juniper is a genus of hardy evergreen woody plants, belonging to the natural order of *coniferæ*, or cone-bearers, and is a native chiefly of the northern parts of the world. The leaves are narrow and sharp-pointed. The fruit is a roundish, fleshy kind of berry, being composed of scales representing carpels spread open, and collected in a spiral manner round a common axis. In some countries, the juniper is a mere bush, as in Great Britain, where it covers large tracts of waste ground, while in others it grows to the height of forty feet. It is a timber tree in Siberia, as are also those indigenous to Bermuda, Barbadoes and Virginia. The berries, which are remarkable as requiring two years to ripen, are used for medicinal purposes. Thrushes and grouse also feed upon them. The whole tree has an aromatic smell. When the wood is burnt, it sends forth a fragrant odor like incense. The bark is so tough that it may be twisted

into cables. The charcoal made from its wood endures longer than any other, insomuch that live embers are said to be found in the ashes, after being a year covered. In Psalm cxx. 4, there is an allusion made to the intense heat of juniper coals, as a figure to denote the punishment to be inflicted on those who injure others by false witness. "What shall be done with thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper."

There are some twenty species of this tree, of which five or six only are worthy of particular mention. The *Common Juniper* is a bush with large, narrow, sharp-pointed leaves, bluish on the upper side and green beneath. It grows wild in the northern parts of Europe. Its fruit is nearly black, and is chiefly used to flavor ardent spirits. Hollands owe their taste to the berries of the juniper, and English gin is commonly believed to be flavored with them also, though the oil of turpentine is often used in their place. A kind of beer called *genévrette* is also obtained in some parts of France by fermenting the berries with barley. From this tree has also been obtained a concrete resin, which bears the name of sandarach, or gum juniper. It exudes in white drops more transparent than mastic. It is easily dissolved in alcohol, with which it forms a white varnish that dries speedily. Reduced to powder, it is called *pounce*, and is used to prevent ink from sinking into paper where erasures have been made.

Another species is the *Juniperus Sabina* or *Savin*. It is readily known from the last by its leaves being small, and scale like, and pressed close to the stem, besides which its fruit is a light bluish green. It forms a compact gloomy looking bush, in some cases spreading near the ground, in others acquiring the stature of a low tree. It is found wild in the middle of Europe and the west of Asia, inhabiting the most sterile soil. The oil obtained from its berries is so powerful a stimulant, that its use is highly dangerous, except in the hands of regular practitioners. It is a well-known local irritant, producing blisters when applied to the skin.

The *Juniperus Virginiana* or *red cedar*, is celebrated for the excellence and durability of its timber. It is not, however, the tree that yields the cedar wood used by cabinet makers and pencil manufacturers, that species being a native of Bermuda. The red cedar is a native of North America, from Cedar Island in Lake Champlain as far as the southern side of the Gulf of Mexico, chiefly preferring the vicinity of the sea. In general it is a large bush: but in favorable situations, and in such a climate as Virginia and the Carolinas, it becomes a tree forty feet high. The leaves are arranged in threes, are small, scale-like, and but little spreading. The fruit is deep blue, covered with a mealy resinous powder. The tree is chiefly used for posts—being naturally of the size required, and needing but little trimming.

The *Juniperus Bermudiana* or *Bermuda red cedar* grows only in the islands whose name it bears. It here becomes a large tree, with a soft, fragrant wood,

the value of which is well known from its use in cabinet work and the manufacture of lead pencils. It is but little known in this country, as it will not bear the climate without protection. The *Juniperus Lycia* is the plant which affords the true frankincense. In ancient times it was in great repute as a medicine for affections of the head and breast, but it is now superseded by myrrh.

The Smithsonian Institute.

IN the year 1835, James Smithson died in England, leaving a bequest to the United States of five hundred thousand dollars, to be used for establishing an institution at Washington, to be called the "Smithsonian Institute for the Increase and Diffusion of Knowledge among Men." The government sent Mr. Rush to England to secure the funds, which was accomplished. After a lapse of several years, Congress, in 1846, passed an act establishing the institute, and ordering the construction of a suitable edifice. This, it was declared in the act, should be "of plain and durable materials and structure, without unnecessary ornament, and of sufficient size, and with suitable rooms or halls for the reception and arrangement, upon a liberal scale, of objects of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet; also, a chemical laboratory, a library, a gallery of art, and the necessary lecture rooms." The edifice, of which the engraving on the opposite page is a representation, is now completed.

The President of the United States, the various members of the cabinet, the attorney-general, the commissioner of patents, and the mayor of Washington, form the corporation. The affairs of the institution are conducted by a board of fifteen regents. They are to make a yearly appropriation of $25,000 from the interest of the fund, for the gradual formation of a library, "composed of valuable works pertaining to all departments of human knowledge." They are to purchase scientific apparatus, to cause lectures to be given at stated times, and to issue books of a scientific character. They have already begun their labors, and the institution has commenced its career of prosperity and usefulness.

The Greatest Ass in Venice.

Two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm debate in the presence of no less a person than that of the first emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other:

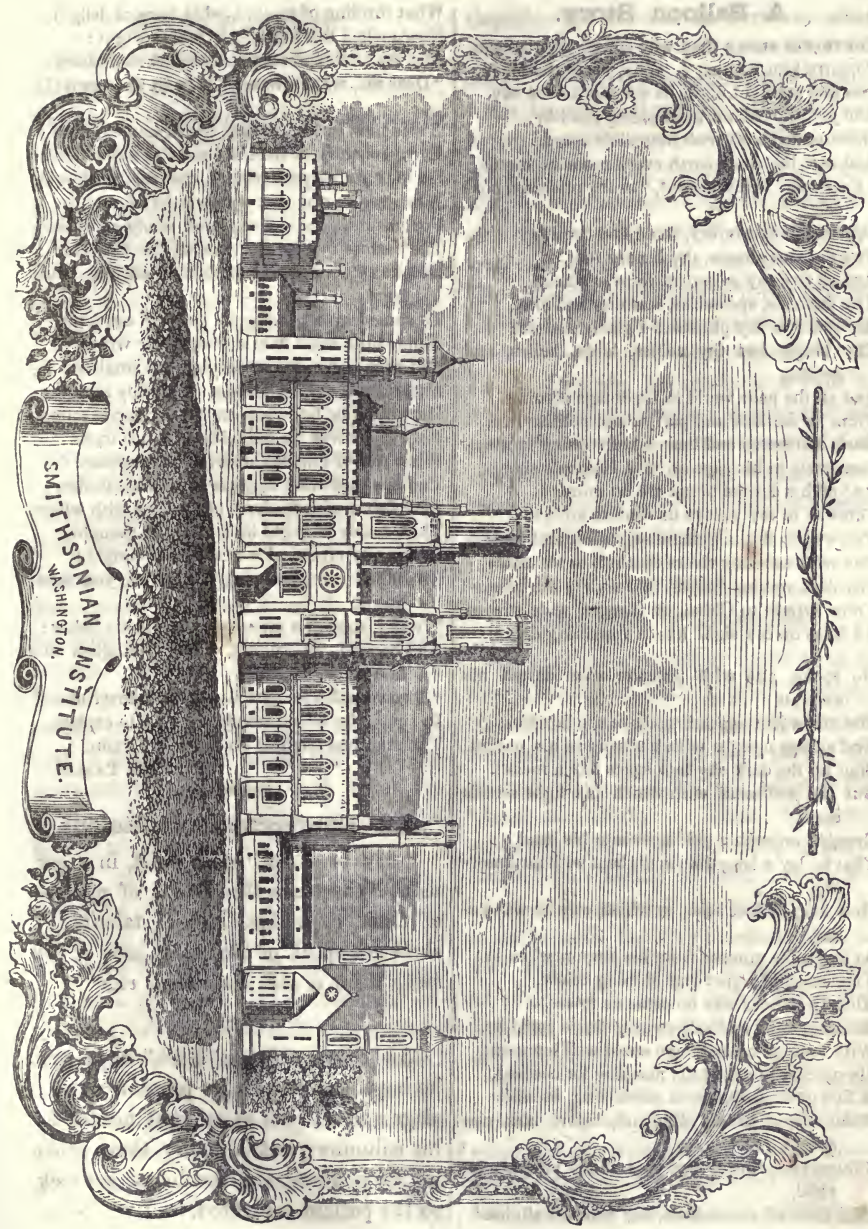
"You are the greatest ass in Venice!"

Highly offended at a quarrel in his presence, the emperor interrupted them, saying with indignation:

"Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present."

Schoolmaster. "Robert, compare the adjective *cold*."

Robert. "Positive, *cold*; comparative, *cough*; superlative *coffin*."


SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.
WASHINGTON.

A Balloon Story.

THERE was once a man who contrived a balloon,
To carry him whither? Why, up to the moon.
One fine starlight night he set sail for the sky,
And joyfully bid our good planet good-by.
He mounted aloft with incredible speed,
And saw the green earth every moment recede.
"Farewell," he exclaimed, "to thy pride and conceit,
Oppression and injury, fraud and deceit;
Thy flagrant abuses, thy luxury too,
And all thy gay pageants, forever adieu.
Thy festivals, spectacles, learning and lore;
My share in thy pleasures I gladly restore:
Thy kings, and thy nobles, lords, ladies, and squires,
And all the poor world in its dotage admires.
From its factions and parties and politics free,
Their statesmen and heroes are nothing to me:
Bonaparte in his cage on wild Helena's shore,
And all his desires to me are no more.
Farewell to thy valleys in verdure arrayed;
Farewell to thy merchandise, traffic and trade;
Thy wide-swelling rivers that roll to the seas;
Thy dark waving forests, that sigh to the breeze:
From Britain to China, or Ganges' wide stream,
All fades on my sight like a vanishing dream."

He spoke, and with pleasure soon darted his eyes on
The moon just appearing above the horizon;
And sitting upright with his hand in his pocket,
Shot up the dark sky into space like a rocket.
But the swiftness with which his light vehicle sped,
Brought on such a giddiness into his head,
That he lay a long time in his boat without knowing,
How long he had been, or which way he was going.
At length he aroused from his stupor, when lo!
The beautiful planet was shining below.
Already so near was he come as to see,
Its mountains and valleys as plain as could be.
With feelings no language could well represent,
He quickly prepared his machine for descent.
A fine open plain, much resembling, he said,
Some spots in old England, before him was spread,
Whose smoothness and verdure his presence invited,
And there all amazement, our traveller alighted.
What thrilling of rapture, what tears of delight,
Now melted this signally fortunate wight:
And thus he expressed his astonishment soon—
"Dear me, what a wonder to be in the moon!"

'Twas now early morning, the firmament clear;
For there the sun rises the same as down here.
He took out his pocket-book, therefore, and wrote
Whatever he saw that was worthy of note.
For instance, the soil appeared sandy and loose;
The pasture much finer than we can produce.
He picked up a stone which he wished he could hand
To some learned geologists down in our land.
A blue little weed next attracted our writer,
Not very unlike to our harebell but brighter,
And looked, as he said, most decidedly *lunar*.
He wished he had come on this enterprise sooner,
But still he was far more impatient to trace
What sort of inhabitants lived in the place.
Perhaps they were dragons or horrible things,
Like fishes with feathers, or serpents with wings.
Thus deeply engaged in conjectural thought,
His eye by an object was suddenly caught;
To which on advancing, he found, you must know,
'Twas just such a milestone as ours are below;
And he read, all amazed, in plain English this line—
"Twelve miles to old Sarum, to Andover nine."
In short, the whole wonder at once to explain,
The man had alighted on Salisbury Plain.

JANE TAYLOR.

An Equivocal Compliment.

"MY brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, *none of you being liable to that abominable vice.*"

AN editor "Down East," says that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns; but a heavy thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, so the patient recovered.

Naval Anecdote.

Shortly before the declaration of the war of 1812, against Great Britain, Captain —— commanded a ship which sailed from the United States to Portsmouth, England, by the way of the West Indies. A number of British naval officers stationed at one of the West India Islands, had been ordered home, and took passage in his ship. Conversation during the voyage turned frequently upon the prospects of war between the two countries. "If," said the English officers, "war should take place, we shall capture every ship in the American Navy. It is impossible that we should fail." To this accustomed braggadocio of John Bull, the Captain simply replied, "Gentlemen, you may live to find yourselves disappointed." This English spirit of boasting was kept up during the entire voyage, without, however, disturbing friendly feelings. They reached Portsmouth in safety, but had only been in port a few weeks, when the startling news arrived that Hull had taken the English frigate Guerrière, commanded by Captain Dacres.

The day after the reception of the news, the old Captain purchased a white hat, small clothes, etc., etc., and went to the Navy Yard, to which his passengers had been ordered. He found them engaged in earnest conversation upon the intelligence—"Good morning, gentlemen," said he, "have you heard the news?" "O yes, Captain, we suppose you refer to the victory of Hull." "Not at all, gentlemen—my news is, that Hull has been broken by a court-martial." "Why, Captain, you are not in earnest—what do you mean?—we are astonished indeed!" "Yes," continued the Captain, "the American Congress passed a resolution that if an American frigate did not take a British frigate in *fifteen minutes*, the commander should be cashiered; and you know it took Hull just seventeen and a half to take the *Guerrière!*" His audience dispersed as if the riot act had been read, but not without showing evident tokens of deep mortification. As for the Captain, he made it a rule to mount his white hat and shorts, and call at the Navy Yard, as the news of each successive victory of our gallant navy reached him, to congratulate his former boasting English friends.

Servants in America.

Complaints were often made to us of the difficulty of finding, or of keeping, when found, good servants in the States; and amusing anecdotes were told of the independence of American *helps* in this "land of liberty." Thus, "a green mountain boy" of Vermont engaged himself to a family in town; there was an evening party at the house, and he came in with the tray; seeing some ladies sitting talking in a corner which he could not reach, he called out, "Hullo, girls! how are you off there for cream and sweetening?"

Being directed to light a fire in the morning in the parlor for the children, when the mistress came down she found the servant sitting in a chair, with his feet up, and reading the newspaper;

without rising, he cried, pointing at the fire, "Isn't that a roarer?"

Another Englishman cleverly kept his servant, and in the proper place, thus:—He engaged an American female *help*, who, the first day, laid an extra cover at table. "Who is that for?" was asked. "I guess it's for myself," was the answer. "O, you mean to dine with us!" "I expect I do!" "Very well." She accordingly sat down with the family, and the master paid her the most marked attention, helped her to the choicest food, assisted her to bread, beer, &c., from the sideboard, and, in short, so overwhelmed her with civility, that she begged, "for goodness' sake," to be allowed to eat alone, and in her own place; and she did so, and did good service besides. — *Sir J. Alexander's L'Acadie.*

Good Advice.

A GENTLEMAN had two children; the one a daughter who was considered plain in her person, and the other a son who was called handsome. One day as they were playing together they saw their faces in the glass. The boy was charmed with his beauty and spoke of it to his sister, who considered his remarks as so many reflections on her want of it. She told her father of the affair, complaining of his rudeness to her. The father instead of appearing angry, took them both on his knees, and with much affection gave them the following advice:—"I would have you both look in the glass every day: you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonor the beauty of your face by the depravity of your actions, remembering who made you, and that if you are good-looking, it is from no merit of your own; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the want of beauty in your person, by the superior lustre of your virtues and amiable conduct, and by your reverence for Him who 'doeth all things well.'"

Scene in a Railroad Office.

Dutchman. "I vants to get pay for a pig vat ter railroad is runned over."

Secretary. "How came the engine to run over your pig?"

D. "Vy, mine pig vas comin' along, and ter railroad vas comin' along, and ter pig did not see ter railroad comin' along, and ter railroad did not see ter pig comin' along, and ter pig vent to run under ter railroad ven it vas comin' along, and ter railroad runned over ter pig ven he vas a comin' along."

S. "My friend, I don't think this is a case in which the road ought to pay."

D. "Ten, aftervards, I keeps my pigs from comin' along, ven ter railroad is comin' along."

Look to your Habits.

WHEN a person has done a thing several times, it is easy for him to do it again what we have often done, we are very likely to repeat. This doing a thing over and over is called *habit*. When one of these practices becomes

established, we follow it without thinking of it.

Now, these habits, in fact, make up a great part of our character—a person with a good set of habits is of course good: a person with a bad set of habits is of course bad.

If this be true, it is a matter of very great importance, because it shows how a person may become good or bad. And it is more easy to adopt habits than young people are apt to imagine. I have seen a boy become permanently cross-eyed, by imitating another cross-eyed boy a few times—a child that has been used to tell fibs is very likely to go on from one step to another, till he becomes an habitual liar.

Habits may be compared to the clothes we wear. If our clothes are good and proper, they impart to us a good appearance. If they are dirty or ragged, they give us a bad appearance. So, good or bad habits give a character to our mind and heart, and make us appear agreeable or disagreeable in the eyes of our friends. So, boys and girls, look to your habits.

Honorable Satisfaction.

One of the best challenges to the field, to fight a duel, that we ever heard of, was made by a truly honorable gentleman, the late William Lincoln, of Worchester, who, after an editorial controversy with a brother editor, in which he came off with flying colors, magnanimously offered to his opponent honorable satisfaction in the field—the weapons to be hoes, each party to dig one acre of potatoes, and he whose work was done best and in the shortest time to be declared the victor. Should the challenge to mortal potato digging be accepted, he would transmit the size of his hoe by a friend, who would arrange the preliminaries for the settlement of all difficulties. No *bad* results could arise from such a duel.—*Boston Journal.*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Here I am, all alone. Where are John, and James, and Anne and Susan? Oh! they are gone into the fields. Spring has come, and they do not like to be cooped up here. It is very well to be with Robert Merry, when the weather is cold, and the ground is covered with snow, and all around is dull and dreary. But now that the birds have come, and the flowers are beginning to peep out of the ground, they are all scampering away over the hills and valleys. Well, well—that's all right enough—they'll get tired of it, by-and-by, and then they'll come back and tell about it. In the mean time, let us see what we have got by the mails.

Paris, March 14th, 1850.

Encouraged by your kindness in permitting my first attempt at writing to you to be published in your Museum, my dear Mr. Merry, I venture to trespass upon your time once more. I certainly never expected to see myself in print, so early in

life, and great was my excitement when I saw my letter published in a real book! Oh, if I feel so excited, what must those feel who are able to write stories for you; who can have the pleasure of seeing their productions in every number! Why, I really think I should have to manufacture some paper or goose-feather wings, so great would be my desire to fly—even now I have a strong inclination to mount upwards; and when I went out the day after I received the November number, I carried an additional supply of ballast, such as a larger hoop and jump-rope, and my cherished letter to re-read to myself. I soon, however, gave the hoop and skipping-rope to Madame Lectrice, (my governess,) and seated myself beneath a tall elm-tree, and learned my epistle by heart.

When I had been there a short time, some of my little French friends came running up to me, to beg me to join them in playing school. I felt as if I had fallen from the clouds, and I imagine I must have looked rather wild, for my gay companions burst out laughing at me. When they first spoke to me, I was busy, in imagination, with printers and publishers, who were contending for the honor of bringing out my "last work," in twelve volumes! The perils of authorship rose before me, and with one breath I blew down all my unstable castles in the air, and was a little girl again, much to the satisfaction of my governess, and my friends, who I really believe began to think me crazy; but I showed my Merry's Museum, and my letter in it, and instantly, my dear friend, you were threatened by a tremendous inroad of romances, tales and letters from black-eyed Annette, Marie, Blanche, and I do not know how many others. They, however, as I thought, forgot it in half an hour, and I felt much relieved. My relief was not, however, of long duration; for the next day, they all came armed with formidable pieces of paper, each of which made me shiver as if I had the ague. What will you think of me, Mr. Merry? I have not the courage to refuse my dearest friend, Annette, and so I have translated a little story of her composition, and send it to you. The faults are all mine, and so if any one is to suffer, let it be me. Throw my letter into the fire, (even if it be post-paid), but for my sake, and for the sake of the reputation I have among my little French companions here, of being intimate with you, pray publish the story. Father says, "A fellow-feeling makes us kind," and that you will not refuse the request of an authoress. Is he quizzing me, Mr. Merry? The story is below; and after subscribing myself your penitent young friend, I give place to Annette.

Lizzie G——.

FIDÈLE'S DAY OF MISFORTUNES.

Julie's white, curly, mischievous dog—Fidèle by name—had just left his bath, nicely washed and combed—his silver bells tied round his neck with pink ribbons, when he heard a great noise in the court. Out he went, barking as loud as he could, no doubt thinking that there was another revolution.

When he arrived in the yard, he saw a sight that made him excessively angry. A large cat, with a most formidable tail, was standing, looking daggers at an old hen, who was keeping her brood of chickens behind her, and ready to fly at Miss Grimalkin, if she again attempted to seize one of them.

Now, Fidèle had a particular affection for the old Biddy, and without stopping to think that Puss was twice as large as he was, he sprang at her tail, and bit it with all his force. With a terrific *meaw*, the cat brought her sharp claw up to Fidèle's face, tearing, in the descent, his chain of silver bells from his neck, and mounted with them into a large tree. This was unbearable; and hen and dog both set up a great cackling and barking, which soon drew the gardener to the spot. For a minute, he stood and laughed to see the old hen, swelled to twice her ordinary size, so that one could almost count her feathers, and Fidèle, with a bleeding face, and enraged expression, grinning revenge at Puss, who stood on a high branch, with "bells on her toes," looking as if she began to be afraid of the allied forces. With a broom, however, the gardener drove Puss from the tree, and she started off on a run, leaving the bells behind her, with Fidèle after her. His legs were so short, and he was so excited and hot, that he did not much mind where he went; and when his flying foe sprang into a tree, at the side of a pond, he sprang into the water and disappeared from view. When he rose, there was the cat, laughing at him so hard, that she was obliged to hold on to the tree with her claws to keep from falling. Enraged, dirty and draggled, he scrambled out, and made for the house. Just then he heard his mistress calling him, and run-

ning round the corner to meet her, she caught him in her arms. She had come to seek him to show him to some company who had just arrived. She was dressed in a pretty white dress, and expected to find Fidèle arrayed in the same manner; but now she was nearly as dirty as he was, and the tears began to roll slowly down her cheeks. The dog seeing this, put his face to hers and soothingly patted her cheek with his paw, leaving a long line of dirty water on her face. She could bear this no more, and running into the house, dashed Fidèle into a big bathing-tub, and there left him to soak and meditate, while she changed her soiled dress.

When she came back, he looked as subdued as possible; and it was not until he found himself upon the hearth-rug, with his bells upon his neck, and his curly hair rendered white again by a thorough scrubbing, that he dared look his now laughing mistress in the face, or gambol for the benefit of the company.

ANNETTE.

Charlestown, Feb. 12th, 1850.

I have taken your Magazine about a year and a half, and I like it very much; particularly the puzzles and riddles which your young correspondents write. When I first began to take your Magazine, I thought you wrote those letters yourself; but I have since found that you like to receive communications from your young friends. I have lately tried my hand at making puzzles, and I inclose one, which—if you think proper—I should like put in print. I have found out the answer to the charade in this month's number, which you said you could not find out yourself; I wonder at that, for it came easy enough to me; besides, it is your own name!—Goodrich. I have no more time to write, now, so I shall have to close. I sign myself,

CIMON CINNAMON.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 17, 26, 15, 4, 21, 3, 23, is a part of my whole.

My 8, 22, 2, 5, 9, 23, is the name of a celebrated English poet, who lived in the seventeenth century.

My 23, 11, 25, 9, is the name of a cruel tyrant.

My 12, 7, 9, 13, 28, 3, 26, is one of the United States.

My 24, 9, 23, 1, 19, 14, 10, 20, is the name of a celebrated king of France.

My 15, 18, 13, 4, 22, 17, 3, 19, 6, 7, is a part of speech.

My 27, 9, 23, 12, is a Chinese instrument of music.

My whole is a celebrated exclamation of a general in battle.

Detroit, March 12th, 1850.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have taken the Museum for three years, and like it very much, for it has given me amusement many a time. The parts I like best are history, biography, travels and fun. I was very much amused at "Billy Bump's" adventures, and I wish you would write more of the same kind. I am one of your black-eyed friends, but have been an invalid for a year, which confines me to the house most of the time. I am a student of French, Latin, and the English branches, and as I have time enough, I have written several stories, which I intend to send to you, if you want me to. As I have not seen in any of the numbers of the Museum an account of Detroit, I may as well give a short one. This city contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and is situated on a beautiful river of the same name, which separates it from Canada, and connects Lake Erie with Lake St. Clair. The city has a large commerce with Buffalo, Chicago, and the towns on the upper and western lakes. It has a direct communication with nearly all parts of Michigan, by the central railroad which runs through the centre of the State, from Detroit to New Buffalo. We have an elegant line of steamers which are rivalled only by those on the Hudson river. There is a fort nearly erected on the lower part of the river, which would be a pretty sure defence for the city, if attacked. This is the best description I can give you of Detroit, and I hope it will do. I now must close. I send my love to you, and to old Peter Parley, and I hope you won't forget "TREVANION."

P. S.—You will do me a great favor if you will publish this letter, as it will be my first appearance in print. T. D. W.

Beechland, Union Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1850.

MR. MERRY:—I take the liberty to send you an Arkansas knot, of home manufacture, which, if

you think it worthy of an insertion in the Museum, any of your young readers are at liberty to untie.

F. R. I.—Ends hi psa P. Ure; Ah! eave,
Nde S. C. end: Ed fla me wo! Rt hy the
Ha! P. Pyre gion when ce it ca met.
He's acre dti ewh ic? H. V. irtuo ussp
Irits bin dsth ego L. D. ench aint
Ha! "tlin ksim mort," almi nds?

Your young friend,

Wm. Y. C.

Athens, February 13th.

Mr. Merry:—I am a girl, 12 years old, and a reader of the Museum, and I think the last is enough of an incentive for me to write you a few lines. My little sister takes the books, but I have the reading of them. We look forward to their coming with the greatest pleasure. I like to solve the puzzles very much. I send an enigma, which I made. As it is my first attempt, I should be very much pleased if you would publish it, and oblige your black-eyed friend,

Alice W.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 11, 2, 3 and 4, is a bitter thing to swallow.

My 8, 6, 4 and 3, is a common game among boys.

My 11, 6, 9 and 4, was one of the Apostles.

My 11, 6, 3 and 10, is a tree.

My 5, 4 and 3, is what people are when they are not well.

My 3, 6, 7 and 8, was used for sacrifices.

My 4, 6 and 1, is one of the professions.

My whole is an interesting correspondent of the Museum.

Plattville, Wisconsin, Jan. 28th, 1850.

Mr. Merry:

Dear Sir—Hearing that you receive letters from little children, I take the liberty to write you a little letter. I like your Museum very much—I have only two objections to it. The first is, it does not come often enough, and the other is, it does not contain half enough reading. I like Billy Bump's stories, and would like to know whether you intend continuing them or not, through the present year. I love the Museum so well, that I often take up the old numbers and read them over again. I have a friend here who kindly showed me how to find out the puzzles, and I take great pleasure in doing so. I hope I shall become wise from the good reading contained in your Museum; and I am sure if I follow the good advice therein, I shall become a good man.

Respectfully, your little friend,

G. H. R.

Lowell. Feb. 18th, 1850.

Mr. Merry:

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in reading your book called "Merry's Museum, and Parley's Playmate," and also in finding out the enigmas and puzzles. I also send you an enigma, which you are at liberty to print, if you like.

Your friend and subscriber,

Clara W. H.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 9, 14, 7, 3, 10, 16, is a county in New York.

My 10, 6, 17, 12, 9, 14, 13, is the name of a tribe of Indians.

My 2, 11, 4, 12, 3, is the capital of one of the European states.

My 4, 7, 16, 1, is a troublesome insect.

My 15, 2, 5, 8, 3, is a county in Arkansas.

My 5, 7, is a preposition.

My 10, 6, 9, 13, is a county in Georgia.

My 11, 13, 5, 16, is one of the grand divisions of the earth.

My 15, 6, 17, 7, 14, is a county in Indiana.

My whole is an astonishing work of nature.

We have also letters from C. J. S., of Constableville; R. W., of Lowell; Lilla H., of Providence, who writes like copper-plate. We should spoil her letter by printing it, so we keep it to look at from time to time—Ellen T——, who says that her brother has seen Billy Bump in California; Charlotte B——, of Milton, Mass., who asks our advice about getting married; Henry F. G——, of Dedham; Walter R. B——, of Troy, and many others. But our friends will see that we are at the bottom of our last page, and have not another line to spare.

The Cat and Kittens.

SOME people hate cats and kittens; but what should we do without these creatures?

Look at this group!—the three children—puss, the mamma, and her family of four young ones! It is difficult to say who are happiest—the little boy and the two girls, the grave, dignified, purring old mother, or the soft, gentle, playful baby-cats. Here we see, these children have forgotten their other sports; they have given up their spades, and rakes and hoes, which they had been using in their tiny gardens; the birds and flowers are neglected; they think not now of bread and butter: the jumping-rope, the swing, the race and the scamper, are put aside — and all for good old puss and her four beautiful kittens.

What could the children do without these creatures? And then—think of the rats and mice! How these pestilent brutes would multiply and replenish the earth, if all the cats were gone! Why, they'd almost eat the house down. They'd gnaw the cupboards all to pieces; they'd devour the bread and cheese, nibble the meat, spoil the sausages, get drowned in the milk, play hide and go seek in the apple-sauce, revel in the plastering by day, and hop, skip and jump over our beds at night! Who could sleep, with a rat nibbling at his toe, or a mouse sitting upon his nose! We should, indeed, be turned out of house and home. So, I pray those people who hate cats, to consider how we should supply their place, if they were all to be banished.

A Scene in New York.—A Dialogue.

Susan. O, mamma! I am glad to see you again. I have been walking up and down Broadway several times in search of you.

Mamma. Why, my dear, I will tell you how you missed me. I went into a baker's shop, thinking you would follow me, but I suppose you did not see me go in. When I came out, I found you were nowhere to be seen, so I returned home.

S. O! what nice little crackers you have bought, Mamma! Thank you, I am very hungry after my walk. How good they taste!

M. What would you do, my dear, if when you were hungry, you could get nothing to eat? I saw a very sad sight at the bakery, and if you like, I will tell you about it.

S. Do, pray, Mamma. To be sure, I had rather hear about pleasant things—but no matter; you will make it interesting at any rate.

M. I went, as I told you Susan, into a baker's shop to buy a piece of gingerbread, for I was hungry. As I was eating, a little boy came in: he was very nicely dressed in a blue coat, with bright buttons, and a pretty cap upon his head. Following close behind him was a boy about his age, but very ragged, with a hat without a brim, and neither shoes nor stockings on his feet.

S. O poor boy, I dare say some person had given him some money to buy a piece of bread.

M. Not so fast, my dear—he had no money, but the well-dressed little boy had, and he went straight up to one of the young women in attendance, and asked for some crackers. She smiled and said, "Good morning, Theodore!" She then gave him what he desired, and he began to eat.

S. O, Mamma! did he not give the poor little ragged boy any?

M. No; for the little boy instead of asking Theodore for one, went up to him and with a threatening gesture, told him he was going to have one of his crackers.

"No, you're not!" said Theodore.

"Yes, I am though," said the boy aiming a blow at Theodore.

"You sha'nt have one, I tell you," said Theodore, who now became a little alarmed.

"We'll see," said the other, and running out of the door, placed himself so that Theodore could not get out.

S. O Mamma! what a wicked little fellow!

M. Stop, my dear Susan, before you judge him too severely. He was probably hungry—very hungry, and this made him unreasonable. I have no doubt if he had asked Theodore kindly for one of his biscuits, he would have given him one, for he was a nice looking lad, and I dare say he had been brought up to give some of his good things to others—but he did not like being threatened.

This little scene affected me very much. I thought how many poor children are led into crime by poverty and hunger and cold. I took some cents from my purse, and was just going to give them to the destitute boy, with some kind words of advice, when he moved off, feeling I suppose that he could not accomplish his purpose. How sad it is, my dear little girl, to see a hungry child!

S. O yes, Mamma! I always pity poor little beggars that have no money, and I sometimes give them some of my bread or cake. How very grateful I ought to be for being so well fed, and clothed and sheltered; I often think of that pretty hymn which begins,

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me."

INFANTA.

Personal Movements.

THE Martin family, colored, have arrived in town, at their summer residence, which they have commenced furnishing. Mrs. Martin anticipates an addition to her family of six or seven during the season. She is considered to be in rather a hard box. Mrs. Swallow was caught eaves-dropping on Saturday, and unintentionally twitted herself of it before night. A child named Phebe has strayed from home; her mother, a prim little woman, is all round the suburbs calling for her. A nest has been sought to be feathered by Robin. No arrest has been made, as it is believed that when the bills are presented next summer, they will be paid by drafts on the Connecticut River Bank. Something of a lark took place up in the meadow last week: it is understood that the party got sky high.—*Springfield Rep.*

Sagacity in a Dog.

"DELTA" informs us that while passing through Washington Street last Sunday morning, on his way to church, he observed a pointer dog standing on a point upon the opposite sidewalk; as this seemed somewhat singular, our informant states that he paused for a moment in order to ascertain at what the dog was pointing, and was astonished to find, on looking up in the direction of the point, that it was at the sign of A. PARTRIDGE. We think there is nothing in Mr. Jesse's collection of anecdotes of dogs that surpasses this.—*Newspaper.*

The Sailor in Trouble.

THE boat of a whaler was once knocked several feet in the air by a blow of the tail of a fish to which it was fast. Upon coming down, the steersman fell into the whale's mouth, and the teeth of the animal closed upon his leg. After being in this terrible position for some time, he was released, picked up by another boat, and carried on board, where, while preparations were made to amputate his crushed limb, he was asked what he "thought of while in the mouth of the whale?" With the utmost simplicity he replied,

"Why, I thought she would yield about sixty barrels!"

Wonderful Trees, No. 9.—The Almug Tree.

THIS tree is mentioned several times in the Bible, and is frequently alluded to by the ancient writers. It had a variety of names, and this circumstance has rendered it difficult to identify the particular tree of which the writers were speaking. It seems to have been principally used in forming musical instruments, such as harps and psalteries. The terraces of Solomon's temple were made of this tree, as will be seen by referring to the 9th chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, 11th verse: "And the king made of the almug tree terraces to the house of the Lord, and to the king's palace, and harps and psalteries for singers; and there were none such seen before in the land of Judah." Josephus, the Jewish historian, particularly describes this tree. He says, "The ships from Ophir brought precious stones and pine trees (that is, almug trees), which Solomon made use of for supporting his temple and his palace, as also for making the harps and psalteries of the Levites. But let none imagine that these pine trees were like those which are now so named: but those we speak of were like the wood of the fig-tree, but whiter and more shining."

It is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty upon the identity of this tree with any species now existing. The meaning of the word *almug* is unknown, and therefore all clue to its origin and history is lost. It is probable that the species is now extinct. Some writers supposed it to be *gummy-wood*, of which an engraving is given; but a tree abounding in resin must have been very unfit for the manufacture of musical instruments. Others thought it to be *ebony* or *pine;* but the pine was too common in Judea and the neighboring country, to search for it as far as Ophir. The Septuagint version of the Bible renders it *wrought wood.* The Rabbins, who were Jewish doctors or teachers, called it *coral;* probably from the texture and color of the wood resembling that article. A distinguished traveller supposes the almug tree to have been the cypress, and observes, that in Italy the wood of the latter tree is used for violins, harpsichords and other stringed instruments. Other writers suppose it to be the sandal, while others still believe the particular species of wood to be wholly unknown to us. Left as we are to conjecture on the subject, we might not have thought it worth while to give the tree a place in our series, were it not for the interest connected with it from its having been largely used in the construction of Solomon's temple.

A Most Wonderful Tree!

HATFIELD, March 10.

MR. Merry:—Your accounts of wonderful trees have amused and instructed me exceedingly. I am something of a botanist in my way, and am more pleased with articles on natural history, &c., than with the stories and puzzles of which the Museum has such a store. I send you a description of a very important tree which you have thus far omitted: I am afraid, intentionally. I have adopted a method of numeration which you will see does not interfere with your own numbering.

Wonderful Trees, No. 9½.—The Hat Tree.

This tree is found in all civilized countries. It is a native of all latitudes, and is indigenous in all longitudes. Its mode of production is somewhat peculiar; it is neither raised from seed, nor is it propagated from cuttings. You buy it ready made in the shops, and set it out in your entry. It can hardly be said to take root, though it bears two crops of fruit a year—the winter and summer fashions. Its trunk is used as a receptacle for umbrellas, which water its roots with the dews of heaven. Its branches are called pegs, and are sometimes found useful as hoop-sticks in families where there are children. A looking-glass is sometimes attached to it, probably for the purpose of strengthen-

ing the tree in its illusion, by passing itself off for a glassy lake, by the side of which the tree is supposed to be growing. One remarkable fact connected with this truly wonderful tree is, that its wood is sometimes mahogany, sometimes cherry: now it is black walnut, now red cedar: and nature has even carried her freaks so far as to produce plants with the trunk of one substance, and the pegs of another. Glue is by some supposed to be the principal agent in this phenomenon. Engrafting is believed by others to explain away the mystery. The Hat tree is more extraordinary than the India-rubber tree, for ready-made, full-grown India-rubbers are often seen around its roots; more wonderful than the bamboo, for its canes have ornamented handles. It has no bark or rind, but several coats. Its shape is such, that by throwing a sheet over it, you have a very excellent phantom. This might be utilized as the ghost in Hamlet, in private theatricals.

I once took the trouble to count the contents of our hat tree, Mr. Merry. We are a large family, besides two horses and a poultry-yard. I made the investigation at night, when all our head-apparel had been exchanged for night-caps. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear, that upon the various pegs were three hats, two caps (one with the vizor off,) a cloak, a coat, two bonnets, (where the bandbox was no one knows,) a hat-brush, and a clothes-broom. In the lower part were two umbrellas, three canes, and my brother Jack's riding-whip. Lower still were the india-rubbers before alluded to. Behind was my long-lost battledore. Underneath I found six pins, (one of which was a needle,) a parched corn, the shuttlecock belonging to the battledore, a five cent piece, and a left-hand glove. So much for our hat tree. I invite every one to examine their own, at least once a year. A five cent piece will be found sufficient compensation for the trouble.

I remain yours treely,

CASTOR PEG.

The Emperor Solyman.

WHEN Solyman, the Magnificent, marched to the conquest of Belgrade, in 1571, a woman of the common sort approached him, and complained bitterly, that, while she was sleeping, soldiers had carried off her cattle, which was all the property she had.

"You must have been buried in a very deep sleep," said the emperor, "not to hear the noise the robbers made."

"Such, sire, was indeed the case," replied the woman; "for I slept in the full confidence that your highness was watching over the public safety."

Solyman was so delighted with this answer, that he ordered full amends to be made for her loss.

WHEN Judge Peters of Penn. was Speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members in crossing the room tripped on the carpet and fell. A general laugh was the consequence. The Judge with the utmost gravity cried out, "Order, order, gentlemen, a member has taken the floor."

Göthe's House.

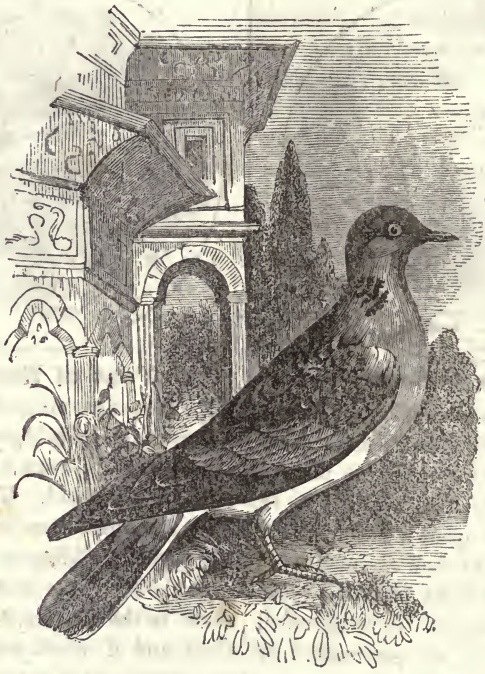
GÖTHE was a celebrated German writer, who flourished at the close of the last century. Above we give a picture of his cottage, which was situated in Weimar, where he spent a great part of his time. Weimar is now resorted to by multitudes, who delight to visit a spot consecrated by genius. It is situated in a romantic valley, and surrounded by the most delightful environs.

A curious story is told of Göthe's singularity. He was insensible to nauseous smells, except that of apples in a state of decay. This he could not endure, while Schiller, his friend and rival in fame, was, on the contrary, fond of it as a perfume. Göthe, on one occasion, went to make Schiller a visit; the latter being absent at the moment, Göthe sat down to await his return. After a short space, he felt a strange dizziness, which obliged him to leave the room. Schiller's servant, in searching for the cause of this, at last discovered some twenty apples, in various stages of decomposition, which his master had placed in a drawer to perfume his wardrobe!

Font of Stratford.

OUR readers are probably all of them aware that Shakspeare, the great poet of nature, was born at Stratford upon Avon, in England. Though it is more than 250 years since his time, there still exist many buildings and relics connected with his name and fame. Among them is the font in which he was baptized, and of which we give an engraving above. It is at present dilapidated, but appears to have been once perpendicular, of elegant design and good execution. It served for a long time as a receptacle for rain water, but is now preserved in a gentleman's garden.

Another incident connected with the poet's early life has been perpetuated in a curious manner. He had, when young, planted a mulberry tree in his garden. After his death, the mulberry was cut down, and riven to pieces for the fire. But a watch-maker of Stratford hearing of the event, purchased the whole, and every piece was converted, in the course of years, into boxes, goblets, tobacco stoppers, &c. Thus genius converts common wood into gold!



Birds at Home, No. 4.—The Domestic Dove.

THE pigeon tribe are one of the most numerous and most widely distributed, and in some respects the most interesting families of the feathered race. Notwithstanding their numbers, their beauty and the proverbial kindness of their dispositions, only one species has been brought into subjection by man. This is the common house-dove, known in its wild state as the rock-pigeon.

This bird may be called a voluntary dweller in pigeon-houses. He does little else than accept the hospitality man extends towards him, graciously eating the food provided for him, and deigning to abide beneath an artificial shelter. They can be said to perform no very important services in return for this kindness, only affording us an interesting occupation in watching and admiring their loving disposition.

Their appearance is changed by domestication, but still there are certain characteristics of the wild bird which are never entirely obliterated. There are two dusky bars across each of the closed wings, and the lower part of the back bluish grey. Their length is about thirteen inches, and the stretch of the

wings not much less than two feet. The plumage over the whole body, both in the clothing feathers and the feathers of flight is remarkably compact.

These birds have great power over themselves in the air, even when the wind blows with great violence. They may be seen out when the wind is so stormy that one would be required to guard both his head and feet, to prevent him from losing his hat at one extremity, or from staggering or tumbling through instability at the other. They may be seen wheeling and doubling so as to fly in all winds without turning a feather, apparently for no other purpose than to exercise their wings.

Beneath my window is a large dove-house, the inmates of which give me a great deal of amusement. The establishment began with a pair of common blue doves, a pair of carriers, and a pair of fan-tails. One of the blue doves escaped, leaving his little wife disconsolate. One of the carriers died, and the poor widower refuses to be consoled. He is a slim, graceful fellow, white as snow, with beautiful bright eyes, which he turns up most pathetically. Another mate was procured for him, but he takes no notice of her at all, at which she is highly indignant.

After these doves had been kept shut up about a week, their cage door was opened, and out they came on to the roof of the house, where they pass the day, retiring at night to their pigeon-house.

The day of their liberation they exercised their wings a little, but showed no inclination to desert their new abode. One of the fantails, wishing apparently to show off to several persons who were standing at the window watching their movements, mounted majestically up into the air above the house-top. Now, it is well known, that on account of their elaborate tails, they cannot *fly* downwards, but are obliged to tumble down heels over head. Well! Mrs. Fantail, after getting as high as she thought best, began to come down, and down she came, but being unable to steer, descended ingloriously into a neighboring chimney, from which, alas! she never came out! What must have been the astonishment of the cook, to see her dinner already provided, or what that of the dove, to find herself sweeping the chimney!

But now what amuses me more than all, is, that the blue dove and remaining fantail have mated, and are building a nest in one of the pigeon-holes. The fantail watches every motion of his mate, and scarcely allows her to leave the nest even to eat, driving her back to it every time she leaves it, until she sometimes cunningly flies away, knowing the advantage she has over him in this respect. You can see by his looks how anxious he is to follow her, but I think the fate of his former mate deters him, for I have never seen him fly since; he exercises himself by promenading majestically around the roof, pecking at the other two disconsolate pigeons, and cooing to his mate.

For the benefit of those who have any intention of keeping pigeons either for the amusement of it or for the profit,

let me speak of the construction and management of a pigeon-house. The house should be on a slope facing the south, and the roof should be of a pretty steep inclination, to enable the birds to bask in the sun. Water should be near, and it should not be shaded or (if in the country,) closely surrounded by trees; it is better indeed that it should stand by itself, so that the birds may not be disturbed in their labors.

Though most of the old pigeon-houses are square, a circle is preferable, and it might be defended both inside and out by a projecting ledge below all the pigeon-holes, to prevent all destructive animals from reaching there; and beside this projecting ledge, there should be others higher up, for the birds to alight upon as they enter their abode. Cleansing the inside frequently, and whitewashing the outside as occasion requires, are also very necessary operations. The fact is, that pigeon-houses are like all other things, if they are expected to be either profitable or amusing, they must be attended to. A flock will often desert a carelessly kept house, for the establishment of some neighbor, merely because it is in better order, and the reproving deserters make no hesitation in coming to levy their contributions upon the coops of their slovenly masters.

These birds have no song with which to charm the ear; their only note is the plaintive monotonous *coo*. They raise two or three broods in a season, each brood consisting generally of two. Their flesh is considered very good eating, but this I for one could easily dispense with, even though I would not resemble the lady who remonstrated with the butcher for killing a lamb. "Why, Marm," replied he, "you would not eat it alive, would you?"

My feelings toward the feathered tribe are decidedly romantic, but still it does not extend so far as to prevent me from appreciating them as food. My little readers, because I "own up" to the eating of chickens, partridges, pigeons, &c., would not, I hope think that I ought to sign myself "Minnie the Bloodthirsty!" Oh no! of wanton cruelty I would not be guilty. There is a little song I sung at infant school when I first began to raise my voice in song. It made an impression upon me then which I never shall forget.

If ever I see on bush or tree,
Young birds in a pretty nest,
I must not in my play steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother I know would sorrow show,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds in my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

MINNIE.

LAST week, in the Crown Court, before Mr. Baron Alderson, a juryman, on the oath being administered, addressing the clerk, said: "Speak up, I can not hear what you say." Baron Alderson: "Stop, are you deaf?" Juror: "Yes, of one ear." The learned judge: "Then you had better leave that box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides.*" The *bon mot* created a good deal of laughter.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER VII.

GREAT was the satisfaction of Thorwald's crew, when they found themselves once more under sail for the New World. They had bidden good-bye to their newly made friends, with many promises to return that way on their voyage homeward; Thorwald and Fredegonde had exchanged their last, their very last farewell, and the ship was standing out of the harbor, with a fair breeze for the south. Iceland soon faded from the view, and as the summit of Mt. Hecla, the last point visible, sank beneath the horizon, Thorwald covered his face with his hands and remained a long time in silent thought. What passed in his mind, history saith not. But reasoning from what we have observed in other cases of the sort, we suppose that he was skipping over in imagination the years that must intervene between him and his return to Norrland with his fair Icelandic bride: he was building castles in the air and discovering continents in the sea. In his mind's eye, he saw himself returning from his wanderings, with Harold on one arm and Fredegonde on the other: and he pictured to himself his feelings, if instead of seeing the frozen island disappear from the vision, he was gazing eagerly in the distance for the first sight of its rugged coasts, as it rose from among the waves. Then he sighed, and sighed again, and then remembering his duty as commander of the expedition, he sprang to his feet, and dashing away the tears gathering in his eye, sought to inspire his followers with hope and good heart.

The ship was now some twenty miles from Iceland, when a curious appearance in the water attracted Thorwald's observation. The sea was calm except in one spot directly in the ship's path, some hundred fathoms ahead. The waves were here convulsed by some unseen cause, and were rolling and tossing in all directions without the least visible reason. Thorwald altered the vessel's course, and passed some distance to the right. Suddenly in the midst of the agitation, a rock appeared among the surf, and then another and another. The rolling of the waves increased to such a degree, that the ship, though now rapidly leaving the spot, was tossed about more violently than she had been in any

storm she had encountered. The whole bottom of the ocean seemed to be convulsed, for an island nearly a mile in length, was upheaved by the waves, and piled many feet above the level of the sea. The water, in rolling back from the rocks, nearly dragged Thorwald and his vessel beneath the surface. They escaped, however, as by a miracle. The island presented a jagged outline, with unsightly fragments of rock rising into the air. This phenomenon Thorwald remembered to have been told was not uncommon in the neighborhood of Iceland. Islands sometimes appeared in this manner along its coasts and as suddenly disappeared. Their creation was ascribed to volcanic agency, and he thought the specimen that had just fallen under his observation, might very naturally be attributed to the same cause that had so agitated Mt. Hecla the day before.

A strong northerly wind which now sprung up, promised to bear them quickly away from these dangerous latitudes. They sailed towards the south for many days, and passed so near to the coast of Greenland, as to feel the colder temperature of the air. This spot once passed, every day's sail brought them into a milder and more genial climate, or what seemed such by contrast. One month after leaving Iceland, they descried land to the south-west, and putting on all sail, soon anchored on the coast. Thorwald and his crew went ashore,* but found only a wild rocky region, without any kind of verdure. After a brief expedition into the interior, which they found as barren and as inhospitable as the shores, they re-embarked, and putting the vessel's head south, kept on their way. A week's sail brought them to another place, where they landed.* They found nothing here but a few scattered thickets and white sand. The land was low and flat, and had a desolate, gloomy appearance. Sailing onward before a north wind, they reached a third spot, which was sheltered by an island. There was a balminess in the air, a warmth in the rays of the sun, such as Thorwald had never known before. There was a slight haze in the air, like smoke, and as the vessel glided along the coast, propelled by a gentle breeze, he was so overcome by the beauty of the scene, and the languid influences of the atmosphere, that he stretched himself out upon the deck, and gazed at the sight in a sort of dreamy wonder. The ship was within a quarter of a mile of the shore—the season was August, and Thorwald and his crew were contemplating, towards the close of a summer's day, the variegated scenery of Massachusetts. Sometimes they coasted along the edge of a deep forest, and sometimes passed by meadows extending far into the interior. Thorwald, whose eye was accustomed to scenes of wintry desolation, was at first unwilling to believe in the reality of what he saw; he

* This, the first spot in North America discovered by the Northmen, was named by them Helluland, or "Land of Rocks." It is now named Newfoundland.

* This country, which received the name of Markland, or "Flat Land" from the Northmen, is now known as Nova Scotia.

remembered Olaf's chase after a phantom-land, which after turning upside down, and cutting numerous other capers, finally withdrew from observation altogether. He at last gave the order to set the ship's head towards shore. As they approached, he gazed with aching eyes, almost expecting to see the fairy scene retreat before him. But the meadows expanded, and the individual trees began to stand out from the forests which they helped to form. A river flowed into the ocean at the spot to which the vessel was urging her way. Its banks were scattered here and there with flowers, while the graceful shadows of elms and maples were thrown from shore to shore by the declining sun. As they entered the stream, the wind died away, but the tide, which was setting strongly in, bore them before it. Signs of animal life began now to appear on every side. There were birds in the trees, curious four-legged creatures, such as Thorwald had never seen, among the bushes, and fish in the river. But not a human being was present to welcome the strangers. They sounded their conch-shells, and the echoes reverberated from hill to hill, but they waited in vain for a reply. The shadows of the elms grew longer and longer, and a shade came over the scene. The vessel kept noiselessly on her way, the daring Norwegians standing in silence, contemplating the scene. Then the sun, whose last rays lingered a moment on the topmast, disappeared entirely, and twilight came on. Gradually the darkness increased, and the stars appeared. The anchor was thrown over, and they came to a pause for the night. Thus were a party of hardy Northmen, who had sailed across the Northern Ocean, from their home among the Arctic Regions, who had passed by the Maelstrom, and escaped the fury of Mt. Hecla, calmly pillowed upon the bosom of a New England river.

Thorwald's sleep was troubled that night in a variety of ways. First, the bullfrogs on the banks prolonged their melodies to a most unreasonable hour; secondly, the mosquitoes of the neighborhood came in a body to the ship, and insisted on introducing themselves to the strangers, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. Finally, when he had fallen into his first slumber, a tormenting vision whispered in his ear that the land he had discovered was a spell his own brain had conjured up. He started from his berth, and running on deck, strained his half-opened eyes at the darkness around him. The vessel lay at anchor, and the river, its banks, and the trees overhanging them, were plainly visible by the light of the stars. He commended himself to slumber again, and slept soundly for some hours. He was awaked by a violent crash, and again he ran on deck. A change had come over the scene. The stars were no longer visible, and the darkness was so profound, that though the boatswain was talking in Thorwald's ear, he could not see him at all. The rain was falling in torrents; vivid flashes of lightning threw a blue glare over river and shore, and loud peals of thunder filled the air with a constant roar.

The startled Norwegians were gathered together in groups, terrified at this war of the elements. A summer thunderstorm was a novelty to them. The atmosphere of Norway had never accustomed them to such displays. The Aurora Borealis, nights and days of three months each, mock suns, fata morgana, and such like meteorological trifles had been familiar to them from boyhood; but a thunderstorm, a midnight, rampant, swashing thunderstorm, they never saw that till they anchored in the Merrimac!

A Letter from Billy Bump!

DEAR MOTHER:—It is so long since I wrote to you last, that you may imagine I am dead, or lost, or have forgotten you. *Forgotten you?* no, no, my dear mother. If you could look into my heart, you would not say that. I might forget everything else, but not you. Far off as I am—mixed up in this queer, strange, wild, odd, absurd, sublime city of San Francisco—yet not a day, not an hour passes, but I think of the little brown house at Sundown—of you and father, and everything else in that little paradise.

But I must tell you what has happened since I wrote last. You know that I succeeded in recovering $30,000 of Señor Naldi, and that this belonged to the creditors of uncle Ben. I have since learned that they gave the whole of it to aunt and cousin Lucy. They are well off now, and I am very glad of it. I sometimes feel a little proud that they are indebted to me for their good fortune. Perhaps I ought not to feel so, for they had been very kind to me, and it was natural for me to do all in my power to serve them.

But why has not cousin Lucy written to me? Has she forgotten me? Is she insensible to my efforts in her behalf? A few kind words from her would pay me for all I have done—but even these she could not bestow. Oh, how hard it is to feel that we are forgotten by those we love, and those who owe us thanks!

There certainly was never such a place got together before, as this San Francisco. The people are rushing in from all quarters of the world—from Europe, from the United States, from Canada, Mexico, South America, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and even from China. The oddest looking thing you ever saw upon the water has arrived here from the Celestial Empire. It was manned entirely by Chinese. It brought a large quantity of tea and various other articles; among them was a lot of superb crape shawls, but there were no women here to wear them. They were purchased, however, and will be sent from this place to New York. Thus the trade with China, it seems, is turned west instead of east—and this at some future day is likely to be the established course of traffic between that country and the United States.

But I must proceed with my story. Immediately after arriving here, I began to think of the best means of acquiring money. This, indeed, is uppermost in everybody's mind. Everybody here, as a matter of course, has the gold fever. Under its influence, not only reasonable, but unreasonable means are adopted for acquiring the precious metal. The leading idea is to go to the mines, and after some reflection I determined to go there myself.

I therefore joined a company of four persons, and we set out on the journey. Most people go by water, in small vessels and steamboats, but as the fare is sixty dollars a head, most of our party were too poor to adopt this course. We purchased a tent, kettle, two stools, three or four scrapers, spades, hoes, pans, &c. These we sent by a boat. Having made all our preparations, we proceeded on foot.

After travelling for six days, we reached the banks of the river Sacramento, and four days after, our tent and other things arrived in the boat. We were impatient to begin, and therefore, taking our luggage, we proceeded along the banks of the river about seven miles, to a place which had been represented as very rich in gold. We were, of course, a good deal fatigued; but the idea of digging up gold from the earth almost as plentiful as gravel stones, kept us in a constant state of excitement. Everywhere, we met with persons like ourselves going in search of the divine metal. Odd-looking customers were they in general, and some of them were the strangest specimens you ever beheld.

At last, we reached our place of destination. We could hardly stay to erect our tent, so eager were we to begin. Everything being at last ready, we took our scrapers and pans, and distributed ourselves among the rocks. The country consisted of a ledge sloping to the river; it was entirely destitute of trees, and would have had a sad and dreary aspect, but for the treasures which we knew to rest in its bosom.

Never did I look upon the rough, gravelly soil with such a keen, intense feeling of curiosity, as when I first knelt down and began to scrape among the sand. I experienced some disappointment, for the gold did not suddenly make its appearance. I had worked myself up to a high pitch of hope and expectation, and had dreamed of picking up lumps as big as my fist—of getting suddenly rich—of returning to Boston—of going to Sundown, and telling you of my good fortune. What delight would it be, thought I, to take you and father back to Boston—to restore you to society and friends—to see you once more happy and at ease—and to see that cloud, that gloomy frown, which has hung on father's brow for so many years, converted into smiles by the sunshine of better fortune—to experience this, and feel that I, your son, poor Billy Bump, had done it all! Such had been my dreams day and night, for many weeks, and when the moment came for bringing them to the test of experiment, my feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement.

Oh! dear mother, if you could have

seen me at that moment, down on my knees, scraping into the earth with a zeal equal to that of a wood-chuck making a burrow! My cap was thrown aside—my eyes strained with gazing at every pebble that came up in the mass of earth—my hands half clenched, ready to seize the expected treasure. Thus I began and worked for several minutes without success; at length, I made a lucky dive into the gravel. Three or four shining yellow bits came up, about the size of grains of wheat. My heart beat violently—again and again I struck into the fortunate bed—my fear passed away—a sense of joy thrilled through me—and I whispered to myself, in my ecstacy, "this is not a dream—it is all true; I shall be a rich man yet."—At the same time, perspiration burst from my forehead, and in the excitement, I felt, in that lone, desolate spot, an emotion of happiness, which words cannot describe.

I worked about four hours, and as the sun had set, I returned to the tent. I had, at least, one ounce of pure gold, and my companions had been almost as successful as myself. We made our supper of ham, which we broiled for ourselves. We treated ourselves each to a single cracker, this being our first day, and one of great success. We slept each with a blanket around us, well protected by our tent. The weather, however, had been rainy, and the ground was cold and moist, so that we all felt a little stiff the next morning. However, we set about our work with great eagerness, and this day also proved successful.

Thus we continued for four weeks, averaging about an ounce of gold each day. In the mean time, nothing remarkable occurred. My hopes had now grown into confidence. I was already worth about five hundred dollars. Two years, even allowing for drawbacks, would make me rich; or, at least, rich enough to accomplish those schemes so dear to my heart. "Two years," thought I, "are a great while; but the object at which I aim is worthy of the sacrifice. May Heaven bless and preserve my poor parents in the mean time!" Animated with such thoughts, I pursued my labor day by day, as sternly and steadily as if I had been a steam-engine, without feeling, and without the wear and tear of fatigue. But, alas! a turn of fortune was at hand!

You will understand that the whole region around was occupied by different parties; many of these were very wild and reckless creatures. Some of them drank a great deal, and many of them spent the half of every night in gambling. When the weather got to be hot, several of these persons, who lived irregular lives, were attacked with disease. It seemed to be a kind of fever, and generally proved fatal in a few hours. At least fifty persons near our encampment were thus swept off in the course of a few days.

A general panic was the consequence, and most of the diggers fled. Our own party had concluded to decamp, but just as we were about making our preparations, one of our number was smitten with the disease. He

became giddy, staggered and fell to the ground. Three of our members immediately disappeared, and I never saw them again. The question then came as to what I should do myself. In the first moment of fear, I resolved to go; but a little reflection satisfied me that I was wrong, and that I must stay beside our sick companion at all hazards.

Having made up my mind, I set about my plan as calmly as possible. I knew my danger, but I also felt my duty. I immediately put the tent in order and got the sick man into it. In a short time, he was in a raging fever. I had no medicine, and did not know how to use it, even if I had possessed any. When night came, my situation was gloomy enough. The whole region around was entirely deserted. The laugh, the shout, the hurrah, which had hitherto broken the stillness of the night, were entirely hushed.

The darkness was intense, and I had neither lamp nor candle. I sat down in one corner of the tent, occupied with very sad and anxious thoughts; I had very little hope of escape from the disease itself. In almost every case hitherto, it had proved fatal. I however prayed to Heaven for support, for protection and deliverance. From this I derived courage and hope, even in a situation so forlorn. It is a strange, yet gratifying thought, that however desperate our condition, however remote we may be from human help, the heart of man may yet draw down strength and consolation from heaven.

During the whole night, my companion raved like a maniac. His mind seemed to be filled with horrid dreams. His history I had never known. He was a Mexican by birth, and went by the name of Antonio. He had been in the mining country before, and we took him into our party, because of his experience. He was a man of middle stature, broad shoulders, intensely black hair and eyes, with very large white teeth. Whenever he smiled, these were fully disclosed, giving his countenance a singular mixture of good and evil expression. His two upper front teeth had been knocked out, opening a hole into his mouth, almost large enough for a mouse to enter. As he lay upon his bed, with his pale and distorted countenance, his appearance was really frightful.

Toward the close of the second day, as I was sitting in the tent, watching the contortions of the invalid, a sudden faintness came over me. In a few moments, everything grew dark, and I soon found myself stretched upon the ground. My senses rallied a little, and drawing a blanket into one corner of the tent, I laid myself down with a conviction that I was about to take my last look upon the realities of life. I rose upon my elbow and gazed around. At this moment, Antonio did the same. He seemed bewildered at first, but speedily recollected himself. His eyes at last rested upon me. He made a faint effort to speak, and finally he said, "You sick, too—then we are both lost!"

"No, Antonio," said I, "the fever is past with you, and you will recover; I

shall die—I feel sure of it. Swear to me, Antonio, that you will send the gold I have gathered to my parents. Their address you will find in my pocket-book. They are poor, I am their only child—their only hope. They will mourn my loss, but this gold will be a great comfort to them. Send it to them, Antonio, and you will earn Heaven's blessing and that of my parents. Do you promise it?"

"I swear it!" said he, devoutly crossing himself. I now sank back upon the ground; my brain seemed on fire, and my reason wandered. Strange dreams filled my imagination, and terrible pains racked my body. At last reason vanished, and I became lost in insensibility.

How long a time passed, I do not know, but at length I seemed to awake from a profound sleep. All seemed strange; but I soon perceived that I was still in the tent. I gazed around, but no one was there. I spoke; I called; I screamed; but there was no reply. Terrified at the idea that I was thus deserted, I attempted to rise, but staggered and fell. I made new efforts, and crept to the door of the tent. It was the gray of morning. Everything looked fresh and fair, but all was still. I could see no living being. I shouted as loud as my weakness would permit, but there was no reply, save a faint echo from the opposite hills.

I went back into the tent and sought for my bundle. It was gone—my clothes, my pocket-book, my gold—everything had been taken away! A mingled tide of bitter emotions overwhelmed me, and I fell back upon the earth.

After a time, my senses returned and I crept out of the cabin: the fair sunshine and the fresh morning breeze revived me. Hope returned, and I determined to make an effort for life. I went down to the river, though with some difficulty, and refreshed myself with a bath, and also eat a small piece of ham which I had found in the tent. Taking a stick as a cane, I set out for a little valley which I had heard described as the residence of a Spanish farmer, about five miles distant.

By the middle of the afternoon I had proceeded nearly half the way. Feeling faint and weary, I proceeded toward a small clump of bushes, for the purpose of seeking shelter from the burning sun. I was about to enter, when I heard a hissing sound, which I well knew to be the warning of a rattle-snake. I gazed into the open space beneath the shade. There lay the stiffened form of Antonio, and on his breast coiled the hideous reptile whose threatening I had heard! On seeing me the creature glided away. My companion was already swollen and changed to a greenish hue by the poison of the serpent which had caused his death. At his side lay a large bundle. How useless was it to him—how futile had proved his treachery to me! I took the bundle without scruple. There was my own property, and among that of Antonio, I found gold and jewels which afterwards proved to be worth $10,000!

But I have not space, my dear Mo-

ther, to tell you my whole story in this letter. The most wonderful and painful part of my narrative is yet to come. I shall write soon, and then you will know all. In the mean time, may Heaven bless you and Father, and watch over Your son,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Remarkable Story of an Albatros.

THE subjoined anecdote of an albatros is taken from a recent number of the Montreal Transcript. The writer vouches for its fidelity to truth. Persons who have seen that most restless of birds, and are familiar with its strength and its habits, (says the Louisville Journal,) will have less difficulty in believing in this story than those who have not seen it. It is an admirable story, and is very well told.

"The following most extraordinary circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the 83d regiment, now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the 83d regiment, to which the writer belonged, was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Maddened at the punishment, the poor fellow was no sooner released, than, in sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept on astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamed of looking for it before.

"During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and whilst the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatros, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel." Incredible as this story seems, the name of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, places its authenticity beyond a doubt.

But for the assistance thus afforded, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down—all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who after this should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatros; what eye could see safety under such circumstances; or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, *there may be an albatros near.*

Indian Picture Writing.

IT appears that the Indians of the western country have certain curious devices, which answer, in some degree, the purposes of writing. The pictorial inscriptions often found on the rocks in various parts of the country, consist of the symbolic names of Indians who have visited these places. Catlin remarks that from the feeling of vanity everywhere belonging to man, has proceeded the habit of recording their names or symbols, such as birds, beasts, or reptiles, by which every family and each individual is known. The paintings of their robes being also a species of hieroglyphic writing, were in many cases very curious, and generally represented the exploits of their military lives, which they are always anxious to record.

The same system was to some extent adopted for more practical purposes. Thatcher says that on a piece of bark, or on a large tree with the bark taken off for the purpose, by the side of a path, they can, and do give every necessary information to those who travel the same way. They will, in this manner, let them know that they were a warlike party, of so many men, from such a place, of such a nation, and of such a tribe; how many of each tribe were of the party; to which tribe the chief or captain belonged; in what direction they proceeded to meet the enemy; how many days they were out, and how many returning; what number of the enemy they had killed; how many prisoners they had brought; how many scalps they had taken; whether they had lost any of their party, and how many; what enemies they had met with, and of how many they consisted; of what nation or tribe their captain was, &c.:—all which is perfectly understood by them at a single glance.

They will describe a chase in the same style. All the tribes adopt this practice to some extent; and the princi-

ple upon which it is founded is so natural and so plain, that the Delawares will read the drawings of the Chippewas, Shawanees, Wyandots, or Six Nations, with nearly as much ease as they decypher those of their own tribe.

Mr. Tanner, who lived some time among the Indians, and was adopted by one of the tribes, furnishes the following anecdote. He was traversing the woods in the early spring, on his way towards Red River, when, one morning, he noticed on the borders of a stream, a little stick standing in the bank, and a piece of birch bark attached to the top of it. On examination, he found the mark of *a rattle-snake with a knife, the handle touching the snake, and the point sticking into a bear with a drooping head.* Near the snake also was the mark of a beaver, with one of its legs touching the snake. This had been left for Mr. Tanner's information by his foster-brother, Wa-nogou-a-biew, and he gathered from it that the latter, whose badge was a rattle-snake, and whose mother's badge was a beaver, had killed a man whose badge was a bear. That he was dead, and not wounded merely, was indicated by the position of the head. The event proved his suppositions to be entirely correct.

Mr. Catlin furnishes us with a copy of an Indian song which was drawn on birch bark, and sung by the Chippewas previous to a hunt. We give a representation of it above. The song is composed and the drawing made by a medicine man, or priest, and it is sung by him while the hunters dance around and join in the chorus. The purpose of this incantation is to conciliate the spirits that preside over the animals, and thus ensure to the hunting party a successful expedition. The figures drawn on the bark, and which constitute the song, are symbolical representations of ideas, but are generally understood only by the jugglers who compose them.

Rat Story.

"I HAVE always felt some regard for a rat since my cruise in the Constellation. We were fitting for sea at Norfolk, and taking in water and provisions; a plank was resting on the sill of one of the ports which communicated with the wharf. On a bright moonlight evening, we discovered two rats on the plank coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both, and found, to our surprise, the one led by the other was stone blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board, where he would have comfortable quarters during a three years cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either, and landed them on the wharf. How many there are in this world to whom the fidelity of that rat readeth a lesson!"

DECK AND PORT.

AN EXCHANGE PAPER says that "the locomotive is the only good *motive* that has ever been given for riding a man on a rail."

Mosquitoes in Hindostan.

CAPT. BASIL HALL gives the following amusing sketch, which is no doubt the result of experience. The curtains he speaks of are thin nets, put over the bed to exclude these pestilent insects.

"As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress all around, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush or switch, generally made of a horse's tail, or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and by the light of the cocoa-nut oil lamp, which burns on the floor of every bed-room in Hindostan, you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighborhood, by whisking round your horse-tail; and before proceeding farther, you must be sure that you have effectually driven the enemy back.

"If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these villainous animals appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigor and bravery of flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tails and towels. Let it be supposed however, that you have succeeded in beating back your enemy. You next promptly form an opening not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap like Harlequin through a hoop.

"Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas! for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint pressure of your eyelids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets.

"Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But, in the next instant, what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close to your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honor had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer, in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you an inch, till at length he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty mosquitoes, had they been there congregated.

"Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter a phrase or two of gratified revenge, and down you lie again. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You of course watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy that he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as harmless as the first. About this stage of the action, you discover, to your horror, that you have been soundly bit in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell.

"These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows! but to fight. You seize your horse-tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain that you must at last have demolished your friend. In this unequal warfare you pass the livelong night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself, fretting and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places. At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets on your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the

room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy, but useless and inglorious prey."

The Ox Kind—The Syrian Ox.

THERE are several varieties of the Ox kind, such as the *Bison* of our Western prairies; the *Musk Ox* of the Polar regions of North America; the *Aurochs*, or wild bull of Europe; the *Buffalo* of Europe, Asia and Africa, and several breeds of *Domestic* cattle. These are all of one general kind or genus, but they are of different species, just as the horse, the ass, and the zebra, are of one genus, though of different species.

The usefulness of the ox kind to man, in all countries and all ages, has made it a subject of universal observation and interest. The Egyptians, who deified objects of great utility, worshipped a bull, as a type or symbol of one of their Gods. It is supposed some of the Pyramids of Egypt were temples erected in honor of this bull-god, which bore the name of Apis. The Pyramid opened by the celebrated traveller, Belzoni, was found to contain, in a large chamber, the bones of a bull, nor could it be discovered that the immense edifice was erected for any other purpose than to shelter these brute-bones. It is supposed that the Jews in worshipping the golden calf, made by Aaron, imitated the idolatry of the Egyptians.

We see in the code of laws given to the Jews by Moses, several distinct arti-

cles devoted to the use and management of oxen. These animals formed a considerable part of the Jewish sacrifice, as if these were most acceptable to God. The same practices prevailed among the Greeks and Romans. Twelve brazen oxen, as large as life, supported the brazen sea, erected by Solomon in his famous temple. It is supposed that these typified the twelve apostles. The Jews used the ox or bullock as a symbol of comeliness and strength. Thus the beauty of Joseph is compared to a bullock, and the bulls of Bashan are illustrative of fierce and insolent enemies.

In Asia the domestic oxen are generally of the hunched species, called the *Zebu.* The *Syrian ox*, referred to in ancient writings, is supposed to be the Buffalo, which is found wild, both in Asia and Africa, and is domesticated in Italy, where it is used in the place of the common ox.

The Savage and Civilized State.

IT is now somewhat more than 200 years since the first white people established themselves in Connecticut. These were natives of England, and some settled in what is now called New Haven. At that time, the country around was in a state of nature. There were a few Indians here and there, but they were not accustomed to cut down the forest, or convert the lands into waving fields of wheat, rye and corn. They had no towns, no cities, no roads; their dwellings were made of small trees covered with sod. They planted a few hills of corn. Their chief subsistence was obtained by fishing, and by hunting deer, wild turkeys, rabbits, squirrels and partridges. There was nothing in their mode of life which led them to change the face of nature.

When the white men came, they introduced an entirely different system. They cut down the trees so that they might have space to build their houses. Their dwellings were erected near each other, and thence towns and villages sprang up. They lived chiefly upon bread made from wheat, rye and corn, and therefore they cleared large fields where they might cultivate these grains. They used horses for travelling, and for drawing vehicles. They had cows to give them milk, and oxen to draw the plough, and fat cattle to furnish them with beef. They had sheep to yield them wool for clothing, and hogs to furnish them with lard and pork. They wanted grain and pasture grounds so as to feed these animals, and thus, they had additional reasons for cutting and clearing away the forest.

Nor was even this all. Our English ancestors could not be satisfied, like the rough Indian, with just enough of the products of nature to sustain life. They had ideas of comfort—of convenience and pleasure, which needed gratification. So, beside milk and wool and grain and meat, they must have gardens to fur-

nish them with potatoes and turnips and beets and carrots; nay, they must have lettuce and pepper-grass and spinach. At last, they must have flowers—lilacs, pinks, roses, lilies and laburnums!

Thus we see how a country occupied by Indians remains a waste wilderness from one generation to another. There was no principle of improvement among them. War, hunting and fishing were their sole occupations. They had no books, but little knowledge, and very little religion. They had few wants, few hopes and few fears. One generation was the same as another. They were born, they lived, they died, leaving almost as little trace behind them as the wind and the sunshine. Thus, they neither improved as communities, nor did they bestow any improvement upon the countries they occupied.

Such were the savages of New Haven—such, indeed, are savages all over the world. How different is it with civilized nations! those who have schools, bibles, churches, houses, roads, ships, towns, cities, and cultivated lands.

If any one desires to see and feel the power and effect of civilization, let him go to New Haven and see what it now is. Let him look at its College—take a glance at its splendid library, at its superb cabinet of minerals—at its fine gallery of paintings. Let him look at the churches—models of architecture—nay, let him enter in of a Sabbath day, and listen to that worship, which unfolds the sublimities of the Christian religion. Let him go over the city and mark the beautiful streets. Let him consider the houses—in each of which is assembled so much of taste, luxury and refinement. Let him go to the cemetery, and see that over the sleeping place of the dead, there is an air of comfort and content. And having taken this survey, let the observer contrast these scenes with the savage period when there were no houses, no libraries, no churches; when there was no Sabbath; where the war-whoop took the place of the sabbath bell, and where the burial ground was open to the invasion of the wolf and bear. Then will he be prepared to measure the difference between a savage and civilized state.

It is true that the history of almost every town and city in our country teaches the same lesson as that of New Haven. But, inasmuch as the history of that city is generally known, and its beauty furnishes a striking example of the progress and effect of civilization, we have selected it in preference to other examples.

A COUNTRY MERCHANT having procured a new clerk, waked him up the morning after he was hired, at a most unreasonably early hour, by calling out that "the family were sitting down to the table."

"Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never allow myself to eat any thing during the night!"

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Say what you will—there is some fun in being editor of Merry's Museum. Read the following letter, and tell me if you do not think so.

Middleburgh, Loudon Co., Virginia.

Mr. Parley:

I cannot feel that it would be quite proper in me, to address you any longer as "my dear," since the reception of your likeness has discovered the imposition practised upon the whole tribe of black and blue eyed correspondents. You have come to us every month, in the form and aspect of a venerable old man, requiring the support of his cane, surrounded by a troop of children, talking of old age and rheumatism, with an occasional hint that "your qualities surpass your charms;" and when by such false pretences, you have enticed us into an affectionate correspondence, you spring a mine upon us, and come forth such a good-looking, smart, middle-aged gentleman, that we blush to think how familiar we have been. Not that I like you the less, Mr. Parley, for not being old and ugly; but as I am eleven years old, you know it would not seem right to be so unreserved with you, hereafter. However, I send you a conundrum which I found in an old manuscript the other day; and as I always pay *my* postage, I hope you will publish it. Your friend,

Fanny B. C.

CONUNDRUM.

One fourth of Colossus, or half of a cold;
With a virgin recluse, of a sanctified mould;
Add to these a most empty, and noisy machine,
And a thing without meaning, you'll find they will mean.

What a real quiz that Fanny B. C. must be!

The following is valuable for the rhyming classification, which not only shows much knowledge, but great ingenuity. It reminds me of a wren's nest I once saw, which was made of sticks, straw, a bit of clam-shell, a red ribbon, the thumb of an old mitten, two snake-skins, and a yellow garter; all woven together so as to make a very symmetrical, smooth sort of dwelling for Mrs. and Mr. Wren. I wish P. B. would complete the classification.

Bureau Co., Ill., March 16th, 1850.

Mr. Merry:

Dear Sir—We have taken your Museum several years, and have derived much profit as well as pleasure from reading it. We have it all except the first volume.

We noticed in the last volume, an alphabetical description of animals in rhyme. The following is an attempt to throw into rhyme the peculiar characteristics which distinguish the classes of animals in the grand division known as vertebrata, and of the several orders included in the class mammalia. It is no easy task to work in such crooked names, and they are not as smoothly wrought as we should like—but such as the job is, it is at your service. Yours respectfully,

P. B.

CLASSES OF ANIMALS INCLUDED IN THE GRAND DIVISION, VERTEBRATA.

All animated nature's ranged—as modern science teaches,
In divisions, classes, orders, tribes, genera, and species.
Division Vertebrata's first—all creatures it embraces,
With spinal marrow in back bones, and comprehends four classes.
Class 1. Mammalia holds all the viviparous train,
Who in their infancy, from milk, their nourishment obtain.
2d. Aves, doth all the oviparous feathered race,
With two wings furnished, and two legs, within its scope, embrace.
3d. Reptilia, contains the amphibious finless troop;
With or without feet—oviparous or not—a motley group.
4th. Pisces doth all th'oviparous finny tribes comprise,
Who bear the general name of fish, of every form and size.

ORDERS IN CLASS MAMMALIA.

Nine orders are comprised within the class Mammalia—
The animals of each distinctive character display.

Order 1. *Bimani* heads the catalogue—and only man embraces,
O'er all the world disseminate—lord of all other races.
One genus, one species, are all this order brings to view,
Comprising the whole human race, of every form and hue.
2. In *Quadrumani* the four-handed families we see,
The ourang-outang, ouistitis, maki, and chimpanzee.
3. *Carnivora* includes the beasts whose appetites incline
To feed on flesh—have toes and nails, no thumbs, but teeth canine.
To this belong the otter, bear, the hedghog, mole, and bat—
The walrus, seal and weasel, the lion, dog, and cat.
4. *Marsupialia* such includes as hide their young from view,
Within a pouch, as do the opossum and the kangaroo.
5. *Rodentia* have no canine teeth, but incisors in each jaw,
By which the roguish animals are fitted well to gnaw.
They've toes with nails—and food mostly in vegetables find;
As squirrel, rabbit, porcupine, and rats of various kind.
6. In *Edentata* an odd list of moping creatures fall,
With hoof-like nails—incisors none—some with no teeth at all—
Here group the sloths and ant-eaters, who seem but little blest—
The armadillo and pangolin, in scaly armor drest.
7. In *Pachydermata*, the largest quadrupeds are shown,
Mostly thick-skinned—all having hoofs—without a collar bone;
The elephant, the horse and hog, are here assigned their places,
And the *mastodon giganteum* among the extinct races.
8. In *Ruminantia* are embraced all that the cud do chew,
With cloven hoofs—front teeth below—fit eating for a Jew.
Instance the ox, the sheep and goat, among the creatures tame;
The deer, the moose and buffalo, found in the backwoods game.
9. *Cetacea* includes the aquatic mammals large and small,
With finlike limbs used as fore-feet, but no hind feet at all.
The porpoise, dolphin, and the whale have here a place awarded—
Though much like fishes they may seem, they are not so regarded.

Rhinebeck, April 8th, 1850.

To the Editor of Merry's Museum:

The following is a most true account written by a lad, now one of your subscribers; and as Howe's cave has some celebrity, I have thought the communication might be interesting to your readers. Should you conclude to publish it, it is, of course, subject to any corrections you may choose to make. Yours respectfully,

C. E. S.

AN EXCURSION TO HOWE'S CAVE—SCHOHARIE Co., N. Y.

In the month of August 1849, I was on a visit to the small but pleasant village of S********. It being our summer vacation, there was nothing to disturb our minds or weary our brains, except the arrangements that pertained to the next day's pleasure trip. We had agreed to visit a huge cavern in the neighborhood, called Howe's cave. This cave was discovered by accident a few years since by the person from whom it takes its name.

The way in which it happened was this. The discoverer was one day sitting on the ground near his house, amusing himself with his violin. While thus sitting, his attention was directed to a small hole in the ground, from which cool air seemed to come. His curiosity being excited by this circumstance, he took a spade and commenced digging around it; and after digging some time, he found to his delight that there seemed to be a large pit underneath. He pursued his explorations slowly and cautiously at first, from fear of deep holes and unhealthy air, but advanced further and further, until now the cave has been penetrated to the distance of about six miles.

The afternoon selected for our excursion was as fair and pleasant as could be wished, with the exception of rather a warm atmosphere. Everything being ready, we started; and after a ride of about an hour we arrived at the public house near the cave, where we found a large company of young ladies and gentlemen who had come for the same purpose. Having obtained old clothes and other articles necessary, we entered the cave. The guide gave us each a torch, and he carried an air-tight box with tinder and other combustibles inside, that he might strike a light if by any accident the torches should be extinguished.

The entrance of this cave, which a few years ago was only a small hole, just large enough for a man to crawl through, has been cut away and extended so that a carriage can pass in. The

first thing we noticed was the great change of atmosphere. Having proceeded a small distance, we turned to the right and ascended a natural stairway. Looking around, we beheld two large rooms, one leading into the other. These were beautifully decorated with stalactites hanging down from the ceiling like icicles, and glittering in the light of the torches.

While going along, we were struck with the diversities of the path, sometimes treading along a low, narrow passage, hardly large enough to pass through by stooping; then opening into a spacious room with a ceiling forty feet high; now climbing up rocks, now descending into deep caverns. While proceeding in this manner, the guide told us to stop and listen. We listened and heard a noise like the roaring of a cataract in the distance. As we went on, it became louder and louder; but what is very curious, the cataract has never been discovered, although it has often been searched for.

After a while we came to a beautiful lake. This lake is almost four hundred feet long, and from five to forty feet deep, but not very wide. A boat was moored to the shore, in which half of our company took passage, it not being large enough to accommodate all. As we were sailing over the lake, we noticed hanging over our heads ornaments more beautiful than any we had yet seen. On the opposite shore the guide showed us a very large stalagmite, said to be the largest one known, and computed to weigh twenty tons. Among other curiosities, he pointed out to us the piano, which when struck, sends forth a sound resembling the music of that instrument. As one half of our party were still waiting on the other side, I returned with the boat and remained.

As I stood alone upon the bank, the scene before me was truly beautiful. The boat gliding over the lake, receding further and further, and the torches throwing their light over the water, the first party on the other side singing, and their music echoing through the cave, added greatly to the grandeur of the scene. We soon set out on our return, and on arriving at the mouth of the cave, it was just dark.

E. C. S.

Meriden, Conn., Thursday, April 18th, 1850.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I believe you allow your subscribers to write to you, if they pay their postage. I should think so, at least, by the number of letters that you print, monthly. I believe the Meriden folks are pretty sure to pay the postage on their letters. I have taken your Magazine five years, and have been very well pleased with it, more so than with any other I take. The stories of Billy Bump, Jacob Karl, the Swans, and Fairy Mignonne, were, I think, the prettiest. I am very well pleased with Fairy Tales. Your story of Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover, is, in my estimation, excellent.

Mr. Merry, please in the next number answer one question; is the story of Billy Bump true, or is it a fictitious tale? I really hope the story will be continued. If Billy is lost in the depths of California, I hope some one will find him; and when they do, I trust he will have a long story to tell, and you a long one to print.

From a friend and subscriber,

JOHN J——.

Our friend John will find in this number a letter from Billy Bump, which, we hope, will please him, and some of our other friends. We expect another letter from Bill, next month. When I see him, I will tell him that John J——, of Meriden, wishes to know whether he is a real or a fictitious Billy Bump. John's question reminds me of an Irishman's inquiry on board a steamboat going from Charleston to New York. There happened to be a monstrous turtle on board; so the Irishman took the captain aside—"Captain," said he, "I wish to ask a question." "Very well," said the captain, "what is it?" "Sir," said Teague, "is that turtle rael, or is it mock?"

Brooklyn, May 6th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:—As I suppose you wish the answers to the puzzles in the Museum, to be given in the June number, which closes the 19th volume, I herewith send the solution of all those contained in the May issue.

The answer to the first is "A little more grape, Captain Bragg."

The Arkansas knot I have learned by heart as it stands in the text. I pass it off on my aunt for Greek. When untied, it reads thus:

Friendship's a pure, a heaven-descended flame,
Worthy the happy region whence it came;
The sacred tie which virtuous spirits binds,
The golden chain that links immortal minds.

"William Bump" was so easy, that I didn't take the pains to figure it out; the answer, however, is correct, you may rely upon it. The fourth is "The Giant's Causeway."

STEEL PEN.

Cape Lookout, April 5th.

I declare, Mr. Merry, I never felt more like scolding in all my life. My last letter is not in the Museum, and no notice is taken of it in any way whatever. I have not the satisfaction of knowing whether you ever even received it. Generally, when you have not room to print all the letters you get, you at least acknowledge the reception of them by saying, "we have also favors from A, B, C, or X, Y, Z;" but there is is no favor acknowledged from me. What does it mean, Mr. Merry?

Now I can scold famously, and I have got up quite a credit for it among my school-fellows. I don't know whether you or any who may read this, will consider it a desirable reputation or not, but you, Mr. Merry, are doing your best to encourage me in it, by giving me an opportunity. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll publish this letter, I will not give a blow or speak a scolding word for a week. What an inducement for one like you, so desirous of inculcating good principles in children! Perhaps you don't approve of the system of bribing; but suppose you can't gain your end in any other way, won't you make the best of a bad job?

Now let me lay the case plainly before you, and you will feel with me that I have been injured. I chose a sheet of gilt-edged paper, with a beautiful rose in the corner, borrowed grandpa's gold pen, and seated myself at mother's writing-desk. I told you where I lived, and what I did, and who I was; and thinking that this would have at least the merit of being something new to you, I folded my letter, directed it and sent it—and—and—and—O! I see my fault. Pardon, Mr. Merry, you are the one to scold. I *forgot the postage!* Yours, TOMCAT.

The following letter is from a correspondent whose favors are always most welcome.

MR. MERRY:—I send you some trifles, which you may insert, if you conceive that they will please your readers. E. B. H.

THE RAIN.

I love the rain, the gentle rain,
As it falleth drop by drop;
Like the prattle of my little Jane,
That knows not when to stop.

I love the rain, the pouring rain,
That streameth from the sky;
Of water, both to hill and plain,
Sending a rich supply.

I love the rain, the early rain,
That bids the blossoms rise,
To robe the teeming earth again'
With spring's unnumbered dyes.

I love the rain, the later rain
That promises once more,
The farmer's labors are not vain,
He shall garner up full store.

CHARADE.

Look in the tiny leaf
Look in the laughing face,
For my fairy figure there,
You easily may trace.

Above, beneath, around,
I am found in every place;
In earth and heaven and air,
And smile in every grace.

Yet in vain along the sky,
Rocks and rivers everywhere,
May you seek my little self,
You will never find me there.

CHARADE.

My first is so excitable, a touch will make it go;
Yet strange! it oft is coupled, for description's sake, with slow.
Shall I say my next is small, ah! it is even less.
Then join these two together, and I wonder if you'll guess,
My whole no equal has, though 'tis strange, I must confess.

We have letters also from M. A. B—, Hadensville, Kentucky; from P. G., St. Johnsburg, Vermont; Jane E. Smithfield, R. I., &c. To all these, we return many thanks.

ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

Mrs Prescott

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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Belzoni among the Ruins of Egypt.

Belzoni.

GIAMBATTISTA BELZONI, of whose travels and adventures in Egypt we are about to give a sketch, was a native of Padua, in Italy. He had intended to enter the monastic life, and passed his early youth at Rome; but the French invasion of that city in 1798 caused him to alter his purpose, and he soon after left Italy. He spent several years in travelling in Europe, and in 1803 arrived in England, where he married and remained nine years. During a part of this time, the future explorer of tombs and pyramids earned

a livelihood by exhibiting feats of strength and agility. He performed at Astley's amphitheatre, at a salary of $10 a month. He turned his attention chiefly, however, to the study of hydraulics, or the art of raising water by mechanical means, which he had studied at Rome. In 1815, he went to Egypt for the purpose of constructing a hydraulic machine, which should raise the water quicker and in greater quantity than the clumsy engines then in use in that country. Mehemet Ali, then Pacha of Egypt, approved of his plan, and Belzoni erected a machine in the pacha's garden, near Cairo. The experiment, though successful, was abandoned, owing to the prejudices and superstitions of the natives.

Belzoni now determined to visit Thebes. The British Consul, who was acquainted with his talents in the management of heavy weights, determined to employ him to remove the colossal bust of Jupiter Memnon. This has been considered the most perfect specimen of Egyptian sculpture which is to be found entire. The task of lifting this from its bed of sand, and shipping it upon a barge, Belzoni accomplished with great ingenuity. The barge then sailed down the Nile to Alexandria, where the colossus was re-shipped to England. It was deposited in the British Museum, where it may now be seen.

In 1817, Belzoni made a second journey to Upper Egypt, during which he made excavations at Karnac, on the eastern side of the Nile. The ruins of Thebes are now distributed among four miserable villages, of which Karnac is the principal. The temple at this place surpasses every other structure in the world. On the north-east entrance, the Egyptians appear to have lavished all their magnificence. The approach is by a long avenue of sphinxes, the largest of any in Egypt, leading to a succession of portals with colossal statues in front. Most points of view present only the appearance of a general overthrow, rendering it difficult to distinguish Karnac as a series of regular edifices. Fragments of architecture, trunks of broken columns, mutilated colossal statues, some fallen, others majestically erect; immense halls, whose roofs are supported by a forest of columns and portals, cover the ground on every side. From the west, however, this chaos assumes an orderly appearance; and the almost endless series of portals, gates and halls, appear ranged in regular succession, and harmonizing with each other.

All who have visited this scene describe the impression made by it as superior to that caused by any other earthly object. When the French army, in 1798, came suddenly in sight of it, on making a sharp turn round a projecting chain of mountains, the whole body stood still, struck as it were by an electric shock. A French traveller describes the scene as rather the produce of an imagination surrounding itself with images of fantastic grandeur, than anything belonging to real existence. Belzoni says that he seemed to be in a

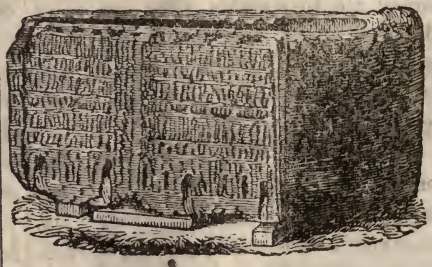
city of departed giants. "I was alone," he writes, "in the midst of all that seemed sacred in the world: a forest of enormous columns, adorned all round with beautiful figures and various ornaments from the top to the bottom; the graceful form of the lotus, which forms their capitals, so well proportioned to the columns, that it gives to the view the most pleasing effect; the gates, the walls, the pedestals and the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures, representing battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings and sacrifices, all relating, no doubt, to the ancient history of the country—the various groups of ruins of the other temples within sight; these, altogether, had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, exalt me over all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life. I was happy for a whole day, which escaped like a flash of lightning; but the obscurity of the night caused me to stumble over one large block of stone, and break my nose against another, which dissolving the enchantment, brought me to my senses again."

Belzoni also penetrated into the tombs of Thebes. These subterranean works of the Egyptians almost rival the monuments they raised on the surface of the earth. Wherever the remains of a city in Egypt have been investigated, the mountains behind have been found excavated into sculptured tombs; and those of Thebes surpass all others in number, extent and grandeur. In the very heart of a mountain are found large apartments, in which are placed the coffins or *sarcophagi*. The deceased lies surrounded with representations of all the objects which formed his pride and occupation while living. A complete picture is thus obtained of the domestic life of the ancient Egyptians. Festivals, agricultural operations, commercial transactions, hunts, bull-fights, fishing and fowling scenes, vineyards, ornamented grounds, form the varied subject of these representations. The chambers and passages adjoining contain various mummies, in that wonderful state of preservation which the Egyptians had the art of securing to the mortal remains of their ancestors. These are found wrapped up in folds of linen and cotton cloth, impregnated with bitumen, and so skilfully applied, as to preserve almost unaltered the form of the features and of the minutest parts of the body. Belzoni thus describes the difficulties he had to encounter in prosecuting this search.

"The entrance to the tombs is roughly cut in the rocks, and the sand nearly chokes up the passage. In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot left, which you must pass through, creeping like a snail. Some of these passages are perhaps 200 or 300 feet in length, and at the end you find yourself in a more convenient place, perhaps high enough to sit erect. But what a place of rest! you are surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; the black walls, the faint light given by the torches, the naked

Arabs who hold them, all covered with dust, and looking like living mummies —all this forms a scene which cannot be described. A vast quantity of dust arises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and great strength of lungs is required to withstand the strong effluvia. When I attempted to sit, my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian and crushed it like a bandbox. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they formed no better support; so that I sank altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again."

These monuments of private individuals are far surpassed by the tombs of the kings. In the heart of the Libyan mountains, there is a gloomy solitude, called "the valley of the tombs," presenting the arid and desolate aspect of the most frightful desert. High mountains with rocky summits, bound the horizon on all sides, and allow only part of the sky to appear. In this awful retreat, the ancient Egyptians sought to seclude from every human eye the magnificent monuments of the kings of Thebes. Avarice and curiosity, however, have triumphed over every precaution, and at the time when Belzoni was there, ten had been opened, and were accessible. The enterprising traveller succeeded in opening several; but there was one the entrance to which had been so carefully concealed, that it long defied his efforts. At length he found a stone similar to that which had formed the opening to the second pyramid, and which he was able to penetrate. After making his way through a narrow and intricate passage, which was closed by successive gates, he arrived at a sepulchral chamber, the walls of which were adorned with painted sculptures, in the highest style of Egyptian magnificence. The subjects were of a different character from those found on the walls of the temples. They, for the most part, consisted of funeral processions, religious mysteries and sacred animals; a globe, the emblem of eternity, and Osiris, an Egyptian god, judging the dead. In the centre of the chamber was a sarcophagus, nine feet five inches long, and three feet five inches wide, composed apparently of alabaster, though it has since been found to be aragonite. Both the inside and outside are covered with sculptures, most minutely and carefully executed, and representing several hundred figures, each



about two inches in height. This remarkable sarcophagus was, by the exertions of Belzoni, transported to England, and is now placed in the Museum at London.

Belzoni's next undertaking was the

removal of an obelisk from Philæ, an island in the Nile. The shaft of this monument was twenty-two feet long, and two wide at the base. The task he accomplished with no other aid than poles, rotten palm ropes, and a few ignorant Arab peasants. He placed it in a boat, and by the exercise of consummate skill contrived to pass it safely over the falls of Assouan. The obelisk was landed at Alexandria, and from thence conveyed to England. Belzoni nearly lost his life by assassination, in prosecuting this undertaking. Some persons, employed or bribed by Drovetti, a Piedmontese collector of antiquities, endeavored to prevent him from effecting the removal of the obelisk, which they wished to secure for their master. He was one night assailed by two Italians in Drovetti's service, and a party of Arabs. A scuffle ensued, in which, though hotly pressed, he, with his usual boldness, surmounted all difficulties. His high stature and robust frame, superior strength and commanding mien, gave him great influence over the Arabs, who, like all semi-barbarous people, pay a great respect to physical superiority.

Belzoni prosecuted his researches in Egypt for several years, penetrating into pyramids and discovering ruins, the existence of which was before unknown. We have not space to enter into detail on these points. On his return to Italy in 1819, he visited Padua, his native town, the citizens of which had a medal struck, in commemoration of his discoveries. On his arrival in England he published his *Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia.* In 1823, he again set off for Africa with the intention of penetrating to the city of Timbuctoo, the object of so many unsuccessful efforts. He landed at Tangier, and everything seemed favorable to his undertaking. He was attacked soon after, however, by dysentery, which terminated his life on the 3d of December, 1823, at a place called Gato, in the kingdom of Benin. He was buried under a large tree, and a simple inscription was placed on his tomb. Such was the end of the most sagacious and enterprising of modern explorers. Belzoni was frank and kind-hearted, trusty and honorable, and to great simplicity of manners united intelligence, firmness and perseverance. He was, as we have said, tall and well proportioned, and his gigantic stature protected him from attack, even when alone amidst ferocious barbarians. In almost all his expeditions he was accompanied by his wife, who displayed great intrepidity amidst the dangers which they encountered.

An Irishman, on his death-bed, who was not quite reconciled to the long journey before him, was consoled by a friend with the common observation that we must all die "once." "Why, my dear," answered Paddy, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die 'half a dozen times,' I would not mind it."

The Lost World.

SEVERAL years ago, a well-laden brig, the Sarah Jane by name, left Lisbon for New York. Though intended for carrying merchandise only, she had about a dozen passengers aboard, who were willing to put up with inconvenient quarters in consideration of the cheaper rate of passage. These were mostly emigrants of the better sort, who were going to establish themselves in America. The vessel, though a fast sailer, was not commanded by a very experienced captain. Oakum was his name. He had been mate of a schooner on Lake Ontario, and was now making his first voyage on the open sea. Whether he ever made a second, our readers may judge, at the conclusion of our story. He had but one mate, who did little more than reiterate the captain's orders, and keep the sailors regularly at work.

Well, the brig left her wharf, was carried down the river Tagus by a brisk breeze, and was soon on her way for the other side of the water. As they lost sight of land, the captain suddenly remembered, to his dismay, that the compass which had been taken on shore to have some defect remedied, had been left there, like a passenger that hadn't paid his fare! At first, he thought of going back for it; but darkness was just setting in, and the pole star was shining so clearly in the west, and the lingering brightness the sun had left behind him, told so plainly which way was west, that he concluded to take his chance of fair weather and a cloudless sky. "Besides," said he, "I can run alongside some craft or other, and buy, borrow or beg a needle, if I can't get along without." And as the breeze blew merrily, the compassless vessel kept fearlessly on her way.

All that night the stars shone, and the captain, keeping the north star on his right, naturally concluded that New York was under his bowsprit. In the morning, the sun rose over the stern of the vessel, and the captain rubbed his hands with

glee at the success of his tactics. "What do I want of a compass?" said he. "There's north—there's west—there's New York, and here am I. Who's afraid? I aint." But about noon, thin, fleecy clouds began to sail over the heavens, and these soon collected into a gray, sombre mass, which overspread the sky from horizon to horizon. The north star remained concealed that night, and compasses rose one hundred per cent. in the captain's estimation. With the first gray of dawn, he was on deck, watching for the sun, in hopes of catching a glimpse of it through some cranny in the clouds. The sun rose—that was evident from the daylight which was now shed over the ocean; but in which corner of the sky, not a soul on board could tell. However, a good breeze was blowing, and the captain set the ship's head due west, as he thought, and though anxiety was beginning to trouble his mind, he put a smiling face on the matter, and went down to breakfast.

At twelve o'clock he was on deck with his sextant, trying to get an observation. Though he couldn't tell which way he was going, it would be some relief to know where he was. But even that consolation was denied him. The obstinate clouds persisted in holding an impenetrable veil before the principal member of the solar system, who in his turn seemed to be in no wise annoyed, for he set in good time, and rose the next morning, for all the world as if everybody knew where the east was as well as he did. At twelve o'clock again, sextant in hand, the captain was at his post, but, to use his own graphic language, "not hide nor hair of the crittur could he see." This made him rather angry, for he gave the sextant a kick, for which he was very sorry before it had ceased spinning. As he took it up, he didn't perceive that he had seriously damaged it, and thus destroyed the only hope of safety which remained to him. But the sextant revenged itself in a most summary manner, and the captain afterwards said that he would give his right leg to be able to take back that kick.

The passengers had remarked the captain's constrained demeanor, and several of them began to be seriously alarmed, as they saw his fruitless attempts at extracting a ray of consolation from the sun. One of them asked him where the compass was, and was told that he kept it in his trunk for fear of accidents. Ships, nowadays, are better provided than at the date of our story. There is one compass on the quarter-deck, another in the helmsman's bunk, another in the captain's state-room—so that he can satisfy himself at a glance, at any hour of the night, which way the ship is heading. Our poor craft had only one, and that one had been left to be tinkered. Not a vessel had they seen, so that all chance of borrowing or buying one had fled. But still the wind blew, and the clouds filled the air by day and by night. The ship kept before the breeze, and the captain could not but hope that he should soon see the coast of America rise out of the waves. He could not hope to strike the shores

of New York, but land once in sight, he could bring up to his dock in the East River, as easy as a woodchuck would run to his burrow. At last, on the sixteenth day from Liverpool, the clouds separated, the blue sky appeared, and the sun, looking brighter than ever, peered forth again upon the waste of waters. Up went the sextant. "Well, where are we, Captain?" was the interrogatory of the anxious passengers. After various adjustments and alterations, an observation was taken, and the result written down on a slate. To extract the latitude and longitude from these cabalistic figures, was now the captain's object. The passengers looked on in awe, for there is a sort of mystery in a man's holding converse with the sun, and thus surprising the secrets of nature. "Three times two are six," said Oakum, and the lookers-on drew their breath again, as the captain descended from the science of the stars to take counsel of the multiplication table. "The sun being in the zenith, of course nothing is to be allowed for parallax," continued the captain; and the passengers relapsed into their superstitious wonderment. At last, our hero, with a face expressive of the greatest surprise, jumped from his seat, and seizing a spyglass, swept it round the horizon. Nothing, it would seem, met his inquiring glance, for he sat down once more to his figures, and ran over his calculation again. "Bilge," said he, speaking to the mate, "run down in my room and bring me up the chart of the Atlantic Ocean." "Ay, ay, sir." "It's very strange," continued the captain, "monstrous strange; longitude 74° 1′—well, that's the longitude of New York; latitude 40° 43′—well, that's the latitude of New York too. Creation, what a go!"

Bilge here brought the chart, and opened it wide. The captain put one finger on 74° 1′, and another on 40° 43′, and following the two lines till they met, found, sure enough, that they came to a point just inside Sandy Hook, where once stood the proud city of New York! At this horrible discovery, he covered his face with his hands, while the passengers ran in dismay to their cabins. The sailors kept quietly at their work, and seemed to care very little for the fate of the Empire City. The captain did not yield at once to the belief that the western hemisphere had gone by the board; he worked out the problem of the ship's position again and again, but invariably came to the same conclusion. New York was overflowed! The pride of America was drownded! The United States were swamped, and the Union was dissolved!

Bilge, the mate, was utterly incredulous. He put no faith in the captain's figures, but the captain himself was confident. "Bilge," said he, "Broadway's right under our keel, just as sure as your nose is on your face. There's the Astor House, and there's Nassau street—I subscribed for Merry's Museum there for a man out west. A lot of good it's done him, I guess. Now, what to do I don't know. Our grub won't last a fortnight longer, and if the end of the world's come, what's the use

of eating at all;" and the captain took a large bite out of a Bologna sausage to strengthen him in this opinion. Then he took the spyglass again to reconnoitre a little more particularly. Nothing however was to be seen, which could help to unravel the mystery. The weather was very warm, and the sun ran higher and more nearly vertical than Oakum had ever observed before. The wind was still fresh, but the ship having arrived at her destination, was lying too, waiting for further developments. Bilge had made up his own mind that the captain had been fooled by his sextant and the want of a compass; he was satisfied that all would come right in the end, though how he didn't exactly know.

A sail was soon descried in the northwest, and as she came more fully into view, her clouds of canvas bellying out in the wind, bespoke her to be a merchantman of the largest size. "Now the captain will get a compass," thought Bilge. The vessel was approaching rapidly, and in little over an hour she was almost within hailing distance. The captain therefore prepared to hang out his longitude. This is a custom which to our inland readers will perhaps require a little explanation. When two vessels meet at sea, it is usual for each vessel to chalk its latitude and longitude upon a large board and hang it over the side. They thus compare notes and are able to rectify errors. Oakum chalked his famous 74° 1′ in large characters, and spite of Bilge's protestations lifted it over the bulwarks. He then took his spyglass and levelled it at the merchantman. "Gimini Cancer!" broke from his astonished lips, and at the same moment the captain of the East Indiaman gave orders to tack. As the vessel came round, Oakum hailed her through his speaking trumpet: "Where are you bound?" "To Calcutta." "Where are you from?" "New York." Poor Oakum was so overcome with conflicting emotions that he could speak no more. He was certainly glad to learn that New York wasn't sunk, after all; but he very well knew that, after such an absurd blunder, he could never go to sea again. Who would trust him with a ship, when it was known that he had been cruising in the torrid zone in search of his destination? He was close on to the equator, as the blackboard of the merchantman told him, and for over a fortnight had been sailing south instead of west. So Broadway and Nassau street were not submerged; and what he had taken for them, might be a coral reef or a bed of sand. He was still as far from home as when he left Lisbon; his provisions were nearly gone, his sextant had played him false, and his compass was being mended. The Indiaman, however, took pity on his condition, and sent a boat to his relief. In this boat were several barrels of salt junk and sea biscuit—a sextant, a chart and a compass. So Oakum took courage, and shook the reefs out of the sails. The two vessels parted company, one making for the south, the other for the north. Three weeks after, the Sarah Jane arrived at her dock in the East River. Her strange adventure

was never discovered, for both passengers and sailors promised to keep the secret. Oakum, however, died a few months ago, and as there could no longer be a motive for concealing the story, we give it to our readers as it was told to us.

The Crocodile.

THIS dangerous reptile is placed at a happy distance from the inhabitants of Europe and America, and is formidable only in those countries where men are scarce, and the arts are little known. To look for it in all its terrors we must go to the uninhabited regions of Asia and Africa. It is *amphibious* or *double-lived;* that is, it lives in the water and upon land. It grows to a great length, being sometimes found 30 feet long. With the exception of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, the bulk of the crocodile exceeds that of every terrestrial animal; no fishes frequenting fresh water equal it, and but a few of those belonging to the seas. One which was dissected by the Jesuits at Siam in India, was 18½ feet long, of which the tail was no less than 5½, and the head and neck nearly 3. It was 4 feet 9 inches in circumference, at the thickest part. The forelegs had the same parts and conformation as the arms of a man, both within and without. The head was long, having a little rising at the top. It was covered by a skin which adhered firmly to the skull and the jaws. The eye was very small in proportion to the rest of

the body. In the upper jaw it had 27 cutting teeth, and 15 in the lower, with several large spaces between them. The distance between the two jaws, when opened wide, was 15½ inches; this is a very wide yawn, and could easily take in the body of a man. From the shoulders to the extremity of the tail, the animal was covered with large scales, of a square form. There were sixty-two joints in the back-bone, which, though very closely united, had sufficient play to enable the animal to bend like a bow to the right or the left.

Such is the figure and conformation of this formidable reptile, which depopulates countries, and makes the most navigable rivers desert and dangerous. They are seen in some places lying for hours and even days, stretched out in the sun, and motionless, so that one not used to them might mistake them for trunks of trees, covered with a rough and dry bark. Such a mistake would be fatal, if not discovered in time; for the torpid animal, at the approach of any living thing, darts upon it with incredible swiftness, and hurrying it off to the water, drags it at once to the bottom. In times of inundation, it sometimes enters the cottages of the natives, where the dreadful visitant seizes the first person it meets with. There have even been instances of their taking a man out of a canoe in the sight of his companions, without their being able to render the least assistance.

The strength of every part of the crocodile is very great. Its principal instrument of destruction is its tail, with a single blow of which it often overturns canoes. It seldom leaves the water, unless pressed by hunger, or with a view of depositing its eggs. Its usual method is to float along upon the surface, and seize whatever animals come within its reach; but when this method fails, it goes closer to the bank. Disappointed of its fishy prey, it waits there covered up among the sedges, in patient expectation of some land animal that may come to drink; the dog, the bull, the tiger, or even man himself. Nothing is to be seen of the insidious destroyer as the animal approaches, nor is its hiding-place discovered till too late to make good a retreat. It seizes its victim with a spring, and goes at a bound much faster than so unwieldy an animal could be supposed capable of doing; then having secured the creature with both teeth and claws, it drags it to the water where it quickly suffocates it. It sometimes happens that the animal the crocodile has thus surprised, escapes from its grasp wounded, and makes off from the river side. In such a case, the tyrant pursues with all its force, and often seizes it a second time; for though seemingly heavy, the crocodile runs with great celerity. In this manner, it is sometimes seen half a mile from the river's bank, in pursuit of an animal wounded beyond the power of escaping, and then dragging it back to the water where it feasts in security.

The crocodile thus preys upon all animals, and is equally dreaded by all. There is no animal but man alone that can combat it with success. In the

African rivers, we are told that a negro, with no other weapon than a knife in his hand, and his left arm wrapped round with a cowhide, ventures boldly to attack the animal in his own element. As soon as he approaches the crocodile, he presents his left arm which the reptile greedily swallows; but as it sticks in his throat, the negro has time to give him several stabs, and the water getting in at his mouth which is held involuntarily open, the creature is soon bloated up as big as a tun and expires.

The crocodile is *oviparous*, that is, the young are produced from eggs. The whole operation of laying the eggs and hatching the brood, is one of the most curious in natural history. The female crocodile digs a hole in the sand and deposits in it about three hundred eggs. She then covers up the place so artfully that it cannot be discovered, and goes away. The heat of the sun vivifies the eggs, and in thirty days the young begin to break open the shell. At this time, the female is instinctively taught that her family need her assistance; so she goes to the spot, scratches away the sand, and sets them free. A part run unguided to the water, but the greater portion ascend the back of the female, who carries them thither in this manner. She then tips them into the river, and leaves them to take care of themselves. All family connection expires at this moment, and the whole brood scatters into different parts of the bed of the stream. By far the greater part are destroyed, but the stronger and more agile escape the many dangers attending this period of their existence, and in time grow up to be, in their turn, the terror of the neighborhood.

The following curious incident we extract from the journal of a traveller. The writer is speaking of a bird sometimes called the Crocodile's Sentinel.

"On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large crocodile, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped my boat at some distance, and noting the place as well as I could, took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, when, with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was within ten feet of the sight of my rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called ziczac; it is of the plover species, of a grayish color, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'ziczac! ziczac!' with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying its danger, made a jump up into the air, and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud,

he dived into the river and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history."

Soliloquy of a Water-Wagtail,

ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

On the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
I a feather'd coxcomb spied:
When the little hopping elf,
Gaily thus amused himself.

"Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old:
I'm the Lord of the Creation;
I—a Water-Wagtail bold!
All around, and all you see,
All the world was made for ME!

"Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
Rises—when I leave my nest;
And, behind the hills declining,
Sets—when I retire to rest:
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME!

"Vernal gales to love invite me;
Summer sheds for me her beams;
Autumn's jovial scenes delight me,
Winter paves with ice my streams;
All the year is mine, you see,
Seasons change like moons, for ME!

"On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease:
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME!

"Boundless are my vast dominions:
I can hop, or swim, or fly;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky:
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

"Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap:
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME!

"'Twas for my accommodation,
Nature rose when I was born,
Should I die—the whole creation,
Back to nothing would return:
Sun, moon, and stars, the world, you see,
Sprung—exist, will fall with ME!"

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
Spread his wings to soar away;
But a cruel Hawk descending,
Pounced him up—a helpless prey.
Couldst thou not, poor Wagtail, see,
That the Hawk was made for THEE!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ARCHBISHOP FLETCHER was the son of a tallow-chandler. A great duke once endeavored to mortify the prelate, by saying to him, at the king's levee, that he smelt of tallow. To which the bishop replied, "My lord, I *am* the son of a chandler, it is true, and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a chandler all the days of your life."

Pocahontas and Captain Smith.

EVERY one knows the story of Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, the Indian chief and emperor of Virginia. Though the heroine of the most touching episode in the history of the natives of America, no mention is made of her till the occurrence by which she is best known to the world—the saving of Smith's life. This scene is illustrated in the engraving above. The English adventurer had been taken by the Indians, and a short consultation between Powhatan and his warriors terminated in a resolution to put the captive to instant death, as a man whose superior genius and bravery rendered him very dangerous to the Indians. Smith was therefore bound, and a club given to Powhatan, to whom was reserved the honor of beating out the brains of the victim. The grimly-painted warriors looked on in silence, with sensations of awe at the

spectacle. The fatal club was uplifted, when Pocahontas, the emperor's beautiful and amiable daughter, uttered a scream of terror and agony, which arrested the blow. With dishevelled hair and eyes streaming with tears, she threw herself upon the body of Smith, and clasped his head in her arms. Then kneeling at her father's feet, she solicited, by the most imploring looks, the life of the captive. The royal executioner hesitated, and looked round upon his warriors. Either a respect for the gallant prisoner, or admiration of the behavior of his fair friend, had moved their hearts. Powhatan read in their looks a sentiment of mercy, and spared the life of the doomed victim. Smith was soon after set at liberty, and rewarded the generous Pocahontas with such presents of toys and finery as he judged would be most acceptable to a savage belle. This incident happened in the year 1607.

No doubt most of our young readers, if they could have the ordering of events, would take care to finish this adventure after the dictates of their own hearts—in a wedding between the Britisher and the forest maiden. Were it not for falsifying history, we should almost be tempted to declare, in the language of the fairy tales, that "they were married and lived happily for many years." But the biographies all assert, that the guardian angel of Virginia, as Pocahontas was often styled, was some time after united at Jamestown to a young Englishman named John Rolfe. Three years later, she went to England, where she died in less than a twelvemonth. She left a son, who, on arriving at maturity, returned to Virginia, and became a man of fortune and eminence there. His descendants at the present day are very numerous.

The name of Pocahontas adorns the brightest page in the history of the American Indians. Heroic and amiable, constant and courageous, humane, generous and pious, she combined in an extraordinary degree, the virtues and perfections of both savage and civilized nature. In whatever light we view her character, whether as a maiden or a wife or a mother, she is equally entitled to our respect and admiration.

Frederick the Great had heard that a corporal in his regiment of bodyguards, who was well known as a remarkably handsome and brave young man, wore, out of vanity, a watch chain, with a leaden bullet for a watch. The king had the curiosity to inquire into the circumstance himself; and an opportunity was contrived that he should meet the corporal as by chance.

"Apropos, corporal," said the king, "you are a brave fellow, and prudent too, to have spared enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch."

"Sir," replied the soldier, "I flatter myself that I am brave; but as to my watch, the less said of it the better."

The king pulling out a gold watch, set with diamonds, said, "By my watch it is five—what o'clock are you, pray?"

The corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied—"My watch neither tells me five nor six, but

shows me clearly the death I am to die in your Majesty's service."

"Well, then," returned the king, "that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve, in which you are to die in my service, I will give you mine."

Wonderful Trees, No. 10.—The Maple Tree.

THE word maple is a name given to a genus of arborescent or shrubby plants, which are found in almost every part of the world. There are between thirty and forty species of it known to naturalists, many of which are extremely valuable, either for their timber, or for their ornamental appearance. The wood is much used by the cabinet-maker, the turner, and the musical instrument maker, and in the manufacture of alkali. The foliage is more beautiful than the flowers, the latter being generally small, and by no means showy.

The *White Maple* is one of the most ornamental species of the genus, its leaves turning to a deep crimson at the first touch of frost. It is a native of the Atlantic coast of North America. It grows with great rapidity, especially on the banks of clear rivulets, with a gravelly bottom. Its wood is light, and of little or no value, except to the turner. It is said to make excellent charcoal for gunpowder. The *Scarlet Maple* obtains its name from the red color of its flowers in the spring, and of its leaves in autumn. It grows in swamps with alders. It is one of the first trees that put forth their flowers in spring,

and it is delightful to see its slender branches teeming with life in the beginning of March, while Nature is elsewhere still. Its wood is very valuable, being used for almost all articles of furniture; it is especially in request for the stocks of rifles.

The *Broad-leaved Maple* grows on the north-west coast of America, where it forms a very large tree, with a dense, umbrageous head, and yields a timber of great value. Its grain is scarcely inferior to the finest satin wood. It is a hardy tree, of very rapid growth, sometimes making shoots six or seven feet long in a season, and is remarkable for the unusual size of its leaves, some of which, on young vigorous shoots, have measured ten inches in diameter. The *sycamore maple*, perhaps the most beautiful of all the species, is scarcely met with in its truly wild state, except in middle and southern Europe. It arrives at its greatest degree of perfection in Italy, where it acquires the height of fifty or sixty feet. Although its wood is not particularly valuable, being chiefly used for coarse work, where lightness and toughness are required, yet there is scarcely any tree more universally cultivated for the sake of the striking effect it produces, whether as a single tree, or planted in avenues or in masses. It thrives upon sandy or gravelly soils, and will even bear the smoke of London.

But by far the most useful and one of the most ornamental of all the maples, is the *acer saccharinum* of America, or *sugar maple*. This species prevails from St. Johns in Canada to the woods of upper Virginia and forms a large part of the vegetation of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Vermont and New Hampshire. The wood is hard and has a satiny lustre, but it is readily attacked by insects, and is not of much value, except when its grain is accidentally waved, and then it is much used by cabinet makers. The principal value of the tree, however, consists in the saccharine matter contained in its ascending sap. It arrives at a size rivalling the largest white oaks, and flourishes in sandy bottoms, and on the sides of mountains. It is of slow growth, hard to kill, but when dead soon rots. The roots are numerous and strong, and interlaced on or near the surface of the ground, so that it is impossible to plough near them.

About the last of February or the first of March, when the sun is hot in the middle of the day, and the nights are cold, the sap begins to ascend from the roots of the tree to the branches. This is the commencement of the sugar season, and the boiler sets about repairing his *camp*, if it is out of order. The camp is a small shed made of logs, covered with slabs or clapboards and open on one side. Immediately before the opening, four wooden forks are planted, on which is placed a strong pole. From this are suspended as many wooden hooks as the sugar boiler has kettles, usually four. He then draws wood to boil the sap, and gets ready his troughs to receive it as it flows from the tree. These are generally made of white or yellow pine or wild cherry, and formed the employment of the long evenings of the previous winter. All his preparations

being made, the trees are tapped with a three-quarter inch augur, about three feet from the ground, to the depth of an inch or an inch and a half. In the hole is placed a spout a foot and a half long, usually made of sumach or elder. Two incisions are made in a tree. The sap running from the fissures thus made, is caught in the troughs and is from thence poured into the kettles, where it is boiled to a proper consistency. Three men are usually allowed to attend to a camp of 250 trees. A tree is calculated to produce thirty gallons of sap, or "water," as the farmers call it, a season, and it takes six gallons to make a pound of sugar. This estimate, however, has been found of late years to be too large. Three pounds of sugar a year is a fair average yield for a single tree; and the whole annual produce of the United States is about ten millions of pounds. There can be no doubt that the sugar maple is not as productive as formerly. Many of the trees have been injured by fire, but the fatal cause of their deterioration is the augur. When a tree which has been frequently tapped has been cut down, there is a streak for a foot above and below many of the augur holes. But it possesses a truly wonderful tenacity of life, and though every year assaulted by the axe, the augur or by fire, it clings bravely to existence, and yields to its ungrateful possessor a luxury and necessary of life, which but for it would command a price, which would debar its use from the poor. The average price of maple sugar in the country is from five to ten cents a pound. In many parts of the United States, the people have no other sugar or molasses than that which is yielded by the maple tree.

There are few sights more agreeable than a sugar-boiling in the woods. The cheerful fires with their huge kettles hanging over them—the whole family from grandmother down being gathered round them—remind one of a gypsy encampment. The tall trees around keep off the cold wind, and the sun occasionally peeps through their thickly clustering branches; the younger members of the family, clad in linsey-woolsey coats, blanket shawls, red capes and hoods, are frolicking in the distance, forming a lively contrast to the anxious looks of the boilers, who watch with the greatest anxiety the precise moment to quench the fire beneath the kettles. When they get hungry, as people are pretty apt to do on occasions like this, a slice of brown bread, thickly covered with half-boiled sap, forms a very satisfying luncheon. Sometimes, when the season is short, the sugar boilers are obliged to keep the sap boiling all night, and then the scene becomes a fit subject for the landscape painter. The red light of the fires forms a striking contrast with the snow, which usually covers the earth, and throws the dark back-ground of trees and hills into a still deeper shade. Huge pine torches, stuck into the ground at various distances, throw their flickering blaze over the men as they stir the syrup, or, perhaps, seated on a fallen tree eat their midnight dinner, if such a meal can be supposed to exist.

The maple is the most prominent

among the trees whose leaves change color in the autumn. All the leaves of trees which are not evergreens, are by the first severe frost turned from their green state, towards the perfection of that color which they are ultimately capable of assuming; through yellow, orange and red to a pretty deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and the different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tints meet the eye during the fall of the year. The maple is pre-eminently distinguished for the prodigious variety, the finished beauty, and the intense lustre of its hues. Some of its leaves are of a glaring flame color, while others, farther advanced towards decay, turn to a deep purple, and others still untouched by the frost, retain their original green. The splendor of an American autumn is due, in a great degree, to the different varieties of the sugar maple—the rock, white, red and black. Nothing can be more splendid than the variegated mantles which our forests put on, after throwing off the light green drapery of summer. A well-known writer said of this season in America, that it comes not in "sober guise," or in "russet mantle clad," but like a triumphant emperor, arrayed in "gorgeous robes of Tyrian dye." The fall of the year has furnished the poets an undying subject for their verses; and almost all of them have sung of it in a pensive strain, as emblematic of decay and death. It is called the "twilight of the waning year," and Bryant, whose beautiful lines every one knows by heart, says, in speaking of it,

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

Brainard, writing in a different strain, has given the season its due in the following stanzas, which we quote as a fitting conclusion to our article:

"'What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?'
Have they that green and yellow melancholy
That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops, he had not sighed.
The moon stays longest for the hunter now;
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store:
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
'What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?'"

Colonel Thornton, of the British army, could not bear to hear the Americans praised. When he was at Charleston, S. C., some ladies were eulogizing Washington, to which he replied with a scornful air, "I should be very glad to get a sight of your Colonel Washington; I have heard much talk about him, but have never seen him." "Had you looked behind you at the battle of Cowpens," rejoined one of the ladies, "you might easily have enjoyed that pleasure."

The first Duke of Portland had a gallery in the great stable of his villa in Holland, where a concert was given once a week, to *cheer and amuse* his horses.

The Dead Sea.

THE Dead Sea, situated in Ancient Palestine, between Arabia and Judea, is a salt lake, remarkable for being 1400 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Its waters are bitter and destitute of fish. No bird frequents its bosom or its shores. All around is still, desolate and barren. Precipitous crags surround and hang over it: the shadow of death seems to rest upon it. Occasionally the traveller meets with patches of verdure, or a fresh water stream, where reeds and palms and good drinking water may be found. A gloomy devastation, however, is the characteristic feature of its scenery.

This remarkable sea is about 44 miles long and eleven broad. From its great depth and the concentration of heat over it, increased by the glare from its white and naked borders, it has been compared to a seething cauldron. The bottom is of mud, slime or salt crystals. The water is transparent and surprisingly buoyant. We gather the following extraordinary facts upon this subject from a writer belonging to the expedition sent to this sea in 1848, by the United States government. A horse led into the water had his legs lifted to the surface, and was thrown over upon his side. The extreme density of the water was further proved, not only by the boats drawing less than when floating on the Jordan, but by the solid thumping of the waves, in a storm, against the boats. This the iron boat was able to bear, but the copper one was so battered

as to require repairs, and a wooden one would probably have been destroyed.

On bathing in this sea, the skin becomes covered with an oily substance, which occasions a prickly sensation, till washed off in fresh water. The atmosphere over the sea is completely saturated with salt; the stones on the beach are covered with it, and fresh foot-prints in the sand become incrusted with it in the course of an hour.

While the surveyors of the expedition were floating on its surface, their very clothing became salt, and the skin of the hands and face, during the day, became stiff and oily. Common salt will not dissolve in the water, and it is said to preserve vegetable and animal substances immersed in it from decay. The fish brought here by fresh and salt streams—and there are several of both—are suffocated on coming to its waters, and float dead upon its surface. Unwholesome fogs envelop its shores, and clots of asphaltus continually rise from the bottom.

At the extreme south point of the Dead Sea, is a ridge of rock-salt, nearly 150 feet high, and five miles long. Here is found what the Arabs traditionally deem to be Lot's wife, transformed into a pillar of salt. It is a column of crystallized rock-salt, sixty feet high and thirteen in diameter. All that we know of the disaster of Lot's wife is derived from the sacred record, which simply states that she became "a pillar of salt."

The Dead Sea is supposed to occupy the sites of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; their destruction, with its motive and consequences is minutely narrated in the sacred volume. Physical causes, directed by Providence, were doubtless employed to effect the ruin of this portion of the valley watered by the Jordan. Present appearances, as well as the records of history, show the reality as well as the nature of the catastrophe here described. All who visit the Dead Sea, unite in their testimony as to the peculiarities of the whole region. In the days of Abraham, the bed of the lake, then the fertile vale of Siddim, was considered by the sacred historians as worthy of being compared with the "garden of the Lord." It certainly contained five cities, and according to Strabo, thirteen. In the visitation by which they were all destroyed, the neighboring country underwent an extraordinary change, so much so that Moses (Deut. xxix. 23) describes it as a "land of brimstone, and salt and burnings," characteristics by which it still continues to be marked.

Curious Will.

THE following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:

"This is the last will and testimony of me, JOHN THOMAS.

I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can.

N. B.—If anybody kicks up any row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything.

Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS."

Scene in Lapland.

AS this is July, our readers may be pleased to look for a moment upon a scene never visited by summer suns, and in which dog-days are unknown. The picture shows, however, that the people that live there adapt themselves to their circumstances like the rest of the world, and they seem to be pretty well satisfied with their condition. Most of our young friends would consider it a hard lot to be obliged to begin life, wrapped up in a cloak and hung to a tree. But the Laplanders have found that it works very well, and from time immemorial, their children have been disposed of in that way during their tender years. The only fear is lest

"The bough should break and the cradle should fall,
And down should come baby, cradle and all."

But that's their business and not ours. And as we believe them amply capable of managing their own domestic concerns, we leave them where we found them, and proceed to matters which more nearly concern us.

A Post Office Story.

SOME time since there appeared in the English journals a statement to the effect that a certain young lady, under age, was to be placed in a convent, by her father, if she did not procure, before the 30th of April last, one million of used postage stamps. This caused numerous persons to forward stamps for the purpose of securing her liberty. In March last, a lady, a member of one of the first families in Derbyshire, residing not many miles from Derby, mentioned the conditions to her friends, and in a short time the lady began to receive packages by post and railway from every quarter, which poured in in such numbers, that, in ten days during last April, she received parcels containing millions of

stamps. The walking postman, who was in the habit of delivering a few letters daily at the mansion where the lady resides, became so loaded with letters and packages containing Queen's heads, that it was necessary to employ another man to assist him. On one morning between ninety and one hundred letters and packets arrived by post, and on another between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty. These were in addition to multitudes which arrived on other days.

Boxes, bales, and packages also poured in by railway; and to such an extent that it became necessary to give public notice, by advertisements and printed circulars, that it was urgently desired no more stamps should be sent, as the young lady had procured the number she desired. Composing this extraordinary accumulation is a large wine hamper full, a large wine cooler, and a large clothes basket. A packet from a great mercantile house in London contains 240,000 Queen's heads. There is also a tea-chest full sent from another quarter. There were nine boxes between one and two feet long, a foot wide, and from four to ten inches deep; seven packages between one and two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches deep. Smaller packets formed a heap two feet six inches long, one foot wide, and one foot six inches deep; and two baskets two feet long, one foot six inches wide, and one foot four inches deep were filled; besides which, many boxes full were received, but sent back to the railway station. In addition to this accumulation, letters from all quarters arrived, many from persons of the highest rank, expressing the deepest sympathy and the most kindly feeling. Numbers of them stated that large collections of heads would still be sent if required.—*London Illustrated News.*

A Letter from Billy Bump!

San Francisco, ——, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:—I closed my last letter with an account of the death of our Mexican comrade, Antonio. I cannot tell you the terror excited in my mind by the discovery of his body, under circumstances so terrible. I was exhausted by my illness, and my imagination was peculiarly susceptible of sad impressions. It did not give me any satisfaction to discover my lost treasure, nor to find a large addition in that of Antonio. Indeed, at the end of a few minutes a kind of loathing came over me, and after carrying the bundle for a short space, I cast it from me with a feeling of inexpressible disgust. I was by this time extremely weary and faint, and sat down to recover a little strength.

After a short space, I arose and with a languid step proceeded on my way. Reaching the top of a small hill, I saw a valley before me, in the middle of

which, at no great distance, was a collection of huts, which I knew to be the settlement of the farmer I was in search of. Making a great effort I went forward, and as the evening set in, I reached the spot.

I was kindly received by the Spaniard, who seemed to listen to my story with interest and sympathy. A bed was provided for me and suitable food. In two days I was quite recovered, except that I was somewhat feeble. I now began to reflect upon my situation. What was I to do? It was a pretty serious journey to San Francisco, whether I went by land or returned by way of the Sacramento. And what was I to do at San Francisco? I had thrown away my treasure, and had scarce money enough to pay my expenses thither. My health was impaired, and I seemed quite unable to go to work again in the mines. And was I to abandon all my cherished schemes—my hope of seeing my parents restored to comfort and peace of mind?

When I thought of these things, I felt a sad sinking of the heart—and almost gave way to despair. I went into the fields far away from the farm-house, so that I might be alone, and gave full vent to my sorrow. I shed many tears, but my bosom was lighter for it. And now a new train of thoughts arose in my mind. "After all"—said I to myself, "why should I not keep the treasure which I found in Antonio's sack? I can make inquiry at San Francisco, and if any friend of his can be found, I can deliver the dead man's property to him; my own I can retain. I must conquer my disgust and horror at the scene with which this money is associated. It is weakness—it is folly—to yield to my feelings, when the consequence is a failure in duty to my parents and perhaps to myself."

I now wondered that these views had not occurred to me before; I felt ashamed at my conduct, and immediately set out to go and recover the abandoned treasure. I felt an intense anxiety lest some one should have found it and carried it away. The place where I had thrown it down was not far distant, and I soon reached the spot. There was the bundle, and on opening it nothing seemed to be missing! I now hid the parcel carefully in the leaves, not being willing to show it at the farm-house. The next day I departed. The Spaniard would receive nothing for what he had done. He seemed, indeed, sorry to have me leave; and I doubt not I should have been welcome for a year without fee or payment of any kind.

Taking a course toward the Sacramento, I went forward at a good pace. At nightfall I had reached a lofty ridge, which I supposed bordered the river. It was extremely rough and craggy, but as the moon shone brightly, I pursued my journey, though I got many a tumble. At last I found myself on the verge of a cliff which looked into a glen or gorge so deep, that it seemed only a sea of night. The trees around shadowed the spot so as to exclude every ray of moonlight. All around was perfectly still, and I paused a moment to look

on the lonely scene. While my gaze was bent upon the glen, suddenly I saw a light, and soon after a burst of laughter, as if from half-a-dozen voices, rung upon my ear. Instantly the light vanished—the sounds ceased—and again darkness and silence reigned around.

What could this mean? My curiosity was strongly excited, and I determined to pass into the ravine, and if possible satisfy it. Descending from rock to rock and cliff to cliff, I soon approached the place whence the light and sounds seemed to proceed. I soon saw a feeble light gleaming at the mouth of a cave. Advancing stealthily I gazed within. At first I could see nothing, but advancing a few yards into the entrance, I perceived a few blazing sticks upon the floor of a vast cavern, whose outline was faintly visible in the dusky light. No person seemed to be there, and with a degree of daring which now surprises me, I continued to proceed till I was in the middle of the rocky chamber. The scene was awfully grand. The cave was arched at the top, but it was of such a height and width as to seem like a church of enormous proportions. The walls were lined with shining pillars, as if made of snowy marble, and the roof was hung with what appeared like festoons of woven silver.

While I was gazing in wonder and admiration at the scene, I heard the same noisy laughter which had before attracted my attention. I now saw four or five persons entering the cavern. One of them had a torch of blazing wood; the rest were carrying parcels which seemed very heavy. My first idea was to present myself to them, but as they came near, their faces seemed so terrible that I shrunk back into the shadows of the cave. Here I remained behind one of the projecting pillars, where I could see and hear all that passed, without being myself observed.

The persons before me appeared to be all Spaniards. From the drift of their conversation, I easily gathered that they were part of a desperate set of gamblers and robbers, who made this cavern their hiding-place and store-house. They seemed to have great quantities of gold dust and large lumps of pure gold. These they laid in heaps or tossed about in bags, as if they were too common to be objects of great regard. After a short space, several other persons came, and joined the first group around the fire. A large jug was now brought forward, and each took a long draught of its contents. Very soon they grew merry, and one of them began to sing. After the song they divided in groups, and taking out packs of cards gambled with one another. At length a quarrel arose between two of the party, and after a short fight one of them was stabbed to the heart and fell dead upon the rocky pavement of the cavern.

This scene did not long interrupt the amusement of the party. The dead body was thrown aside, and chanced to fall near where I was secreted. The gamblers then proceeded. When again fully busied in their occupation, I stole away with a noiseless tread. No one observed

me, and ere the morning dawned I had reached the banks of the Sacramento. I here found many parties employed in gold digging and other pursuits, and had no difficulty in engaging a passage to San Francisco in a small sloop on the very point of setting out for that place. The passage of four days gave me opportunity to reflect upon the extraordinary scenes I had witnessed. "What," thought I, "will not men do for gold? They leave their peaceful homes; they toil in the lonely wilderness, where they are separated from friends and all the ordinary comforts of life. They are exposed to fatal fever, to the destructive influence of the climate, and to the dangers which arise from vicious and desperate men. After all, many fail of gaining the wealth they seek; many leave their bones to bleach on the ravines or upon the rocky ledges; many disappear and are never heard of more; many return with shattered constitutions, and even if they have plenty of gold, they have not health to enjoy it."

When I arrived at San Francisco my health was fully restored. My good spirits now returned, and I began to feel quite important. I had ten thousand dollars, which seemed to me a prodigious great sum. I am ashamed to say, that by degrees I had reconciled myself to the idea of keeping Antonio's money, without trying to find his friends. I believe, indeed, that he had no connexions, for I had often heard him say that he had not a relation on the face of the earth. I therefore satisfied myself, without inquiry, to hold on to the money. A new sensation had come over me—the feeling that I was rich. It is not easy to describe my emotions. They were, however, pleasant enough: I felt a good deal larger in my person; I had a loftier tread, spoke with more confidence, and felt that I could not possibly do anything wrong. "What!" said I, mentally, "can a young man worth ten thousand dollars—and which he has made himself—can he be otherwise than right? Poh! poh! Billy Bump is somebody now—so clear the track for the locomotive!"

I know you will say I was a ridiculous fop in all this, and so I was—but, Mother, I believe nothing tries a young man like becoming rich. He is almost sure to grow hard-hearted, conceited, confident and overbearing, when his purse is full. He then says or feels, that he is responsible neither to God nor man: he does what his passions prompt, and nothing can make him doubt the rectitude of his conduct. His modesty, his self-distrust—all that made him look to Heaven for counsel and to mankind for sympathy—pass away before a self-love which very soon amounts to self-idolatry. At times something of this process went on in me—during the few brief weeks in which I enjoyed the dangerous conviction of possessing a fortune.

But the day of reckoning was at hand. I formed some dangerous acquaintances, of which there are too many at San Francisco. At first I drank with them, and then gambled. In Boston, I should as soon have thought of cutting my

hands off as doing either of these things: but here, drinking shops and gambling houses are seen at the corners of the streets, and are indeed the gayest and finest places in the city. I was led on by degrees. Some designing men, who found out that I had money, flattered me, and made a great deal of me, and made me feel that I was a monstrous clever fellow. When I first gambled I always won. In a short time I had gained five hundred dollars. This made my heart swell with dreams of increased wealth. I had become so self-confident that I felt as if everything I undertook must prosper. "I am born to good luck," said I to myself, "I shall very soon be able to go back to Boston with twenty thousand dollars in my pocket. What a dash I will make there!"

Do not, dear Mother, despise your poor, weak, giddy boy. I now see my folly, and the evidence that I am cured of it is given in this very confession. What pains me most is, that my selfishness rose exactly in proportion to my increase in cash. In these my days of prosperity, I thought more of gratifying my own vanity, than of ministering to your happiness. It was when I was poor that I yearned to build up your fortune: when I had become comparatively rich, I grew so important in my own eyes, as to think mainly of myself. O, what a delusion is that which comes with prosperity!

Hitherto I had only played for small sums: but one day, when I had been drinking, I grew more bold, and risked five hundred dollars. This I won. It was proposed to stake a thousand dollars. I consented and lost it. Startled by this change of fortune, I proposed to double the hazard. This was done and again I lost. I now drank a deep draught, and proposed a stake of five thousand dollars. This also I lost. A kind of frenzy seized me. I proposed another stake of five thousand dollars. It went against me, and I was ruined. Not a dollar of all my cherished treasure remained!

* * * * * *

To tell my agony of mind, when my reason returned, is impossible. Conscience, that stern monitor, which I had turned out of doors, now came in, and began to upbraid me. It told me that I had squandered money not my own: it was consecrated to my parents: it was given to me by Providence, for their benefit, and I had fooled it away in gratification of my own vanity and passion. I believe for a time my reason was nearly overturned, by the bitterness of my regret. My health soon gave way, and a fever set in. A dreadful despair seized me: I wished to die, as if this would cover my shame and appease my remorse. The disease, however, was not violent, and after a brief space it passed away. My health began to return, and with it a more just view of my condition. I saw my error in its full force, but resolved to turn it to good account. "I am young," said I, internally, "I now know my danger, and am armed against it. Perhaps it was in kindness, that Providence punished me. If I had gone on in pros-

perity, I had been doubtless hardened in folly and iniquity; adversity has led to conviction of my guilt, and conviction has led me to repentance. I will try again, and may Heaven aid my new endeavors."

I know, dear Mother, this letter will give you as much pain in the reading, as it has me in the writing. O that I could see you and pour out my whole heart to you! You would feel my errors deeply, but you would soothe me with kind words, with hope—perhaps with some excuses for my youth and my inexperience. I am overwhelmed with shame when I think of cousin Lucy. I dare not write to her; she will despise me now. This is hard to bear—and it is not the less painful to know that all I suffer comes from myself. I do not know what I shall do. All before me is uncertain. I shall make some effort, and probably shall go back to the mines. For the present I can write no more.

From your erring boy,
WILLIAM BUMP.

A Case for the Curious.

THERE is, in this town, an old hen that within a few days has been playing some queer pranks. While engaged in sitting upon a nest of eighteen eggs, a cat, within a few feet of her, brought into being a litter of two kittens. Matters went on harmoniously for a while, when, one day in the absence of the cat, the old hen conceived an affection for her neighbor's progeny, forsook her nest, and brooded the kittens. Upon the return of the mother-cat, a fight ensued, in which the hen actually beat off her four-legged assailant; and the efforts of the cat, thus far, to gain possession of her offspring, have proved unavailing. We have never seen a more singular freak among animals than this, and we shall be prepared soon to hear that the cat has concluded to show proper resentment by hatching out the neglected eggs. We have these facts from a gentleman well known to the public as a man of truth.—*Springfield Republican.*

They were determined to Wed.

ONE very cold winter night, in one of our country towns, a young couple, heated by the "ardent passion," resolved to have themselves spliced, and so proceeded to have it done. When they arrived at the minister's, he had retired, and, poking his head out of the window, declined performing the ceremony that night. "That won't do, Squire," said the young man, "we ain't going away till we're spliced, and if you don't come down, we'll pound the door in." What was to be done? he neither liked the idea of going down stairs in the cold, nor of having his door broken in. Still the case was urgent, and one or the other alternative he must adopt. At last an idea struck him. He told the young couple to stand out before the window and join hands. He then proceeded—

"Out of this window, this stormy weather,
I join this man and woman together;
None but He who rules the thunder,
Shall break this man and woman asunder."

Wives Wanted.

An Australian newspaper contains the following, to those whom it may concern, interesting intelligence:

"*Attractive News for our Countrywomen at home.*—Out of the female immigrants who recently arrived at Melbourne by the William Stewart, eight were married within twenty-four hours after their landing."

If any young woman wishes to know when she will be married, she may satisfy her curiosity by a very easy process. Let her take her passage for Australia, calculate the length of the voyage, and add to it twenty-four hours. Within that time she will be a wife—or a voluntary spinster.

A Strange Freak of Nature.

A curious freak of nature may be seen on an apple tree in Medford, in the yard of a gentleman of that place. Upon a branch of this tree, there are *three large white roses.* Originally there were five, and what is still more singular is, that they are all upon a new sprout of this year's growth.

Portland Advertiser.

A girl at Greenwich, during the holidays, being asked to play at kiss in the ring, replied, that she should like to play at kiss *after the ring*, and was soon after taken at her word.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Here I am, quite alone. All my little friends and counsellors are out in the meadow—going mad over the hay-cocks. I must have a look at them. Well done, Sally—you'll beat James in the race. How the creater does run! Bravo! I do love to see these young madcaps in their frolics. I should like to have a scamper with them—the rogues. But this miserable rheumatism would be a bad preparation for such a strife. How they would laugh to see Robert Merry limping up and down, like an elephant trying to dance Nancy Dawson.

So—here are my letters—Let me see. This is from Rachel E. W—— of St. Louis. It's a pleasant letter—indeed, for somebody; but such soft compliments can't be intended for me—poor, rough, hobbling Robert Merry. Nevertheless, I'll put it in. Perhaps it will find its owner in that way, as well as by sending it to him through the post-office. I remember to have heard old Farnum, the quack doctor of South Hampton, say he had a pill, which, if a person would take it, would find out his disease, and kill it as sure as a gun. So, no doubt this pretty letter of Rachel E. W.'s, if put into Merry's Museum, will find the happy person for whom it is intended. But here it is:

St. Louis, April 30th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:—I accompanied my mother last summer on a visit to my little brother at the Canandaigua Academy, N. Y., and spent several days most delightfully in the family of M. W., Esq., who is the head of the Institution. On bidding good-bye, Mr. W. promised to send me your Museum, which I have regularly received and read with the deepest interest.

Accompanying the number of the current month, was an engraved likeness of the editor, which my father tells me is very good. I am delighted to gaze at this representation of *Peter Parley;* and would, if I could do so, most warmly clasp his hand, and thank him for the great pleasure his many stories have imparted to me—especially the "Snow Storm," which so forcibly teaches obedience to parental wishes. I did not recollect that his name was *Goodrich*, and am glad to have it impressed on my memory by means of so nice a picture. I wish I could see one, with whom I have often held such pleasant intercourse in my youthful studies. I shall in a few days leave St. Louis for Canandaigua, N. Y., where I expect to spend some years at the Seminary in charge of Mr. and Mrs. T.—and I desire that my copy of the Museum be sent to me at that place.

I always look most anxiously for its arrival, and enjoy its contents more than words can express. How many thanks are due to you by the little girls of the whole country, for such an enterprise for their amusement and instruction! I must bid you good-bye. Yours truly,

RACHEL E. W——.

Vernon, Ct., May 9th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:—I got the Museum for May last Saturday, and with it came the portrait that there has been so much talk about lately. I think that you are a pretty good-looking sort of a man. But after all the portrait don't look a bit as I thought it would. I expected to see an old man with a broad-brimmed hat, old-fashioned breeches, &c., like the pictures of you that I have seen in some of your books. You don't look as though you had the rheumatism a great deal; probably you have grinned till you have got over it.

In the Museum I found an Arkansas knot from your correspondent, Wm. Y. C. Thinks I to myself this will be a hard one, but I went to work at it, and in about five minutes I got it untied.

The answer to the enigma of eleven letters is William Bump. I have been much pleased with the story of Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover, and I hope it is not half finished.

But, Mr. Merry, I guess I have written enough for this time, and if you will please to insert this with the following enigma (especially as I have written two letters before and haven't seen anything of either of them), you will oblige your

Friend and subscriber,

WM. P——L.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 8, 29, 20, 22, is a division of time.
My 14, 16, 17, is an animal.
My 7, 16, 20, 14, 11, is a useful article.
My 24, 22, 16, 30, is a fish.
My 14, 8, 16, 12, is used for fuel.
My 25, 12, 5, is an insect.
My 18, 23, 9, 17, 2, 4, is a cold season.
My 3, 13, 28, is a kind of grain.
My 10, 8, 9, is a weight.
My 12, 16, 10, 27, 9, is a foreign language.
My 6, 21, 19, 26, 10, is a garment.
My whole is to me the most interesting part of the Museum.

Jamaica Plain, May 16th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:—I send you a puzzle for those of your readers who like to exercise their wits.

Your constant reader,

THOMAS G——R.

PUZZLE.

Rhete si a lcpea dyoben htta glmfnai lhil,
Fmor hcnewe hte rtssa rthie nhti caparenpae dhse,
A cpela ydnobe lal alecp rhewe veren lli,
Orn prieum ghthuot aws vree broedrha.

The following is sent by a friend who has not favored us with his name.

I am a word of only five letters. I am the name of something that possesses some curious qualities. It can run very fast, and very easily too, without any feet or legs! Sometimes it ascends up into the air, and remains for a long time; and yet it has no wings! There have been instances of its being discovered at a great depth under ground, though it never digs!

It is very plenty in the cold regions of the Arctic Ocean, and is also found in great quantities among the South Sea Islands. It usually dispenses health and happiness to those who choose to receive them, but sometimes does not hesitate to destroy the lives of many persons, even, at a time!

It is something which all those who read "*Merry's Museum*" have seen, and, I hope, delight in.

If it will aid you in finding out my name, I will add in regard to my letters, that my 4th, 2d, and 5th is a medium through which we frequently receive communications from our friends.

My 1st, 2d and 5th, is a dangerous thing.

My 5th, 2d and 3d, is one who never intends to pay for his board. From

COUSIN VEDI.

Saco, Feb. 13th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

Sir:—It is now a long time since I have written to you; but as I have nothing particular to do, I thought that I would send you a puzzle, which I think is a pretty hard one and which I call

THE POSER.

I am a word of 20 letters.

My 19, 12, 1, 13, 17, 8, is a nick-name.

My 7, 2, 5, 18, 7, 7, 8, 16, is the name of a prophet.

My 9, 12, 10, 15, is something that we could not do without.

My 4, 6, 9, is a kind of pitch.

My 20, 14, 15, is something which the world is full of.

My 3, 2, 11, is the name of a fabled bird.

My whole is the name of a people.

I also send you a charade, but I do not pretend to call it hard as I do the puzzle. Here it is: My first is a perfume; my second is a Latin word; my whole is an instrument of slaughter.

Now, Mr. Merry, as your friend, Fanny C. D., asked you if you had ever been as far *west* as Illinois, so I would ask you if you have ever been so far *east* as Maine? If you will come and see me, I will give you some *oysters*, but whether they are "*Blue Points*" or not, I cannot say.

Now good bye, Mr. Merry, from your old friend and subscriber, G. H.

MR. MERRY: *Boston, March 17th*, 1850.

Dear Sir:—Your "Museum" affords me a great deal of pleasure. I have found out almost all of the puzzles in every number, since it has been united with "Parley's Playmate."

Enclosed I send you a "Puzzler." If you approve of it, will you insert it in your next number?

A friend and subscriber,

PUZZLE.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 9, 7, 2, 6, is a very fierce animal, and it inhabits my 4, 11, 6.

My 13, 14, 1, 8, 9, 15, 3, 5, is a very celebrated island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 9, 7, 12, 15, 16, 7, 5, is a colony on the western coast of Africa.

My 4, 8, 5, 6, is one of the dignitaries of the church.

My 9, 11, 5, 4, is a mineral substance.

My 4, 2, 10, 8, 16, is a widow's right.

My whole is a distinguished statesman.

Elmira, May 20th, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

What could I do without you? All the papers and magazines my father takes, I think are far inferior to your Museum.

I will tell you what I do after I have read it through myself. I get some poor children around me, and read it to them. I heard one of them say that his uncle, who is in California, has seen Billy Bump—but I can hardly believe it. Do you think it is true? how I should like to see poor Billy.

I am not like some little boys and girls who are always finding fault that you don't put in such and such tales, but I think that you know best what to insert, and so I read cheerfully whatever you put in. Yours,

PETER T. SCRIBBLE-SHEET.

New York, May 13th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:—In looking over a few numbers of your Museum, I saw several letters written by your subscribers, with which I was very much pleased, and suddenly the thought came over my mind, how it would do for me to write a letter to Mr. Merry, and after thinking it over awhile I concluded to make the attempt. I commenced taking your Museum on the first of January, 1850;

and, I assure you, I have been deeply interested in its contents. I hope you will continue the tale of Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover, for I think his adventures are well worth reading. The only fault I have to find is that it does not come as often as I should like to have it, but I should recollect that it costs a deal of labor to get the different items ready for insertion in one short month.

Your friend and subscriber,

E. F.

New York, May 20th, 1850.

DEAR SIR:

I've a request to make of you, Mr. Merry, which is very interesting to me. So I take my pen to tell you about it. You may think me very bold, but never asking, you know, is never receiving. Besides, you seem to be kind and good-natured, and will probably not be angry, even if you do not comply with my wishes. Should you be angry, indeed, and threaten to point your pen at me, I can get behind the bushes, and escape without much damage.

Well, as I was saying, I have a request to make of you, Mr. Merry, which is very interesting to me, and perhaps to some other readers of your Museum. I say *perhaps*, because, as there are many boys of many minds, and many girls of many kinds, they may have different tastes from mine, you know. I think one of your stories is entitled, "*Don't be too Positive*," and so you see I practise what you preach.

But I must come to the business of this letter, which is to make a request of you, Mr. Merry. This talking, and talking, and beating the bush, and never catching the bird, is very tedious, and therefore, I like to see people come to the point at once. When I was a little boy, I teased my Uncle Seth for a story. So he began—

"Once upon a time, there was a man with two dogs. Now one was a big dog, and the other was a little dog. Be particular to remember what I tell you; one of these dogs was a large dog, and the other was a small dog. Now the small dog, you will observe, was the little dog, and the large dog was the big dog.

"Well, as I was saying, once upon a time, there was a man who had two dogs. Now, be careful to remember what I tell you, Bob—one of these dogs was a large dog, and the other"—

How much longer Uncle Seth would have gone on with his big dog, and his little dog, I can't say, for he was a great quiz; but I saw the joke, and feeling deeply offended, I walked off, and didn't speak to Uncle Seth again for two days. He finally gave me four-pence, and we made up. I could tell you ever so many anecdotes about Uncle Seth, but since his two dog story, I have disliked talking, and talking, and talking, without ever coming to the point. A word and a blow is my maxim, and so I proceed to state my request.

Not that I would be blunt, or rude, or anything of that sort, Mr. Merry, for the world. It always seemed to me bad manners, for the pig to put his fore-feet into Mrs. John Pippin's milk pan, and begin to drink, saying, "I have invited myself to supper, ma'am!" Everything, no doubt, should have a suitable and proper introduction, and having made this introduction, I proceed to business.

Now, Mr. Merry—you will doubtless remember—and who among your readers does not remember—that once upon a time you began to write the life and adventures of Tom Titmouse—and you went on and on, and told of everything else, and left this story untold, at last. What I request is that you will finish it! Yours,

BOB SHORT.

I have many letters besides these. One from Sarah Maria W—, I should like to print, but she positively forbids me to do so. Little Anne at my elbow says she knows Sarah Maria meant I should print the letter, notwithstanding. C. E. S.'s essay is under consideration; F. A. E. of E. Middleboro'; A. J. Y. and his brother, of Georgetown; M. B. G. of Newton Centre, and J. C. of Jamaica Plain, will accept our thanks for their several communications. John S. P—'s account of his big eggs is very amusing, but it does not appear to me to be true. I do not believe that any hen lays eggs which will hatch kittens—though I admit that some folks' hens are doing very queer things.

Diogenes seeking an Honest Man.

Diogenes.

THIS eccentric individual, whose fame has come down to us from antiquity, was born in Asia Minor about 419 B. C. Having been banished from his native place, with his father, on a charge of coining false money, he went to Athens and joined the rigid school of the Cynics. These were a sect of philosophers who took their name from their disposition to criticise the lives and actions of others—the word Cynic being derived from a Greek word signifying *dog-like*. Diogenes devoted himself with the greatest diligence to the lessons of his master Antisthenes, whose doctrines he afterwards extended and enforced He not only despised all philosophical speculations, and opposed the corrupt morals of his time, but also carried the application of his principles in his own person to the ex-

treme. He exposed the follies of his contemporaries with wit and humor, though he really accomplished little in the way of reforming them. At the same time, he applied, in its fullest extent, his principle of divesting himself of all superfluities. He taught that a wise man in order to be happy, must endeavor to preserve himself independent of fortune, of men, and of himself; and in order to do this, he must despise riches, power, honor, arts and sciences, and all the enjoyments of life.

He endeavored to exhibit, in his own person, a model of cynic virtue. For this purpose, he subjected himself to the severest trials, and disregarded all the forms of polite society. He often struggled to overcome his appetite, or satisfied it with the coarsest food, practised the most rigid temperance, when at feasts, in the midst of the greatest abundance, and did not consider it beneath his dignity to ask alms.

By day, he walked through the streets of Athens barefoot, with a long beard, a stick in his hand, and a bag over his shoulders. He was clad in a coarse double robe, which served as a coat by day and a coverlet by night; and he carried a wallet to receive alms. His abode was a cask in the temple of Cybele. It is said that he sometimes carried a tub about on his head, which occasionally served as his dwelling. In summer he rolled himself in the burning sand, and in winter clung to the marble images covered with snow, that he might inure himself in the extremes of the climate. He begged for bread that he might be insulted, and sat under the eaves of houses in the rain. He bore the scoffs and insults of the people with the greatest equanimity. Seeing a boy draw water with his hand, he threw away his wooden goblet, as an unnecessary utensil. He never spared the follies of men, but openly and loudly inveighed against vice and corruption, attacking them with keen satire and biting irony. The people, and even the higher classes, heard him with pleasure, and tried their wit upon him. When he made them feel his superiority, they often had recourse to abuse, by which, however, he was little moved. He rebuked them for expressions and actions which violated decency and modesty, and therefore it is not probable that he was guilty of the excesses with which his enemies reproached him. His rudeness offended the laws of good-breeding, rather than the principles of morality.

A profligate person having written over his door, Let nothing evil enter here, "Which way then," said Diogenes, "must the master go in?" Observing a young man blush, "Take courage, friend," said he, "that is the color of virtue." In reply to one who asked him at what hour he ought to dine, he said, "If you are a rich man, when you please, if you are poor, when you can." "How happy," said some one, "is Calisthenes in living with Alexander!" "No," said Diogenes, "he is not happy: for he must dine and sup when Alexander pleases." Being presented, at a feast, with a large goblet of wine, he threw it upon the ground. When blamed for wasting so much good liquor, he answered, "Had I drank it, there

would have been double waste, I as well as the wine would have been lost."

On a voyage to the island of Ægina, he fell into the hands of pirates who sold him as a slave to Xeniades, a Corinthian. The latter, however, emancipated him, and entrusted to him the education of his children. Diogenes attended to the duties of his new employment with the greatest care, commonly living in summer at Corinth, and in the winter at Athens. It was at the former place that Alexander found him at the road-side, basking in the sun; and, astonished at the indifference with which the ragged beggar regarded him, entered into conversation with him, and finally gave him permission to ask of him a boon. "I ask nothing," answered the philosopher, "but that thou wouldst get out of my sunshine!" The following dialogue, though not given as historical, is designed to represent this interview.

Diogenes. Who calleth.

Alexander. Alexander. How happeneth it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

D. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

A. What! dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

D. No.

A. Why so?

D. Because they are not gods.

A. They are gods of the earth.

D. Yes, gods of the earth!

A. Plato is not of thy mind.

D. I am glad of it.

A. Why?

D. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes.

A. If Alexander have anything that can pleasure Diogenes, let me know and take it.

D. Then take not from me that you cannot give me—the light of the sun?

A. What dost thou want?

D. Nothing that you have.

A. I have the world at command.

D. And I in contempt.

A. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

D. But I shall die whether you will or no.

A. How should one learn to be content?

D. Unlearn to covet.

A. (*to Hephæstion*) Hephæstion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

H. He is dogged, but shrewd; he has a sharpness, mixed with a kind of sweetness; he is full of wit, yet too wayward.

A. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

D. Do.

We are told that the philosopher was seen, one day, carrying a lantern through the streets of Athens: on being asked what he was looking after, he answered, "I am seeking an honest man." Thinking he had found among the Spartans the greatest capacity for becoming such men as he wished, he said, "Men, I have found nowhere, but children, at least, I have seen in Lacedæmon." Being asked, "What is the most dangerous animal?" his answer was, "Among wild animals, the

slanderer; among tame, the flatterer." He expired 323 B. C., at a great age, and it is said, on the same day that Alexander died. When he felt death approaching, he seated himself on the road leading to Olympia, where he died with philosophical calmness, in the presence of a great number of people who were collected about him.

The Squirrel at Home.

MR. GREY-TAIL SQUIRREL built himself a nice cosy house, in the hollow trunk of an old dry oak tree at Pine Hill. He had neither wife nor children, and no one to provide for but himself, unless indeed, a neighbor might step in to see him, or an old friend make him a visit of a few days. As he liked to have all things comfortable about him, he had plenty of dry soft moss for his bed and blankets, which he gathered early in the autumn. He laid in a great store of chestnuts, acorns and beech nuts, which he stowed away in snug corners he called his closets. Besides these he had a few small russet apples, that the farmers had left under the trees, as not worth picking up. But they were a fine prize to Mr. Grey-tail; though he had to bring them a long distance, and it was tiresome work, still he kept busily employed till he had them all safe in his dry cellar. In the first of the cold weather, before the snow came, he used to dig about among the dry leaves under the trees, and find nuts and sometimes a few plums, enough to last him for his dinner and supper that day. He was very careful not to commence eating from his stock at home, while he could avoid it, as he knew a long, cold winter was coming, when he could not stir from home, and must depend upon the food in his closets. And when the cold, stormy days came, how glad Greytail was, that he had such a warm house and plenty to eat. But he was not at all selfish, and was always glad when he could be kind to any one. If he met any poor squirrel who was cold, hungry, and far away from his own home, he would invite him to his house, give him plenty to eat, and make him as comfortable as possible. One day he met Mr. Whitefoot, a neighbor, as he was scrambling about under the trees for a few beech-nuts or dried berries. Mr. Whitefoot was quite poor, and had a wife and two little children. He had been badly hurt in the autumn, when he should have gathered in his nuts for winter; and now had only a small supply, which his wife and children had picked up while he was sick. If the thoughtless boy who threw the stone, which hit him and broke his leg, could have known how much he suffered, I think he would never do anything so cruel and wicked again.

Greytail had a long talk with Mr. Whitefoot, and at last the poor fellow told him how sad he felt for fear his family would starve before spring, they had so little to eat, and he brushed away the tears from his eyes, as he told his sad story. O!

how glad Greytail was that he had such abundance, and he told Whitefoot not to despair, for he would share his nuts with him, and help him take care of his family. Whitefoot jumped for joy, though he hurt his lame foot in doing so, and was obliged to lie down for some minutes. Then Greytail took him to his house, and gave him a nice dinner, and then walked home with him; they both carried as many nuts as they could, and Greytail promised him two of his best apples, which he would bring over the first pleasant day.

Very glad indeed, were Mrs. Whitefoot and the children, to see the father return with Mr. Greytail and with such nice food. The mother thanked him again and again, for his kindness, and the children climbed up on his lap and patted his brown hair and long whiskers, and were perfectly charmed with him. As Whitefoot was so lame, Greytail would not let him come for the nuts he had to give him, but trotted backwards and forwards with them himself, over the long, rough road. Then he told him he would go out with him about noon, every pleasant day, to search for nuts, and before snow came, they found quite a quantity, and Mrs. Whitefoot said she was sure if they were prudent, they had enough to last them till spring, and should be able to give some away to poorer neighbors if they needed them. After all this was over, a very severe storm came—the wind blew and broke off large branches of the trees. The dead leaves were whirled about helter-skelter, trying to find places to hide, till at last the white, soft snow fell and housed them all snugly away under its mantle. Greytail had worked so hard that he was quite glad of a little rest; he fastened the door of his house tight with moss, to keep out the snow, looked to see if his nuts and apples were safe, then curled himself up in his warm bed, put his long bushy tail over his shoulders for a blanket, and composed himself for a very long sleep.

And he did little else but sleep all winter. Once in a while he would rouse himself, look to see that all was safe, eat a few nuts, nibble at an apple and then doze again. Twice he went over to Whitefoot's and found them all well but very sleepy; so he told them he should come no more till spring. They and all the other families of squirrels at Pine-Hill, kept very quiet, till the days began to grow long and warm in March. Then the light and warmth began to find the way into the windows of Mr. Greytail's house, and he woke up one bright morning, quite refreshed by his month's nap. "Bless me," said he, "how long I must have slept, I should think it was nearly a week." And he pulled the moss away from the door and looked out. The ground in many places was quite bare and dry, though deep patches of snow were in the hollows and by the fences. The sun shone so cheerfully, that Greytail was quite enchanted, and thought he was the luckiest fellow in the world, to have waked up on such a charming day. He stepped out a short distance, and saw the people busy in making maple sugar in a grove of maple trees not far off. "O dear," said he, smacking his lips, "how

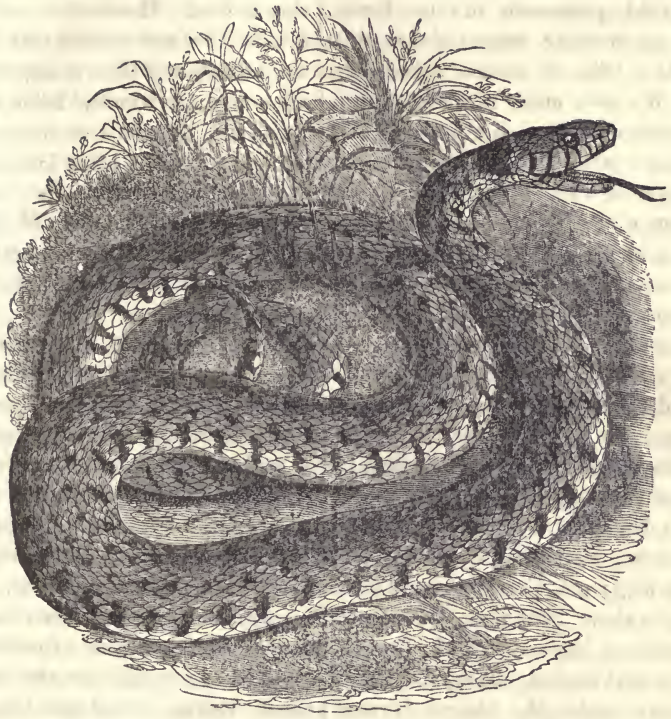
good a piece of that sugar would taste, after living on dry nuts and apples all winter." But he would not have touched a bit of it unless it was given to him, for the world. So he stood and looked a while, and as the path was quite dry he hopped along, till he came in full sight of all that was going on. Two ladies and two little boys, Charley and Georgey, had come to see the sugar made, and Greytail thought he could venture a little nearer, they looked so gentle and pleasant. "O Mamma, look; look Aunty, what a funny little squirrel!" Mr. Greytail jumped a few feet back, but they all seemed so afraid of frightening him, he at last went quite near, so that they could all see him very well. "O Aunty, I wonder if they don't love sugar." "Perhaps they do, Georgey, and we will see if they like it as well as little boys." So Aunty threw a little piece quite gently to Greytail, who sprang towards it in a moment, and lifted up his bright eyes to them and began to nibble it. "See Aunty, he made a bow to thank you for the sugar, didn't he, Mamma? "I think he did, Charley; what a well-behaved little squirrel he is." "May he have some more sugar, Mamma—may I throw him a piece?" "And me too," said Georgey. So each of the little boys threw him a lump, and each time he made his bow to thank them, and then Aunty and Mamma took the little boys home, promising to come with them another day; and Greytail took up his lumps of sugar and hurried home, for he was quite chilled with having stayed out of doors so long. His house looked cheerful and comfortable when he got there, and he laid up the largest lump of sugar in the closet, declaring to himself, that he would take it over to Whitefoot's the first time he felt like a long walk. "And what nice ladies and children they were," said he aloud—he had a queer way of talking to himself—"what a fat little curly pate the one is, they called Georgey; he looks as if he lived on nuts and sugar, and slept as much as I do. Bless me, how fat I have grown this winter! How my whiskers need trimming—I am ashamed to think I went out looking so shabby. What must the ladies have thought of me?

"Why, they must all live in the new stone house, down the hill, in the pine grove; fashionable people they seem to be; I will take a run that way soon—they will be very agreeable acquaintances to have, and may be useful to Whitefoot." Greytail had talked himself quite sleepy, so he shut up the door, and composed himself to another nap. When he wakes up again, I will tell you of a journey he took, and what adventures he met with on the way.

A—— A———.

Canine Pride.

A GENTLEMAN, a good shot, lent a favorite pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges — however much he might frighten them. After he had ineffectually fired at some birds which the pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.



Serpents.

SERPENTS are not favorites; they appear, in all countries and all ages, to be hated by man. This rises, doubtless, from the stealthy, gliding character of the race, and from the venomous qualities which belong to a large part of the species. Perhaps, too, we owe these creatures a grudge, from the trick which was played off upon our mother Eve, by a certain personage, who took the guise of a serpent. At all events, no expression of detestation can be stronger than that conveyed by the proverb—"A snake in the grass!"

Nevertheless, an amusing chapter might be made upon serpents. For the present, however, we content ourselves with a few extracts, remarking by the way, that no department of nature seems more varied than this, as we have serpents of all colors, and all sizes, from an inch to fifty feet in length. It is possible, in early times, when the arts were little known, and mankind were but thinly scattered

over the earth, that serpents, continuing undisturbed possessors of the forest, grew to an amazing magnitude, so that every other tribe of animals fell before them. We have many histories of antiquity, presenting us such a picture; and exhibiting a whole nation sinking under the ravages of a single serpent. We are told, that while Regulus led his army along the banks of the river Bagrada, in Africa, an enormous serpent disputed his passage over! We are assured by Pliny, who says that he himself saw the skin, that it was a hundred and twenty feet long, and that it had destroyed many of the army. At last, however, the battering engines were brought out against it, and these assailing it from a distance, it was soon destroyed. Leguat assures us that he saw a serpent in Java that was fifty feet long; and Carli mentions their growing to above forty feet. Mr Wentworth, who had large concerns in Guiana, assures us that in that country they grow to an enormous length. He one day sent out a soldier with an Indian to kill a wild fowl for the table; and they accordingly went some miles from the fort. In pursuing their game, the Indian who generally marched before, beginning to tire, went to rest himself upon the fallen trunk of a tree, as he supposed it to be; but when he was just going to sit down, the enormous monster began to move, and the poor savage, perceiving that he had approached a Liboya, the greatest of all the serpent kind, dropped down in an agony of fear.

The soldier who had perceived at some distance what had happened, levelled at the serpent's head, and, by a lucky aim, shot it dead. However, he continued his fire until he was assured that the animal was killed; and then, going up to rescue his companion, who had fallen motionless by its side, he, to his astonishment, found him dead likewise, being killed by fright! Upon his return to the fort, and telling what had happened, Mr. Wentworth ordered the animal to be brought up, when it was measured and found to be thirty-six feet long.

In the East Indies serpents grow also to an enormous size; particularly in the Island of Java, where we are assured that one of them will destroy and devour a buffalo. In a letter printed in the German Ephemerides, we have an account of a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo, by a person who assures us he himself was a spectator. The serpent had for some time been waiting near the brink of a pool, in expectation of its prey, when a buffalo was the first that offered. Having darted upon the affrighted animal, it instantly began to wrap it round with its voluminous twistings; and at every twist the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack, almost as loud as the report of a pistol. It was in vain that the poor animal struggled and bellowed; its enormous enemy entwined it too closely to get free; till at length all its bones being mashed to pieces, like those of a malefactor on the wheel, and the whole body reduced to one uniform mass, the serpent untwined its folds to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and in order to make the body slip down the throat more easily, it

was seen to lick the whole body over, and thus cover it with its mucus. It then began to swallow it at that end which offered the least resistance, while its length of body was dilated to receive its prey, and thus it took in at once a morsel that was three times its own thickness.

Peter and his Lady-Bugs.

LITTLE girls and boys sometimes think that common things are not worth the trouble of looking at. They are crazy to have their parents take them to places where they can see sights. They suppose that there are no sights to be seen except such as cost money. They do not try to find curious animals in the leaves and grass about the house, but think the only animals worth seeing are kept in great cages, like the lions and monkeys which showmen bring into town. This is a mistake. If my young friends will go into the garden and watch the bugs and other insects long enough, they will see stranger sights than they ever dreamed of. They will learn that the flies and bugs and other creatures in the leaves have strange habits, and queer ways of getting their living, and are hence worth the trouble of a little watching. It needs some patience to watch without disturbing them, for when you first see them, you will not discover what they are doing. If you keep still, and look at one particular one all the time, you will soon see him do something that you did not suppose he would do. It will pay you for the trouble of looking so long at so small a creature. The child who studies the habits of an insect, will be amused while he is studying, and he will become a great philosopher when he gets older. It is better than playing ball or dressing dolls.

I know a bright little boy about nine years old whose name is Peter. His mother is fond of house-plants, and has some very pretty ones in her parlor. These plants have a small insect on them —a little, green, soft bug—called plant-louse. Learned men give it a long, hard-sounding name, but I think it is too small a creature to be able to carry so heavy a word on its back—and *I* will call it plant-louse. These lice became very numerous on the plants, and almost covered the tender buds and shoots. The moment a new leaf came out, they ran to it and commenced eating it while it was soft and juicy. They have a hard little mouth, and they would thrust this down into the bud or shoot, and suck the life from the leaf. The leaves began to turn yellow, and the plants looked sick and drooping. The lice were killing them.

Peter's mother saw what was the matter with her plants, and she resolved that she would not let the lice devour them if she could help it. She set Peter to catching these creatures on a piece of paper, and burning them in the fire. Every day poor Peter was obliged to spend more than two hours in peeking under leaves,

and into all kinds of small holes and corners in the buds, to catch these mischievous things, but they seemed to increase so fast that he began to think he should find no end to his labors. He tried to smoke them off, but he smoked himself as much as he did them; and they seemed to like the fun, for they were as lively as crickets. His mother did not think it best for Peter to use tobacco smoke, for she feared he would get so much in the habit of making tobacco smoke, that he would be found some day standing behind a long cigar; a cigar with a fire at one end and a foolish boy's mouth at the other. She did not wish to have Peter learn such filthy habits, and she made him catch the lice with his fingers the best way he could. They were so nimble Peter did not catch half he saw, and he became almost discouraged.

But he was a bright boy and never saw anything curious without taking some pains to know what it was. He wanted to understand the reason of everything he saw. One day while he was in the garden, he made a discovery that helped him to catch all his plant-lice without using cat or dog, fingers or eyes. It was a great discovery, and showed that Peter had some brains. He was picking currants, and came near picking a bright, round bug, that was on the stem of a currant. It was a pretty bug, about as large as a currant would be if it was cut into two halves like a split pea. It was bright red on its back, and its back was round as a ball, but it was flat as a board on the under side. Learned men give a long name to this short bug, but I will call it by the name which children give to it, and they will know it if I say it was the "Lady-Bug." You remember the verse which children sing when they find a Lady-Bug—it begins and ends,

"Lady-Bug, Lady-Bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will roam."

The only house the poor bug has is her back, and I suppose the children think her house is on fire because her back is as red as a coal. Perhaps the children are laughing at her because her back is red—perhaps because her house is so small. I can't tell, and it is of no consequence. When Peter saw the Lady-Bug, he reached out his hand to catch her. But at that moment he thought he would not catch her, but would watch her a few minutes and see what she would do. Perhaps she would eat something, and then he could learn what Lady-Bugs like to eat. He had seen a great many of these creatures, but he had never seen one eat, and he knew they must eat something for this one was plump as a ball.

He waited a few minutes and watched her. After she had regained her courage, or forgotten his touching her, she began to climb up the currant bush. She did not hurry and scamper up like a bustling and fussing fly, but walked up quietly and daintily like a genteel Lady-Bug. She came to the top leaf and climbed its slender stem; but as she passed up the stem, she looked pretty closely under the leaf a moment, and then took her position on the upper side of it. Peter concluded her journey had come to an end, and that she would now go down

again, for there was nothing for her to do there, unless she had come up to see the prospect, like men who climb a high mountain to see what they can see. She stood on the very edge of the leaf, and seemed to be meditating, but Peter could not guess what she was thinking about, for if she was a Lady-Bug she could keep a secret.

While Miss Lady-Bug was standing in this demure way on the edge of the leaf, Peter saw her reach her head under it, and bring back something which she eat as if it was good. Twelve times Peter saw her do this, and he became curious to find out what the Lady-Bug could get under the leaf that seemed to give her so much satisfaction. He nipped off the leaf with her Bugship on it and examined it on both sides.

He discovered the reason and cause of her operations immediately. A large number of plant-lice, which he knew by sad experience to be the same little rascals which he had to hunt so much on his mother's plants, were collected in a crowd on the under-side of the leaf, and the Lady-Bug had caught twelve of them and made her dinner on them. "Ah, ha, Miss Lady-Bug," said Peter, "if you like to catch such kind of birds, I know somebody, and that is Peter, who will give you a job on Mother's plants, and you may have breakfast, dinner, and supper there, and luncheons between meals." Peter commenced catching Lady-Bugs. He collected some dozen round-backed ones of all sizes, red as a toper's nose, and put them on his mother's plants. They were so much astonished for some time that they kept still, and Peter's mother wondered at his bringing all these bugs into the house. But after a few hours the Lady-Bugs began to look about them for food, and they eat plant-lice till every one was destroyed. Peter could play while his Lady-Bugs were doing his morning task.

After Peter had made this discovery, he began to spend some time every day in watching the little insects in his garden, and seeing how they got their living. He became so well acquainted with the habits of all kinds of bugs and insects, that he will be able soon to write a great book, big enough to have printed on its back in gold letters, "Entomology." Is this not better than spending one's time in stoning frogs, or sticking pins through flies. Peter will make a great man, for he is learning something every day even from worms, and bugs, and spiders.

PEGGY BETSEY.

A Smuggler's Trick.

IT was stark calm; and as the fog cleared up a little I saw I was in the very jaws of a ship of war, and I almost gave up all for lost. However, as they were lowering their boat to board me, I sculled off to them, all alone in my punt, and asked the people of the ship if they knowed what was good for the measles! I could hear them laugh from stem to stern. A big, fat man, they called the doctor, told me to keep my patients warm, and to give them hot drinks. It was enough; they took care not to come near the *Peggy Ann* that time.

Murder of Miss Macrea.

IT is well known that in the Revolutionary war, the English, being in want of troops, a great part of their best soldiers being employed in the defence and garrison of their numerous colonies, hired large bodies of foreign mercenaries, whom they sent to our shores to fight in their cause. Great numbers of Hessians, of Germans, of Canadians, and, lastly, of Indians, were thus enrolled under their banner. The employment of the Indians excited an odium, which was in no degree compensated by any services they could render.

An incident that occurred in 1777, roused indignation to the highest pitch, and created a sensation wholly to the disadvantage of the British cause. Two savages were employed to conduct Miss Macrea, a young American lady of great personal beauty, to the British camp, where she was to be married to a British officer. On the way, they quarrelled about the expected reward, when one of them, exasperated to fury, and resolved at all events to disappoint his rival, struck her dead with his tomahawk!

In reference to this atrocity, General Gates wrote — "That the savages of America should, in their warfare, mangle

and scalp the unhappy prisoners who fall into their hands, is nothing new nor extraordinary; but that the famous Lieutenant-general Burgoyne, in whom the fine gentleman is united with the soldier and scholar, should hire the barbarians of America, to scalp Europeans and the descendants of Europeans—nay more, that he should pay a price for each scalp so barbarously taken, is more than will be believed in Europe, until authenticated facts shall, in every gazette, confirm the horrid tale."

The Price of an Opinion.

IN a cold night of November, in the year 1825, a man, enveloped in a cloak, rapped at the door of one of the most distinguished advocates of Paris, now President of the French National Assembly. He was quickly shown into the chamber of the learned lawyer.

"Sir," said he, placing upon the table a large parcel of papers, "I am rich; but the suit that has been instituted against me to-day will entirely ruin me. At my age, a fortune is not to be rebuilt; so that the loss of my suit will condemn me forever to the most frightful misery. I come to ask the aid of your talents. Here are the papers; as to the facts, I will, if you please, expose them clearly to you."

The advocate listened attentively to the stranger; then opened the parcel, examined all the papers it contained, and said—"Sir, the action laid against you is founded in justice and morality. Unfortunately, in spite of the admirable perfection of our codes, law does not always accord with justice, and here the law is in your favor. If, therefore, you rest strictly upon the law, and avail yourself without exception of all the means in your favor; if, above all, these means are exposed with clearness and force, you will infallibly gain this suit, and nobody can afterwards dispute that fortune which you fear to lose."

"Nobody in the world," replied the client, "is so competent to do this as yourself. An opinion drawn up to this effect and signed by you would render me invulnerable. I am bold enough to hope that you will not refuse it to me."

The skilful advocate reflected for some moments, and, taking up again the papers which he had pushed away, with an abruptness peculiar to him, said that he would draw up the opinion, and that it should be finished the following day at the same hour.

The client was punctual to his appointment. The advocate presented him with the opinion, and without taking the trouble to reply to the thanks with which the other overwhelmed him, said to him rudely—

"Here is the opinion; there is no judge who, after having seen that, will condemn you. Give me 3,000 francs!"

The client was struck dumb and motionless with surprise.

"You are free to keep your money," said the advocate, "as I am to throw this opinion into the fire."

So speaking, he advanced towards the chimney; but the other stopped him, and declared that he would pay the sum demanded, but that he had only half of it with him.

He drew, in fact, from his pocket-book 1,500 francs in bank-notes. The advocate with one hand took the notes, and with the other threw the opinion into a drawer.

"But," said the client, "I am going, if you please, to give you my note for the remainder."

"I want money. Bring me 1,500 francs more, or you shall not have one line."

There was no remedy, and the 3,000 francs were paid; but the client to revenge himself of being so pillaged, hastened to circulate the anecdote. It got into the papers, and for a fortnight there was a deluge of witticisms of all kinds upon the disinterestedness of the great advocate. Those who did not laugh at it, said it was deplorable that a man of such merit should be tainted with a vice so degrading as avarice. Even his friends were moved by it, and some of them went so far as to remonstrate with him publicly; but the only reply he gave was by shrugging his shoulders, and then, as everything is quickly forgotten at Paris, people soon ceased to talk of the matter.

Ten years had passed. One day the judges of the Supreme Court in their red robes, were descending the steps of the palace of Justice, to be present at a public ceremony. All at once a female darted from the crowd, threw herself at the feet of the attorney-general, seized the end of his robe, and pressed it to her lips. The woman was looked upon as deranged, and the officers endeavored to drag her away.

"O, leave me alone, leave me alone," she cried, "I recognize him—it is he, my preserver! Thanks to him, I have been able to bring up my large family. Thanks to him, my old age is happy. O, you do not know me. One day—I was very unhappy then—I was advised to bring an action against a distant relation of my last husband, who had possessed himself of a rich heritage that ought to have come to my children. Already I had sold half my goods to begin the action, when, one evening, I saw enter my house a gentleman, who said to me—'Do not go to law; reason and morality are for you, but the law is against you. Keep the little you have, and add to it these 3,000 francs, which are truly yours.' I remained speechless with surprise. When I would have spoken and thanked him, he had disappeared; but the bag of money was there, upon my table, and the countenance of that generous man was engraved upon my heart, never to be erased. Well, this man—this preserver of my family—is here! Let me thank him before God and before men."

The court had stopped. The attorney-general appeared moved, but conquering his emotions, he said—

"Take away this good woman, and take care no harm comes to her. I don't think she is quite right in her mind."

He was mistaken; the poor woman was not mad—only *she* remembered, and M. Dupin had forgotten.

The Ant-Eater.

THERE are three species of this curious animal known to naturalists, comprehended under the general name of the ANT-BEAR. The difference between these species is only one of size and power—their habits of life, their singular appetites, and the manner of taking their prey, being alike in all. The largest species is four feet long from the tip of the snout, to the insertion of the tail; while the shortest is barely seven inches. The snout is formed in so disproportionate a manner, that the length of it makes nearly a fourth of the whole figure. It is almost round and cylindrical, extremely slender, and hardly thicker at the eyes than at the extremity. The legs are very short and armed with five strong claws. The mouth is very small, the neck short, and the tongue extremely long, slender and flattened on both sides; this it keeps generally doubled up in the mouth, and is the only instrument by which it finds subsistence; for it is destitute of teeth, and finds safety only in the remoteness and security of its retreat.

It may well be supposed that an animal so helpless as the ant-bear, with legs too short to fit it for flight, and unprovided with teeth, with which to make resistance when attacked, is neither numerous nor often seen; its retreats are in the most barren and uncultivated parts of South America. It is entirely unknown to the old world. It lives chiefly in the woods, and conceals itself under the fallen leaves. Its manner of procuring its prey is one of the most singular in all natural history. As its name implies, it lives entirely upon ants and insects; and these, in countries where the ant-eater is found, are produced in the greatest abundance—often building hills five or six feet high. When the animal approaches an ant-hill, it creeps slowly forward on its belly, taking every precaution to keep concealed, till it arrives at a convenient distance; then, lying down at full length, it thrusts forth its round red tongue, which is often two feet long, across the path of these busy insects, and there lets it lie motionless for several

minutes together. The ants of that country, some of which are half an inch long, considering it as a piece of flesh accidentally thrown in their way, come forth and swarm upon it in great numbers; but wherever they touch they stick; for the tongue of the animal is covered with a slimy fluid, which entangles every creature that lights upon it. When therefore the ant-eater has entrapped a quantity sufficient to make it worth its while to swallow it, it draws in its tongue and devours them all in a moment; after which it still continues in its position, practising the same arts, till its hunger is appeased. Such is the luxurious life of a creature which seems of all others the most helpless and deformed.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE left our party of adventurers anchored in the river Merrimac. The thunder-storm which so disturbed their sleep during their first night in America soon passed over, and with returning day, they set about making preparations to land. Thorwald called a council of his officers, and held a long deliberation on the plan of their future operations. Should they moor the vessel where she was, and leaving her in care of a sufficient guard, start on an expedition to the interior, or should they continue to coast along the shores, and discover the size of the newly found territory? Thorwald was for staying where they were, and this opinion ultimately prevailed. The ship was hauled close to the river's bank, and closely secured. Her sails were furled, her rudder unshipped, and everything was laid up for a long stay. Half the men only were on duty at a time, the others amusing themselves in the woods according to their respective fancies. Some climbed high trees, and thus got a sight of the country many miles inland; some gathered the flowers that were growing amid the grass, and others bathed in the river; Thorwald lay down under a gigantic oak tree, and after thinking a reasonable time of Fredegonde, Eric, Gudrida and Harold, gradually lost consciousness and went to sleep.

But this life of idleness could not last always; the country was to be explored, Harold to be found, and many other things were to be done which required our hero to be up and doing, rather than lying down and doing nothing. So up he got, called the men together, and drew by lot a number who were to accompany him in his travels. Those who were left behind were to build huts enough for the whole party. A site was selected for the village, and a style of architecture proposed and approved. These dwellings were to be constructed with considerable care, for Thorwald had learned from Olaf, that the climate was subject to changes, and that in winter the snow covered the ground as deeply as in Norrland. The explorers were to be absent three months, when they were to return and relieve their comrades.

So the party started off in high spirits

and great expectations of having a good time. They had nothing to do but to wander where their fancy led them, to follow the course of the pleasantest rivers, to bivouac in the most shady groves, and to enjoy to the full the beauties nature had spread so lavishly over the scene. To their eyes, everything was new and striking, and as they walked along, they kept up a running fire of ohs! and ahs! as they came in sight of mountains or valleys or rivers or forests. Thorwald amused himself with a philosophical discussion with a queer fellow by the name of Char-kole. Whenever this Char-kole opened his mouth everybody prepared to laugh; not because he was a very good joker, but because he said everything in such a queer way, that the commonest remark passed for a very funny speech. Thorwald and he had started the inquiry, why it was that the sun which set every night in the west rose the next morning in the east: Char-kole declared that after setting, it went right back again, only, being night, no one could see it. Char-kole was what is called a natural philosopher, and if he lived nowadays, he might be very useful in solving the many mysteries which are at this moment puzzling the world. He was famous for telling big stories, and in fact could not narrate the simplest event without drawing pretty largely on his imagination. Once while cruising about in his boat he saw a stranded whale on the coast of one of the Luffoden Isles. On returning to the village, he described it as a most enormous creature, with a gigantic rattle at the end of his tail, which the whale brandished in a manner most frightful to behold. This story eliciting some doubts, he declared that it was so far from the head to the tail, that he couldn't see what there was there: how did he know that there wasn't a rattle on the end of it—there might be for all he knew!

As the party were proceeding briskly along, stooping under the projecting branches, or stopping to disentangle their clothes from the briars, Char-kole discovered something which attracted his attention. This was a decayed tree with a large hollow in the trunk and a wide crack or fissure in the bark. From this tree there seemed to proceed a very savory smell, and on closer examination Char-kole found that a thick, yellow substance was trickling from the hollow along the crack to the ground. The party collected round and waited Char-kole's farther investigation. He soon pronounced it exceedingly good to eat, and the Norwegians proceeded to scoop out large handfuls for themselves. They too found it to their liking, for there was very soon none left. They were curious to know what it was, and Char-kole was as usual the only one who proposed a reasonable theory on the subject. The tree, he said, in which they had found the substance, was an American variety of the Norway pitch pine; and the substance itself a resinous substance which at certain periods exudes from the bark. The explorers had, on the discovery of the tree, seated themselves under its shade; and as they listened to Char-kole's disquisition, a sort of humming sound forced itself on their

ears. It was at first distant and faint, but became gradually louder and louder, and soon began to whizz like a Lake Erie steamboat letting off steam. At last a huge swarm of bees appeared through the trees, making by the straightest possible line for the decayed trunk with the fissure in its bark! They lit on the edge of the hollow and looked in. They seemed transfixed, for not a muscle did they stir. Astonishment had paralyzed their limbs, for they stood in silent horror. Something like twenty pounds of the best quality of columbine honey gone during a flight of a dozen miles or so! The humming which had ceased began again, but with a greater intensity. The bees had their backs turned towards the intruders, who sat watching the scene with considerable interest. At last a big, burly bumble-bee turned round and stood face to face with Char-kole. Then they all turned round. Then the big, burly bumble-bee poised himself on his wings and directed his flight towards Char-kole. The latter, far from suspecting treachery, received his visitor upon the ball of his thumb. "O, what a pretty creature! Why he's blue, yellow, and six or seven other colors that I never saw. What a soft touch he has—Yah! he's stabbed me, the villain! help! murder! Why he's worse than a white bear! Take him off, somebody!" Poor Char-kole rolled on the ground in agony, and his tormentor, leaving his sting behind him, rejoined his comrades on the tree. The Norwegians jumped to their legs, thinking affairs were becoming serious. This was the signal for a general onslaught. The bees, who had been occupying themselves in whetting their stings, rushed bravely to the attack. The poor navigators, who would have thought themselves better off if every bee had been a whale, and every sting one of Char-kole's rattles, defended themselves the best way they could. One climbed a tree and got out of the way of observation. Charles the Second did much the same sort of thing when he hid in the Royal Oak. Some rolled over and over on the ground, thinking that if a bee happened to light anywhere, he'd be pretty sure to get smashed at the next revolution. Some rushed to a neighboring stream, and kept under water till the fight was over. One had a set-to with a bee in a gladiatorial sort of way: he threw himself into a boxing attitude, and dealt him two or three good blows, which he supposed had done for him, till he felt him between his shoulder blades, just at a place where he couldn't reach him. But by far the greater number, and among them was Thorwald, broke off branches of trees, and whirled them over their heads and round this way and that, doing a good deal of execution. Mangled bees of all sorts covered the ground: some legless, some wingless, some headless and a good many stingless. Char-kole was stung in eleven different places, for the creatures, whether by instinct or not, singled him out as the cause of all their woes. Thorwald could not help rejoicing that Fredegonde was safe in her island home, while Char-kole openly regretted the absence of Beeze-wacks. The city of Lowell is built upon the scene of this memorable engagement, and

as every one says who has been there, is a perfect bee-hive of a place.

After recovering from the fatigue which this adventure had caused them, our party started again in its search of novelty. "Well, comrades," said Thorwald, "we thought it likely we might have to fight our way in this country; what do you think of our first encounter?" "Why," said Char-kole, "I don't know what we must expect from the men, if that's the way we get served by the flies. We'll have something to tell of, though, when we get back, that's one consolation." Char-kole was already composing a good-sized romance on the battle of the bees, with which he meant to excite the sympathy and admiration of an arctic audience, on his return home.

We have not space to follow our friends in all their wanderings. We must pass over a period of about a month, during which they had penetrated westward into the territory now forming the State of New York. During all this time, they had not, strange to say, met a single human being. This rather surprised them, as Olaf had represented the country as quite thickly peopled. Wild animals of the smaller kinds they had seen in abundance, and Char-kole had acquired a degree of dexterity in stoning rabbits which was really extraordinary. The swellings consequent upon the attacks of the bees had subsided, much to his satisfaction, for he had declared that he would not show himself to any decent red man, as long as he was in such a condition. This extreme delicacy on his part will be better understood, when we inform the reader that he intended, in case he should find any copper-colored lady suited to his mind, to take her back to Norway with him. Knowing that first impressions go a great way, he was naturally desirous of having his face and hands return to their natural dimensions, before presenting himself to any of the fair sex.

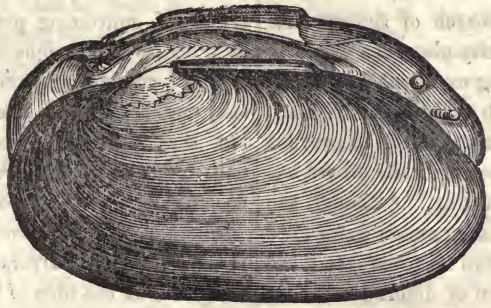
One day as the party were making their way over a rather rocky tract, a wild animal bounded past them; Char-kole, who was always on the look-out, levelled a stone at the creature; at the same moment the animal dropped dead, and went rolling over and over till he fell at the foot of a precipitous descent. Thorwald and Char-kole ran forward to secure the prey, followed at a little distance by the whole party. On arriving at the spot, they found themselves face to face with a group of Indians, one of whom was in the act of slinging the animal over his shoulders. They were all equipped with bows and arrows, and several were laden with a goodly supply of the four-footed spoil of the forest. They were nearly naked, and the little clothing they had, seemed to be rather for the purpose of ornament than protection. Their arrows gave them the advantage in an attack from a distance, while the knives and spears of the Northmen were decidedly superior in the case of a combat at close quarters. In other respects the two parties were pretty equally matched, numbering about 20 men each.

It was pretty evident now that a squabble would arise, from the position in which the two parties were placed.

There was not much to fight about, perhaps; but, on the other hand, there was but little to propitiate them. The difference of race was one great incentive to bad feeling, and the animal in dispute was a very good peg on which to hang a quarrel. Char-kole walked boldly up to the red-skin who had taken up the prize, and with energetic gesticulation, made him understand that he had thrown a stone at the animal, and that he therefore considered it his by right of conquest. The Indian, who seemed to be open to reason, replied by pantomime that he had shot an arrow at the animal; that it was the arrow, and not Char-kole's stone, which had taken effect, he proved by exhibiting the flesh torn by withdrawing the arrow from the wound. This was decisive enough, one would think; but so far from yielding to the force of the argument, Char-kole drew his knife, and before Thorwald could interfere, plunged it into the Indian's breast. A battle immediately ensued. The Northmen for some time had the best of it, as it was a hand to hand contest. In some instances, they were overpowered by the physical strength of their antagonists, and their knives changing hands, were quickly sheathed in their own bosoms. The Indians, at this early period of their history, were almost entirely ignorant of the use of metals, and the tomahawk, that deadly invention of more modern times, was, as yet, unknown. At last, one of them escaping the general melée, ran to a distance, from whence he could use his bow to advantage, and singling out the one whom he supposed to be the chief of the adventurers, let the arrow fly from the string. It struck Thorwald in the side, and he fell at the foot of a tree. The Indian, then putting his hand to his mouth, uttered that unearthly yell, which centuries later so often waked the early settlers of this country to scenes of pillage and bloodshed. It echoed through the forest and over the hills, but drew forth no reply; it was again repeated, and this time a faint hilly-ho was heard in the distance. Before many minutes had elapsed, some dozen or more red-skins came running to the rescue, and the Norwegians were quickly overpowered. The dead of both parties were laid aside, and the wounded were treated with a good deal of surgical skill. Had the tomahawk been in existence, Thorwald's scalp would have speedily graced the belt of some tattooed savage; milder counsels prevailed, however, and the Indians, with their prisoners in close custody, set off upon an expedition which was kept a close secret from them. What this expedition was, and what were the results of the battle, both they and our readers will discover in the course of the next chapter.

Power of the Hyphen.

The London Record, narrating the labors of a colporteur, says that a certain soldier bought a New Testament for one of his companions, "a pious, *man-fearing* God." Omit the hyphen, and place the comma after the word "man," and the expression will read very differently.



Pearl Oyster.

The Pearl Fishery.

THE greatest of all pearl fisheries is carried on in the months of April and May, on the western bank of the Island of Ceylon, under the supervision of the British government, to whom the island belongs. The privilege of diving is sold by auction, and the period of commencing and closing the fishery is regulated by law. The signal for commencing is given at daybreak, when the sea is the calmest, by the discharge of a cannon; and immediately a countless fleet of boats, who have arrived at the scene of action, cast anchor, and the divers descend into the depths of the sea.

In order that they may descend through the water with greater rapidity, they place their feet upon a stone attached to the end of a rope, the other end of which is made fast to the boat. They carry with them another rope, the extremity of which is held by two men in the boat, whilst to the lower part which descends with the diver, there is fastened a net or basket. Besides these, every diver is furnished with a strong knife to detach the oysters, or to serve as a defensive weapon in case he should be attacked by a shark. As soon as they touch ground, they gather the oysters with all possible speed, and having filled their net, quit their hold of the rope with the stone—the weight of which enabled them to remain at the bottom—pull that which is held by the sailors in the boat, and rapidly ascend to the surface of the water.

The pearl is a *malady* of the oyster, a sort of excrescence or wart, and requires seven years to develope itself completely. If the shell is not fished at that time the animal dies and the pearl is lost. When taken, the oysters are left in a hot sun to putrefy, in which state, if vigorously washed with sea-water, they easily render the pearls they may contain. These are afterwards assorted, with reference to their size, regularity and color. Troops of Indian artizans are always on the spot to drill or pierce them, which they do with extraordinary rapidity and correctness.

The divers are trained to this occupation from their very infancy, and fearlessly

descend to the bottom in from 30 to 60 feet of water in search of the oysters. They often make fifty plunges a day, and at each ascent bring up about a hundred oysters. Some rub their bodies with oil, and stuff their ears and noses, to prevent the water from entering, while others use no precautions whatever. Although the usual time of remaining under water does not much exceed two minutes, yet there are instances known of divers who could remain four and even five minutes.

The chief danger awaiting the diver is found in the ground shark. This animal is a common and fearful inhabitant of all the seas in these latitudes; and its terrors are so continually before the eyes of the divers, that they seek a vague safety in supernatural means. Before they begin diving, the priests or conjurors, who are known in the Malabar language by the name of *Pillal Karras*, or binders of sharks, are always consulted, and whatever the conjuror says to them is received with the most implicit confidence. The preparation which he enjoins upon them consists of certain ceremonies according to the castle and sect to which they belong, and on the exact performance of these they lay the greatest stress; nor will they on any account descend till the conjuror has performed his ceremonies. His advices are religiously observed, and generally have a tendency to preserve the health of the devotee. The diver is usually enjoined to refrain from eating before he goes to plunge, and to bathe himself in fresh water, immediately after his return from the labors of the day. During the time of the fishery the conjurors stand on the shore till the boats return in the afternoon, muttering prayers, distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes, and performing ceremonies. All this time they ought to abstain from food or drink, but they sometimes regale themselves with toddy, till they are no longer able to stand at their devotions.

Some of the conjurors frequently go in the boats with the divers, who are greatly delighted at the idea of having their protector along with them, and become additionally venturous. The zeal of the conjurors who go in the boats appears to be stimulated by the hopes of a valuable pearl. As a body, these keepers of the consciences of sharks reap a rich harvest; for, besides being paid by the government, they get money and presents of all sorts from the merchants and those interested in the fishery.

Their address in redeeming their credit when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into the possession of the English, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjuror was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives the most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them that an old witch who owed him a grudge had just come from Colang, on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter-conjuration which for a time rendered his spells fruitless; that this had come to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened, but that he would now show his superiority over his antagonist by

enchanting the sharks, and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents could happen during the season. Fortunately for the conjuror, the event answered his prediction, and no further damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishery of that year. Whether this was owing to the prayers and charms of the conjuror, we leave our readers to decide; but certainly it was firmly believed to be the case by the Indian divers, and he was afterwards held by them in the highest esteem and veneration.

Questions and Answers.

Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom?
We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Stars, wherefore do ye rise?
To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair Moon, why dost thou wane?
That I may wax again.

O Sun, what makes thy beams so bright?
The Word that said, "Let there be light!"

Planets, what guides you in your course?
Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
My Maker called me, and I came.

O Light, thy subtle essence who may know?
Ask not; for all things but myself I show.

What is yon arch which everywhere I see?
The sign of omnipresent Deity.

Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?
Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.

Ye Clouds, what bring ye in your train?
God's embassies — storm, lightning, hail or rain.

Winds, whence and whither do ye blow?
Thou must be born again to know.

Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear?
That justice still cries "strike," and mercy "spare."

Dews of the morning, wherefore were ye given?
To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

Rise, glitter, break: yet, Bubble, tell me why?
To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire,
No, thus must all the host of heaven expire.

Ocean, what law thy chainless waves confined?
That which in reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time, whither dost thou flee?
I travel to eternity.

Eternity, what art thou, say?
Time past, time present, time to come—*to-day*.

Ye Dead, where can your dwelling be?
The house for all the living:—come and see.

O Life, what is thy breath?
A vapor lost in death.

O Death, how ends thy strife?
In everlasting life.

O Grave, where is thy victory?
Ask Him who rose again for thee.

James Montgomery.

During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, and too lazy to work, the neighbors thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly, he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens the following conversation took place:

"Hallo! what have you there?"

"Poor old Mr. S."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Bury him."

"What, is he dead? I hain't heard of his death."

"No, he is not dead, but might as well be; he has no corn, and is too lazy to work for any."

"This is too cruel for civilized people; I'd give him two bushels of corn rather than see him buried alive."

Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone,

"I-s i-t sh-e-ll-e-d?"

"No, but you can soon shell it."

"D-r-i-v-e o-n, b-o-y-s."

Captain Meriwether Lewis.

ALL our readers have heard of Lewis and Clarke's expedition to the western part of this continent. Meriwether Lewis was distinguished in his earliest years, for that boldness and enterprise which have placed his name so high on the list of American pioneers and adventurers. He enrolled himself as a volunteer at the age of twenty, in the American army, in order to assist in quelling the insurrection excited by the excise taxes, passed during the administration of General Washington. Thence he was transferred to the regular service, from which he passed into the employment of Mr. Jefferson. During ten years he acted as his private secretary, and impressed that great statesman so favorably as to his character, that he chose him to command the expedition above mentioned, which was one of the most important ever projected in America.

Mr. Jefferson had succeeded by purchase, in adding to the United States the immense extent of western territory comprised under the name of Louisiana; and Congress, at his suggestion, appropriated a sum of money for sending some competent person on this mission. The expedition, which will ever form a part of the history of the country and the biography of Jefferson, was intrusted by him

to Lewis. The president gave the following testimony to his character:—"Of courage—undaunted: possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction: careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline: intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles: habituated to the hunting life: guarded by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country against losing time in the description of objects already possessed: honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous, that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves: with all these qualifications as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

Lewis was occupied for three years with his researches, and his work on the subject forms one of the most interesting productions ever issued in America. The source of the Missouri river was reached by his party on the 12th of August, 1805, about 3100 miles above its junction with the Mississippi. "We had now," says he "reached the hidden source of that great river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man, and as we sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute, felt ourselves rewarded for all our labors and all our difficulties." This truly useful man terminated his life while actively employed in reducing to order the dissensions of the natives of the country he had explored, 1809.

Group of Roman Coins.

Coins and Medals.

ONE of the most abundant materials for history, in the absence of other authentic sources, exists in coins and medals, which may be regarded as a species of portable monuments. Such a multiplicity of events have been recorded by ancient medals, and so great has been the care of antiquarians and scholars in collecting and preserving them, that they have been made to throw great light upon history. They confirm such statements as are true in old authors, clear up what was doubtful, and supply what has been omitted. It is remarkable, for instance, that history scarcely makes mention of the magnificent cities of Balbec and Palmyra, whose ruins are now so famous: we have, indeed, little knowledge of them beyond what is supplied by inscriptions and medals. A history, lost to the world, has been recovered by this means. A small collection of medals gives us a complete chronicle of the kings of Syria, not mentioned by any ancient writer whatever.

These curious relics of antiquity not

only preserve the knowledge of the leading events of history, but they likewise transmit to us information of many things important to be known, more accurately than could be furnished by any written description. Thus were found upon medals, traces of manners and customs, the figures of ancient buildings, instruments, garments, &c., which show very strikingly the state of the arts at the period when they were executed.

Many interesting matters have been neglected by historians as being too familiar to require notice, or from a belief that they would never engage the curiosity of after times. Yet, fortunately, these are supplied by coins, upon which we see the dresses of different persons in different ages, civil and religious customs, such as sacrifices, triumphs, &c. By their help we know the first Roman emperor who wore a beard, and rode with stirrups; upon them we see Nero with his fiddle, and Commodus with his lion's skin. Upon coins also which are still preserved, are to be seen plans of the most considerable buildings of ancient Rome. An entire gallery of ancient architectural monuments might be formed from this source alone.

A VILLAINOUS fellow, in one of the western counties of Virginia, who had whipped his wife, was ducked by a party of youngsters, whereupon he sued for damages. The jury, after retiring ten minutes, returned a document to the court, in the form following to wit:—"Verdict of the jury—served him right—John Simpson, foreman."

Honesty.

A SPICE merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient, and then requested to know the cost of it.

"Five sequins," replied the customer, "was the price; and considering the quality, it is not at all dear."

The tailor paused a moment.

"I am but a beginner in trade," said he to the spice dealer, at length, "and money is an object with me. Give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair."

"I agree," said the other, and the money was produced and paid.

"It is well!" said the man of the needle—"I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience; for I have never made such a dress as you want; and if I attempt it, it will be spoiled."

This reminds us of an anecdote related of Sheridan, who went to a hair-dresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port, and showed so much genuine hospitality, that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table, and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflecting, I don't intend that

you shall make my wig." Astonished, and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed, "Good heavens! Mr. Sheridan, how can I have displeased you?" "Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow; and I repeat it, you shan't make the wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Fighting on Equal Terms.

Speaking of duelling, says a correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*, I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia, many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost his leg, and who was well known to be a dead shot, challenged Col. D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.

"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can!"

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than fill a coffin!"

No one troubled the Colonel after that.

Conjugations and Agreement.

In a lesson in parsing, the word 'courting' came to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said—

"Very well, what does courting agree with?"

Ellen blushed and held down her head.

"Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?"

"Ye—ye—yes, sir!"

"Well, why don't you parse that word—what does it agree with?"

Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen said—

"It a—a—agrees with the girls, sir!"

A Mr. Stanton, who publishes a newspaper "away up" at St. Paul, Minnesota Territory, talks of moving his press to Nebraska, a thousand miles above the Falls of St. Anthony! Another printer has straggled into the former place, and he is afraid he shall be cramped in his operations. If competition follows him to Nebraska, he means to go to the North Pole and start the "*Arctic Gazette and White Bear Advocate.*"

"Pussy, may I have your mistress?" said a bashful wooer, who wished to pop the question, taking up the lady's cat. It was answered by the lady, who said—"Say yes, pussy."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Merry. Well, the Fourth of July has come and gone once more, although it seems hardly a year since the last. What did you do with yourself on the great day, John?

John. I'll tell you, Mr. Merry. I've got two reasons for being jolly on the Fourth of July. It's not only the birthday of America, as they say in the orations, but it's mine, too; I was born on the Fourth, and so have a great taste for powder. I fired 15 cannons, one for each of my years, then 30 more for the 30 states, with one a little tighter rammed down for California; then I had 13 bunches of crackers for the 13 colonies, besides a lot of torpedoes, and fizzers, for everything in general and nothing in particular. Don't you call that a patriotic way of doing the business?

Merry. Pretty good, and I've no doubt your country is very much obliged to you. But let's see what the rest of our friends did while you were thus engaged. There's Susan Snowdrop, now.

Susan. We had a temperance picnic in our village, with an oration, and an ode sung by the Sunday-school children. Everybody was dressed in their prettiest gowns—the girls were, I mean—and the marshals felt so grand with their blue ribbons on their left arm, and everything went off so pleasantly. But I must tell you of a very queer thing, Mr. Merry, that happened while we were at the picnic in the woods. There was nothing to drink but ice water and lemonade, and I'm sure no one need want anything better than that. All of a sudden we heard the popping of a cork near us, and we all looked to see what it could be: but there wasn't a cork, and still less a bottle, anywhere to be found. Pretty soon we heard it again, and then there was a sound like pouring champagne into a glass; why, you could almost hear it foam. The marshals and the orator, and the man that led the singing, got up and tried to ferret out the intruder. Just then I felt some one pull my sash, and lifting up the table-cloth, I saw my cousin Walter under the table. He had one finger in his mouth, and his cheek looked as if he had the toothache. Then he pulled his finger out in a way that I don't exactly understand, and made the loudest pop we had heard yet. How he did the pouring, I don't know. Pretty soon he was found out, and was a great favorite for the rest of the day. All the boys learned to pop—and so did some of the girls.

Merry. Well, Susan, you seem to have had a nice time of it. Your cousin Walter must be a pleasant sort of a fellow—bring him to see me some day. (*looking at Jim*) Now Jim, let's have your adventures. You are just the boy to do something worth telling of.

Tom. He did do something worth telling of, Mr. Merry, only he won't tell of

it himself. He went to the Park in the evening to see the fireworks. Everybody was about two feet higher than he, and he could not see much; so he got into a tree and had a good view. Now the police, who didn't want boys to get into the trees, had taken the precaution to tar them all over. Jim saw the wheels, and the rockets, and the roman candles, and the golden rain; and when all was over, he thought he'd go home. But he found he was stuck tight to the tree, and could not stir. He was so ashamed that he wouldn't call for help, and what to do he didn't know; he thought of spending the night upon the tree, but that wasn't a pleasant idea. "At any rate," said he, "if I go to sleep, I can't fall off, that's one consolation." Pretty soon he gave a violent tug, and thought he heard something rip; it was his pantaloons. "No matter," said he, and gave another pull. "Suppose I should break the branch off, and have to go home with a piece of a tree hanging to me," said he, "what an awful condition!" He gave another tug, and at last broke loose. He left nearly half his clothes on the tree, but as it was pretty dark he didn't care much. He struck into a narrow street, and made for home. But he had to stop for nearly a quarter of an hour to let a Bengal light go out which was blazing a little way on. Ditto for a blue fire in the next street he came to. Pretty soon he came to a house in front of which was a scaffolding with a large firework upon it. As Jim passed it, somebody set it off. On it, in letters of green and yellow fire, were these words: "United we stand, divided we fall." "Why, that must mean me and the tree," said Jim. After being chased by a squib, and driven into a corner by a serpent, he got home, and went up the back stairs to bed.

Merry. I'll put your adventures in the next number of the Museum, James; what did you say the police had done to the tree? Oh, tarred it, yes. Now, one more, and then I must open my letter bag. Come, Ellen, you shall be the last.

Ellen. Well, Mr. Merry, I don't know what your other friends will think of my way of spending the Fourth, but I thought it a good one, and was very happy. My father gave me a dollar the day before, and told me I might do as I pleased. I wanted to do something good with it, and so of course thought of my subscription to the Museum. (*Merry acknowledges the compliment as in duty bound.*) But unfortunately it was paid for a year in advance. A gentleman called at our house in the evening, and told us that some of the people in the village had thought of giving the prisoners in the county jail a dinner, to make them feel, on this day, when all the world had a holiday, as if they were not entirely forgotten. My father thought it a good idea, and so did I. I passed the jail every day in going to school, and used often to think that perhaps the unhappy people who were shut up there, had never been to school, and had never been told the difference between doing right and doing wrong. Father gave the

gentleman some money, and I gave him my dollar. Two or three days after, we saw the gentleman again, and he told us the prisoners had a glorious time of it; they had toasts, and speeches, and called each other out, and gave three cheers for the Fourth of July, and were very grateful to the kind people who had sent them such a dinner.

Merry. You are a good girl, Ellen, and I shall put your story in the Museum too, as a contrast to Jim's. Now let's see what we've got. If the fair authoress of the following letter reads on a page or two, she will find that her "Timepiece," is not right, as she seems to suspect.

Oswego, May 29th, 1850.

Well, well, Mr. Merry, a pretty fix I am in; I had written a letter all ready to send you, containing the answers to the puzzles in the May number, when lo and behold, in danced a June Museum, containing the answers to those very puzzles, and I have been obliged to write my letter all over again, (no little trouble, I assure you;) but mother said I might just as well work out the answers to these last puzzles; so here they are; the first is "Conundrum," the second, the letter "A," and I think "Timepiece" will answer for the third, but I am not quite sure—am I right?

My younger sister takes the Museum, and I take much pleasure in reading it. We should like it better if it came every week, instead of every month. You have so many pleasant stories, I hardly know which I like the best. Please continue "Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover," in which I am very much interested.

Have you ever seen the beautiful city of Oswego? If not, perhaps you would like a short description of it. Still I should much prefer to have you come and make us a visit. Oswego is situated on Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Oswego river. This river divides the city into East and West Oswego. On each side of the river the land is ascending, giving a delightful view of both lake and river. Our harbor is large, and said to be one of the best on the lake. The Oswego river is quite a large stream, and on both sides of it there are plenty of flour mills. Do you know there is more flour made here every year than at any other place in the United States?

There are two bridges across the river, one is free, and at the other toll is demanded. A railroad connects this city and Syracuse, and we have plank roads running in almost every direction. There are eight churches, besides four denominations that use buildings erected for other purposes. Our population is fourteen thousand. We have a fort situated on a commanding spot, which is occupied by officers and soldiers.

You seem to be very much favored with black-eyed correspondents. Are you partial to black eyes? Mine are very blue, but sister's are black enough to suit you.

Oh, I had nearly forgotten to tell you that I once saw Peter Parley in Buffalo, and it is all a hoax about his being so very old and lame. I am only ten years old, and this was but a few years ago.

Your young friend,
MARY B. G.

Dedham, June 25th, 1850.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

My older brother, Jack, sent you a conundrum not long ago, which we all thought was a very good one for a boy of his age, and he was very sorry to see that there was not room for it in the Museum; but he will forgive you this time, if you will put in the one I send you now. I like fairy stories very much, but my voice is like one spear of grass in a meadow. I mean there are a great many children that take the Museum, and nearly all of them like something different; so I think that you must be in the same predicament that the old man and his son were, when they went to market with the ass; but I hope that in trying to please everybody you will not fall through the bridge as they did.

Yours truly,
BLACK-EYED SALLY.

CONUNDRUM.

I am a word of 18 letters.

My 11, 4, 9, 10, 10, 9, 10, 15, is a way of laughing that some people have.

My 4, 5, 18, 18, 5, 10, is what my cousin Will needs when he teases us.

My 10, 9, 17, 1, 14, 4, is a character in Dombey.

My 10, 3, 17, 1, 9, 10, 15, is common to a rainy Sunday.

My 18, 6, 4, 16, was a name used in the revolutionary war.

My 8, 9, 10, 15, 17, 7, 3, 4, 3, 6, 2, is a part of my whole.

My 2, 14, 10, 4, 16, 18, 7, 14, 14, 9, 11, 2, 17, was rather a Turk.

My whole was neither a genius, warrior, statesman, nor philosopher, but everybody knows his history.

Brooklyn, June 6th, 1850.

Mr. Merry:—I have taken your Museum four years, and I like it very much. I am much interested in the enigmas you publish, and had solved those in the May number to send to you; but I find some one has got before me, for I had not yet sent mine, and the answers are published in the number for June. I mean to be early enough this time, and I send the answers to the enigmas in the June number. The first one is "Conundrum," the second the letter "A," and the third "Matchless." I enclose an enigma which I should like to see in your Museum, if you think it worthy of a place there.

Your constant reader,

Alice.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 4, 3, 13, 16, is a cape on the eastern coast of North America.

My 9, 16, 7, 3, 5, 11, 8, is a county in New York.

My 1, 16, 3, 11, 1, is a river in England.

My 9, 11, 3, 14, 17, is a lake in Russia.

My 6, 3, 11, 15, is a river in Asia.

My 16, 12, 14, 17, is a gulf on the western coast of Russia.

My 9, 2, 12, 9, is one of the United States.

My whole is one of the most sublime works of nature.

Mr. Parley:—"The Cat and the Kittens" in your last No. puts me in mind of the history of our old puss, no insignificant member of our domestic establishment. She was an expert thief in her kittenhood, and would hook every eatable thing she could lay her paw on, even the newly hatched chickens; but was so handsome and playful that we pardoned all her offences. She was brought up with another kitten of the same age. The other was less active and interesting, but more honest and exemplary. She would not partake, but appeared to regard rebukingly the stolen articles. When the boys were dressing their small fishes obtained from the brooks with much labor and pains, the roguish kitten would, as often as she could, stealthily seize one, and run away with it in spite of all attempts at a rescue, while the other would sit by looking very wishfully upon so great a luxury (for cats are fond of fresh fish), and appearing to be thankful for the heads and fins which were thrown out to her. We gave the mischievous kitten to a neighbor, and in due time each had a family. A tom-cat killed the thievish one's kittens; she then came to our house, and watching for an opportunity when the other cat would be absent from her little ones, stole two and carried them home to her own bereaved nest. As if aware of her bad reputation with us, she never came again into our house for four years. This spring there was an exchange of families in the house where she resided: her old associate was dead: we were destitute of a cat, and she seemed inclined to return to us. We did not discourage her, and she continued her advances, slyly at first, but more and more familiarly, till now she is perfectly at home here. Age seems to have sobered, and reclaimed her from her evil ways. She retains much of her early beauty and sprightliness—is a first-rate mouser—and here ends my account of her life. If it is of sufficient interest for a place in the Museum, let your readers have it.

A Subscriber.

Watertown, July, 1850.

Mr. Robert Merry:

I am almost afraid you will think a little girl like me, too young and inexperienced to trouble you with a letter: but if you will excuse my boldness, and be pleased to read the verses which I have written, and send to you, perhaps you will think them good enough to publish in your Museum. You will perceive that they are intended as

AN ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE IN THE LAST NUMBER FROM COUSIN VEDI.

How beautiful it is to see
A mighty river flowing free;
From mountain-top to rolling sea,
Its *water* runneth easily!

How good is He who did ordain,
To bathe the earth with cooling rain;

Nor leave the *water* drawn on high,
To float forever in the sky.

When on some warm and sunny day,
The thirsty traveller plods his way,
How nice within some shady nook,
To find the cold spring's bubbling brook!

The stately ship with graceful motion,
Ploughs *water* in the arctic ocean;
And South Sea Islands get their name,
Because surrounded by the same.

And they who drink this water pure,
Will bright and healthy be, I'm sure:
Nor yet, I trust, compelled to fight,
To save by *war* a nation's right.

A little truth, if you'll but hear,
I'll speak it careful in your *ear*.
"This water's free,"—no need to steal,
As doth the *rat* his daily meal.

Now that which is so bounteous given,
Must surely be a gift from heaven;
And we should most ungrateful be,
Did we not prize cold water free!

LITTLE ALICE.

Darien, May 20th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

As this is the first time I have written to you, I hope you will think it worthy of inserting it in the Museum. The New York cars and the New Haven railway cars run through this place several times a day. I should like to have you call and see me; I would show you my pets. I have a nice pony, nine goslings, thirty-one little chicks, a good cat, and four kittens.

I believe I have solved the enigma of eleven letters; I make it William Bump. I think I have also untied the Arkansas knot. I send an enigma, which, if you think worthy, you may insert.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 1, is a strong person.
My 5, 6, 9, 11, 4, is a good drink.
My 2, 6, 9, is to wear on the head.
My 16, 17, 17, is good to eat.
My 10, 11, 12, is an animal.
My 12, 16, 17, 21, 22, is a colored person.
My 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, is a boy's name.
My 12, 13, 14, 9, 10, is not east.
My 17, 18, 17, is a vehicle.
My 21, 6, 9, is an animal.
My 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, is a dog's name.
My whole is something that I suppose will be finished in December next.

Yours respectfully,
H. C. K.

Danvers, June 24th, 1850.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I suppose you have a great many letters, and will hardly thank me, for writing one to you, but I must tell you, that I like the Museum very much. I like it because it has such good stories. Billy Bump is a favorite with me; I am quite anxious about him, and hope he will be good, get rich, and then come home to his father and mother; and when he comes, Mr Merry, I mean to go to Sundown to see him. Can you tell me how far Sundown is from Boston?

But you do not like long letters: so, Mr. Merry, I will only trouble you to say, that I want your 'portrait' to put up in the parlor, by the side of father and mother, and then when I go in to look at them, I shall see you, and think of Billy, and Thorwald, and Mignonne, and many others you have told us about. Mother says she will pay for the Museum now, that you may send it.

Your friend,
RIA.

We have received over fifty letters containing the answer to C. W.'s Arkansas knot; and they haven't done coming yet. We have also favors to acknowledge from G. P. Jr., of Vergennes; W. B., of North Adams, Mass.; I. H., of Geneva; H. S. P., of Gloversville; T. B. C., of Rochester; Lucy B. L., of Burlington; S. G. of Petersburgh; C. C., of Middlebury, Vermont, who has sent us an essay which we will insert when we have room; and E. D. W., of Manchester, Vt., who does not wish his letter printed. That's lucky, as our 32d page is pretty well filled already.

St. Patrick, preaching.

St. Patrick.

ST. PATRICK is, as all the world knows, the patron saint of Ireland. The authentic history of this country properly begins with him, in the fifth century. He appears to have been a native of France, and to have been made captive by one of the kings of Ireland. He was sold as a slave, and his master set him to watch over a flock of sheep. After seven years' servitude he made his escape to France, where, after visiting his parents, he devoted himself to study in a monastery. During this period, he had a remarkable dream, which was regarded by him as a vision from Heaven. In this he seemed to receive innumerable letters from Ireland, in one of which was written, "The voice of the Irish." From this time he thought of nothing, but of performing some holy work in the service of that people. He spent several years in travelling and meditation; and

at length, being constituted a bishop, and having, at his own request, been appointed by the Pope of Rome to that office, he proceeded on his long-contemplated mission to Ireland.

Britain was, at this period, still under the Roman yoke; but as yet no Roman soldier had ventured to cross the narrow channel between Britain and Ireland, and set his foot upon Irish soil. To Ireland, then, Rome had imparted none of her civilization. The country was, in fact, in a state of barbarism; the government was the same as that which had been handed down for centuries, and which continued for years after. The wrangles between the petty chiefs who claimed the title of kings, were savage and incessant, and the people were therefore embroiled in almost constant war. The religious worship of the country was little more than a routine of bloody rites and ceremonies, among which the sacrifice of human victims—men, women, and children—was common. The details of these shocking superstitions are too frightful to be repeated here. It is sufficient to say that the mission of St. Patrick contemplated the conversion of a nation wedded to these unholy rites, to the pure and peaceful doctrines of the gospel.

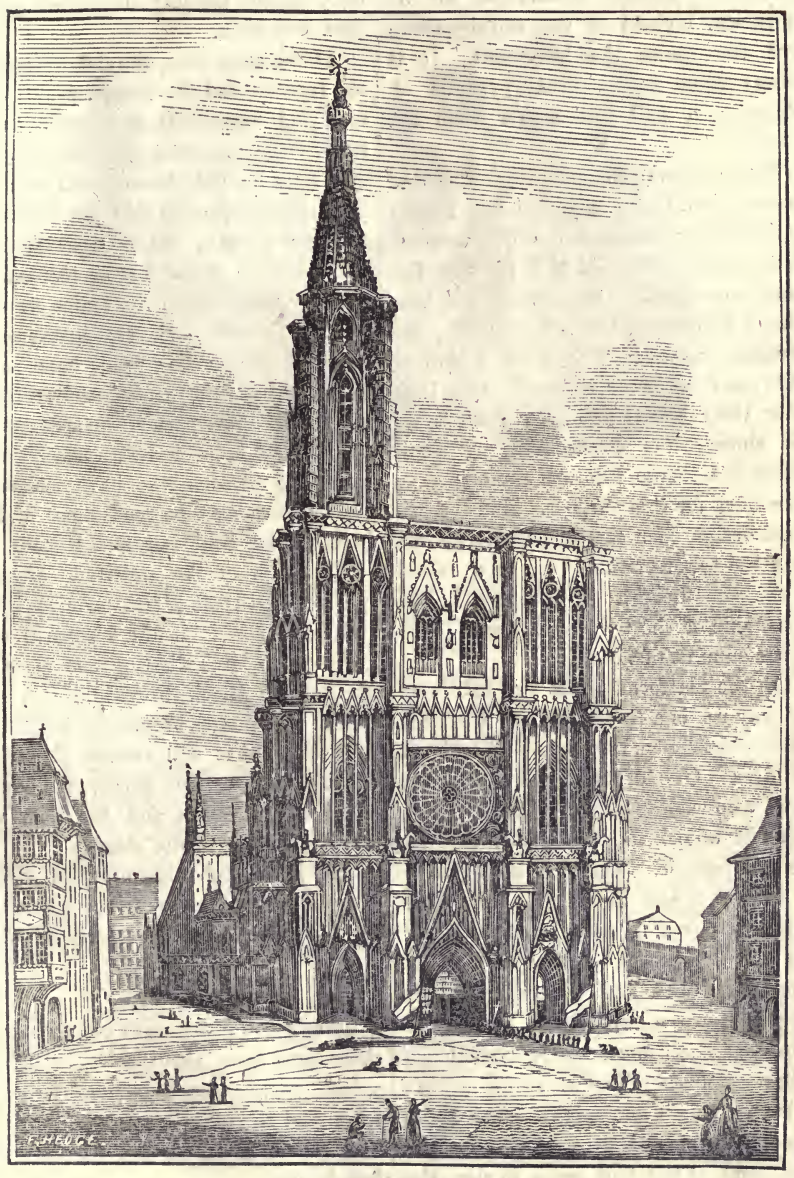
There was something in the very conception of this noble enterprise which marks St. Patrick as endowed with the true spirit of an apostle. Exercising no power but persuasion, and using no weapon but truth, he proceeded from place to place, reasoning with the people, and preaching to the prince. It was on one of these occasions that he is said to have illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity by stooping to the ground, and plucking a branch of trefoil, or three-leaved clover—maintaining that the three leaves upon one stem displayed in nature a trinity combined with unity. Thus, by his zeal and address, in the brief space of thirty years, St. Patrick introduced Christianity into every province of the land, and that without one drop of bloodshed. Everywhere the frowning altars fell before him: the superstitious prince did homage to the cross, and the priest of the sun bent his knee to the true God.

Such appear to be the true character and history of St. Patrick, divested of the marvels and miracles with which superstition has embellished them. Such, at least, is the view taken by the Irish historian; and such is the image pictured in the faith or fancy of the Irish people.

Strasburg Cathedral.

STRASBURG, a strongly fortified town of France, near the Rhine, has about 75,000 inhabitants. It is in the department of the Lower Rhine. It has the appearance of a German town, and German is spoken by the mass, though French is taught in the schools.

The principal and most interesting building in the town, is the *Cathedral* or *Münster*, one of the noblest Gothic



Strasburg Cathedral.

edifices in Europe, remarkable for its spire, the highest in the world—rising 474 feet above the pavement. It is nearly equal to the great pyramid of Egypt, and 140 feet higher than St. Paul's.

The artist who designed this admirable masterpiece of airy openwork was *Erwin of Steinbach:* his plans are still preserved in the town. He died in 1318, when the work was only half finished: it was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter Sabina. The tower, begun in 1277, was not completed till 1439, long after their deaths, and 424 years after the church was commenced, by John Hültz, of Cologne, who was summoned to Strasburg for this purpose. Had the original design been carried into execution, both the towers would have been raised to the same height. A doorway, in the south side of the truncated tower, leads to the summit of the spire.

On the platform, about two thirds of the way up, is a telegraph, and a station for the watchmen, who are set to look out for fires. One of them will accompany those who wish to mount the upper spire, and will unlock the iron gate which closes the passage. There is no difficulty or danger in the ascent, to a person of ordinary nerve or steadiness of head; but the stone-work of the steeple is so completely open and the pillars which support it are so wide apart, and cut so thin, that they more nearly resemble a collection of bars of iron or wood; so that at such a height one might almost fancy himself suspended in a cage over the city; and, if the foot were to slip, the body might possibly drop through the open fret-work.

At the same time, the elaborateness of the tracery, and the sharpness of the angles and ornaments, are proofs of the skill of the architect, and the excellent materials he had chosen; and it is only by a close inspection that the delicacy of the workmanship can be truly appreciated. Within a few feet of the top, the winding stairs terminate, under a species of carved rosette. Several instances are recorded of persons who have either fallen, or have thrown themselves, off the top. The upper part of the spire, within and without, is covered with neatly carved names of persons who have visited it; among them may be read those of Stolberg, Göthe, Schlosser, and Herder.

The view of the multitude of rusty-colored tiled roofs of the town is not very pleasing; nor is it the birds-eye panorama of the rich district around, of the Rhine and Black Forest in Germany, and of the Vosges Mountains on the side of France, that will reward the adventurous climber; but rather the exploit, the great elevation, and the near view which it affords of the steeple.

The interior of this wonderful building is curious and interesting, but we have not space to give a detailed description of it.

Riddle.

THERE is a father with twice six sons; these sons have about thirty daughters apiece, party-colored, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's faces, nor live above twenty-four hours.

Solon writing Laws for Athens.

The Seven Wise Men of Greece.

THE names of the seven wise men of Greece were Pittacus of Mitylene, Bias of Priene, Solon of Athens, Chilon of Lacedæmon, Cleobulus of Lyndus, Periander of Corinth, and Thales of Miletus. Two occasions on which these seven sages met all together are mentioned by ancient writers—once at Delphi, and a second time at Corinth. The following circumstance is said to have procured for them the distinctive appellation of *the seven wise men.*

Some fishermen of Miletus, in Asia Minor, after casting their nets into the sea, made a sale of the anticipated draught to some individuals who happened to be standing by. But when the nets were drawn, and it was found they contained a golden tripod, the fishermen refused to give it to the purchasers of the draught, alleging that they only sold the *fish* the nets might inclose. After much altercation, both parties agreed to refer the matter to the citizens of Miletus, who, finding the question a difficult one, sent to consult the oracle at Delphi upon it. Being ordered by the oracle to adjudge the tripod to the wisest man that could be found, they offered it to their fellow-citizen Thales, but he declined to take it, modestly saying that many wiser men than he existed. Thales next sent it to Bias of Priene, but he likewise declined the honorable gift and sent it to another. It thus passed successively through the hands of all the individuals subsequently classed as the Seven Wise Men; after which the tripod was consecrated to Apollo, and deposited in the temple of Delphi.

PITTACUS was born at Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos, about 650 B. C. He

distinguished himself by his valor in a war with the Athenians, and afterwards, in a successful attempt to dethrone Melanchrus, the tyrant of Lesbos. His grateful countrymen raised him to the vacant throne, which he occupied until he had completely tranquillized the state, and reformed its laws and institutions. He then resigned his authority, and retired into private life. He died in the eighty-second year of his age, about 568 B. C.

The following are a few of his maxims:

"The possession of power discovers a man's true character."

"Whatever you do, do it well."

"Do not that to your neighbor which you would take ill from him."

"Know your opportunity."

"Never disclose your schemes, lest their failure expose you to ridicule as well as to disappointment."

BIAS was a native of Priene, a city of Ionia. The time of his birth is uncertain. He was of a very generous disposition, and entertained a philosophical contempt for riches. His oratorical powers were great, and he is said to have met his death, from over-exerting himself while pleading the cause of one of his friends. That he was witty as well as wise, the following anecdotes and maxims will show.

A scoffer having asked him what religion was, he returned no answer. His interrogator pressing him to state the reason of his silence, he replied, "It is because you ask me about things which do not concern you." On another occasion, being at sea in a storm, the sailors, who were men of known prodigacy, began, in their terror, to pray. "Be silent," said Bias, "lest the gods discover that it is you who are sailing."

Among his maxims were:

"Endeavor to gain the good-will of all men."

"Speak of the gods with reverence."

"Esteem a worthy friend as your greatest blessing."

"Yield rather to persuasion than to compulsion."

"The most miserable man is he who cannot endure misery."

"Form your plans with deliberation, but execute them with vigor."

"Do not praise an unworthy man for the sake of his wealth."

"It is better to decide a difference between your enemies than your friends; for, in the former case, you will certainly gain a friend, and in the latter lose one."

SOLON was a native of the island of Salamis. He was a poet and warrior as well as a sage. He became ruler of Athens, and his acts as a legislator threw his other achievements into the shade. His code of laws is celebrated to this day. He withdrew from Athens at the usurpation of Pisistratus, 560 B. C., as he could never be reconciled to the subversion of the constitution of his country. He spent the remainder of his days in voluntary exile, and died in the island of Cyprus, in the fiftieth year of his age.

While he was residing at Miletus, on a visit to Thales, he took occasion, one day, to ask the reason why his host did not take a wife. Thales eluded the question at the moment, but soon after intro-

duced to Solon a person who, he said, had just arrived from Athens. Solon, who had left his family in that city, eagerly asked the stranger if he had any news. The pretended traveller, who had been instructed by Thales in what he should say, replied, that there was nothing new at Athens, except that the son of a great legislator, named Solon, was dead, and had been followed to the grave by a large concourse of citizens. On hearing these mournful tidings, Solon, who was of a gentle and affectionate nature, burst out into loud lamentations. Thales hastened to relieve his mind by informing him that he had been deceived by a fabricated tale, and added, smiling, that it was the dread of encountering such sorrows as his friend had just felt, that prevented him from marrying and rearing a family.

The following are some of the precepts of Solon:

"Reverence God, and honor your parents."

"Mingle not with the wicked."

"Trust to virtue and probity, rather than to oaths."

"Counsel your friend in private, but never reprove him in public."

"Do not consider the present pleasure, but the ultimate good."

"Do not select friends hastily; but when once chosen, be slow to reject them."

"Believe yourself fit to command, when you have learned to obey."

"Honors worthily gained, far exceed those which are accidental."

Chilon was born in Lacedæmon, about 630 B. C., and was one of the *ephori* or magistrates of that state.

He said in his maxims:

"The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to employ time properly, and to bear an injury."

"Never speak evil of the dead."

"Reverence old age."

"Govern your anger."

"Be not over hasty."

"The tongue ought to be carefully restrained, but especially at the festive board."

"Seek not impossibilities."

Cleobulus was king of Lyndus, in the island of Rhodes, where he was born about 634 B. C. He was distinguished for his personal strength and beauty, as well as for his wisdom. He visited Egypt for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, and is supposed to have there contracted that taste for enigmatical writing which he afterwards displayed. He died at the age of seventy.

Besides about three hundred enigmatical verses, Cleobulus composed many maxims in plain language, such as:

"Before you quit your house, consider what you have to do; and when you return, reflect whether it has been done."

"Be more attentive than talkative."

"Educate your children."

"Detest ingratitude."

"Endeavor always to employ your thoughts on something worthy."

Periander was born at Corinth, in the year 665 B.C. His father, Cypselus, had subverted the republican institutions of Corinth, and established himself as its tyrant. Periander succeeded him on

the throne, and conducted the government with firmness and prudence, but with great severity. Notwithstanding his reputation for wisdom, he is said to have been a person of a very violent and cruel disposition. Some of his precepts are excellent, but they would have come with greater force, had he been more careful to reduce them to practice.

"In prosperity," said he, "be moderate; in adversity be prudent."

"Pleasure is fleeting, honor is immortal."

"Prudence can accomplish all things."

"The intention of crime is as sinful as the act."

"Perform whatever you have promised."

THALES, who is generally regarded as the greatest of the Seven Sages, was born at Miletus, in Ionia, about the year 640 B. C. His father was a Phœnician, who had settled in Miletus, and who is said to have claimed descent from Cadmus, the founder of Thebes in Bœotia. Thales early manifested the superiority of his talents, and was called to take an important part in public affairs. But, preferring the tranquil studies of philosophy to the agitating pursuits of politics, he soon relinquished his official employments, and travelled into Crete and Egypt, for the purpose of conferring with the learned men of these countries, who were, at that period, considerably in advance of the rest of the world in a knowledge of the arts and sciences.

In Egypt, Thales is said to have received some valuable instructions in mathematics from the priests of Memphis, and to have taught them, in return, a method of measuring the altitude of the pyramids by means of their shadows. He afterwards returned to Miletus, where he continued his philosophical studies with unabated ardor. Thales would never marry, being, according to his own statement, unwilling to expose himself to the anxieties and griefs of matrimonial life. It is related, that, when his mother first advised him to take a wife, he answered, "It is yet too soon;" and when she gave him a similar counsel in his more advanced years, he said, "It is now too late."

The closeness of his application to his favorite studies, gave him a habit of abstraction, which sometimes placed him, as it has done many other great men, in rather awkward predicaments, and drew upon him the ridicule of the vulgar. For instance, it is said that, being one night absorbed in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, when he should have been looking to his feet, he fell into a pit, and thereby exposed himself to the sarcastic question of an old woman who came to his assistance. "Do you think you will ever be able to comprehend things which are in heaven, when you cannot observe what is at your very feet?"

He died at the age of ninety, overcome with the heat and pressure of the crowd at the Olympic Games, which he had gone to witness, 550 B. C.

Like other Grecian sages, Thales made and circulated many axioms, of which the following may serve as specimens:

"The same measure of gratitude which we show to our parents, we may expect from our children."

"It is better to adorn the mind than the face."

"It is not the length of a man's tongue that is the measure of his wisdom."

"Never do that yourself which you blame in others."

"The most difficult thing is to know one's self; the easiest, to give advice to others."

"The most ancient of all beings is God, for he has neither beginning nor end."

"All things are full of God, and the world is supreme in beauty, because it is his workmanship."

Thales used also to express his thankfulness, first, that he was a human being, and not a beast; second, that he was a man and not a woman; and third, that he was a Greek and not a barbarian.

He taught that the earth is a spherical body, placed in the centre of the universe; that the sun and stars are fiery bodies, nourished by vapors; that the moon is an opaque mass, and derives its light from the sun. According to him, the divine mind pervades and animates all things, and is the origin of all motion.

He believed in the immortality of the soul of man, and supposed that not only the inferior animals, but even all substances, which, like the magnet, possess the power of motion, have a soul or animating principle. He made great advances in astronomy and mathematics.

He was the first Greek who predicted an eclipse of the sun, and who ascertained that the solar year consists of three hundred and sixty-five days. He taught the Greeks the division of the heavens into five zones, and the solstitial and equinoctial points. In mathematics he invented several fundamental problems, which were afterwards incorporated into Euclid's elements.

Little Albert and his Horses.

THERE was once a little boy named Albert, who was very fond of horses. When he was about three years old, he would take all the books within his reach, Julia's school book and all, call them horses, put them under the table or in a corner for a stable, and make stalls for them, of blocks of wood or large books. He would then put bits of tape, ribbon, twine or cloth into the books for tails. Then he would exclaim, "O, just look at my horses! see their tails!" Sometimes he would have a dozen at a time, and his mamma at last allowed him to have a certain set of books appropriated to his own use. His horses sometimes looked very gay with red, yellow, blue or green tails.

One day, as his mother was very busy fitting a dress for his little sister, a sleeve was missing. Boxes, baskets, bags and bundles were searched in vain. What could have become of it? At last Master Albert, who had been very busy and quiet in his corner for half an hour, was discovered to be hard at work with a sharp pair of scissors, chopping the lost sleeve into tails for his horses. As Al-

bert grew older, he devoted less time to his book-horses, and thought more of live ones. He went to spend a summer with an uncle in the country. This uncle had several fine horses, and Albert was perfectly happy when he was allowed to pat them, or hold handfuls of grass and hay for them to eat; sometimes he was permitted to take the reins and drive, when he was with his uncle in the chaise. Then he felt very important, as all little children do when they drive.

A few days after he returned home, he went with his sisters to visit some cousins, who had a great many playthings, carts, dogs, cows, horses, and a nice large rocking-horse. There was one little boy called Sammy, just about Albert's age, and they played very pleasantly together. Sammy's mamma was in the nursery with her children. The visitors all went up there, and the young ladies and mamma talked together, and the children were left to amuse themselves. Once the sister of Ally (as he was some times called) heard part of his conversation with Sammy: "Why don't your rocking-horse have a bob-tail, Sammy?" "I don't know," said Sammy, "uncle's horse Boney has a bob-tail, and he looks real handsome. If *I* had a horse he should have one too." Bye and bye a dull, sawing kind of sound was heard, and all turned round their heads to see what was the matter. Sammy and Ally were very busy with the rocking-horse. Sammy was holding on to the long tail with both hands, and Ally, with a large pair of scissors, was cutting away at it, and one half of the long switch was already off! Such exclamations from mamma, sisters and nurse! "Why, Sammy! what are you doing?" "Ally, what made you do it?" "Ally told me to," said Sammy. "Uncle's horse hasn't got a long tail," was Ally's excuse. Every one laughed, the two mischievous little boys gave up their work, and the poor horse stayed as he was, with his tail half long and half short, and so he remains to this day. Albert is now eight years old, and is still very fond of horses. He is in the country this summer, with his uncle, who has promised to buy him a pony for his own, as soon as he can find one gentle and well-behaved, that a little boy can manage.

A Poetic Conversation with Birds.

THE SWALLOW.

Swallow, why homeward turn'd thy joyful wing?
—In a far land I heard the voice of spring;
I found myself that moment on the way:
My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay.

THE REDBREAST.

Familiar warbler, wherefore art thou come?
—To sing to thee, when all beside are dumb.
Pray let thy little children drop a crumb.

THE SPARROW.

Sparrow, the gun is levelled, quit that wall.
—Without the will of Heaven, I cannot fall.

THE RING-DOVE.

Art thou the bird that saw the waters cease?
—Yes, and brought home the olive leaf of peace.
Henceforth I haunt the woods of thickest green,
Pleased to be often heard, but seldom seen.

THE WATER WAGTAIL.

What art thou made of, air, or light, or dew?
—I have no time to tell you, if I knew:
My tail—ask that—perhaps may solve the matter:
I've missed three flies already by this chatter.

THE WREN.

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
—Aye, with nine nestlings, too, and room for all.

Go compass sea and land, in search of bliss,
Then tell me if you find a happier home than this.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Live with me, love me, pretty goldfinch, do!
—Aye, pretty maid, and be a slave to you!
Wear chains, fire squibs, draw water:—nay, not I,
While I've a bill to peck, or wing to fly.

THE CHAFFINCH.

Stand still a moment!
—Spare your idle words;
I'm the perpetual mobile of birds:
My days are running, rippling, twittering streams:
When fast asleep, I'm all afloat in dreams.

THE CANARY.

Dost thou not languish for thy father-land,
Madeira's fragrant woods and billowy strand?
—My cage is father-land enough for me:
Your parlor all the world, heaven, earth and sea.

THE SWIFT.

Why ever on the wing, or perched elate?
--Because I fell not from my first estate:
This is my charter for the boundless skies:
"Stoop not to earth, on pain no more to rise."

THE COCK.

Who taught thee, chanticleer, to count the clock?
—Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock!
Long before wheels and bells had learned to chime,
I told the steps, unseen, unheard, of Time.

THE JACKDAW.

Canst thou remember that unlucky day,
When all thy peacock plumes were plucked away?
—Remember it? believe me, that I can,
With right good cause, for I was *then* a man!
And for my folly, by a wise old law,
Stripped, whipt, tarred and feathered, turned into a daw:
Pray, how d'ye like my answer? caw, caw, caw!

THE OWL.

Blear-eyed, strange-voiced, sharp-beaked, ill-omened fowl,
What art thou?
—What I ought to be, an owl.
But if I'm such a scarecrow in your eye,
You're a much greater fright in mine;—good-bye!

THE PHEASANT.

Pheasant, forsake the country, come to town:
I'll warrant thee a place beneath the crown.
—No, not to roost upon the throne would I
Renounce the woods, the mountains and the sky.

THE MAGPIE.

Magpie, thou oft hast learned by rote to speak
Words without meaning, through thy uncouth beak.
—Words have I learned? and without meaning, too?
No wonder, sir, for I was taught by you!

THE WOODPECKER.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, I hear thy knocking bill,
Then thy strange outcry, when the woods are still.
—Thus am I ever laboring for my bread,
And thus give thanks to find my table spread.

THE HAWK.

A life at every meal, rapacious hawk!
Spare helpless innocence!
—Troth, pleasant talk!
Yon swallow snaps more lives up in a day
Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear
A word, a whisper—you—are you quite clear?
Creation's groans, through ocean, earth and sky,
Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

THE VULTURE

Abominable harpies, spare the dead!
—We only clear the field that man has spread;
On which should Heaven its hottest vengeance rain?
You slay the living, we but strip the slain.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Art thou a bird, or bee, or butterfly?
—Each and all three.—A bird in shape am I,
A bee collecting sweets from bloom to bloom,
A butterfly in brilliancy of plume.

THE OSTRICH.

Hast thou expelled the mother from thy breast,
And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?
—Ah! no: the mother in me knows her part;
Yon glorious sun is warmer than *my* heart.
And when to light he brings my hungry brood,
He spreads for them the wilderness with food.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The bird of Paradise!
—That name I bear,
Though I am nothing but a bird of air;
Thou art a child of earth, and yet to thee,
Lost and recovered, Paradise is free:
Oh, that such glory were reserved for me!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mechanical Powers.

THE Mechanical Powers are certain simple arrangements of machinery, by means of which weights may be raised, or resistance overcome, with the exertion of less power, or strength, than is necessary without them. They are but six in number; and the names by which they are distinguished are, the LEVER, the WHEEL AND AXLE, the PULLEY, the INCLINED PLANE, the WEDGE, and the SCREW. Out of the whole, or a part, of these, it will be found that every mechanical engine, or piece of machinery, is constructed.

THE LEVER is the simplest of all the mechanical powers, and is generally considered the first. It is an inflexible bar, or rod, of any kind or shape, so disposed as to turn on a pivot, or prop, which is always called its *fulcrum*. It has the weight, or resistance, to be overcome, attached to some one part of its length, and the power which is to overcome that resistance applied to another; and as the power, resistance, and fulcrum admit of various positions with regard to each other, so the lever is divided into three modifications, distinguished as the first, second, and third kinds of lever—that portion of it which is contained between the fulcrum and the power being called the acting part, or arm, of the lever; and that part which is between the fulcrum and the resistance, its resisting part, or arm.

A beam, or rod, of any kind, resting at one part on a prop, or axis, which becomes its centre of motion, is a lever; and it has been so called, probably, because such a contrivance was first employed for lifting weights. This figure represents a lever used to move a block of

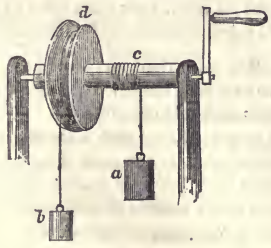
stone: *a* is the end to which the power, or force, is applied; *b* is the prop, or fulcrum; and *c* is the weight, or resistance: this is a simple crowbar, or handspike. According to a fundamental principle of dynamics, the power may be as much less intense than the resistance as it is farther from the fulcrum, or moving through a greater space. A man at *a*, therefore —six times as far from the prop, *b*, as the centre of gravity of the weight, *c*— will be able to lift a weight six times as heavy as himself; but he will lift it only one inch for every six that he descends; for it is also a principle of this science that what is gained in power is lost in time.

There is no limit to the difference of intensity in forces which may be placed in opposition to each other by the lever, except the length and strength of the material of which the levers must be formed. Every one has heard of the boast of Archimedes, "Give me a lever long enough, and a prop strong enough,

and with my own weight I will move the world!" But he must have moved with the velocity of a cannon-ball for millions of years, to alter the position of the earth half an inch. In mathematical truth, this feat of Archimedes is performed by every man who leaps from the ground, for he kicks the world away from him when he rises, and attracts it again when he falls back.

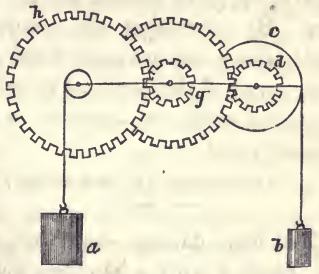
The common claw-hammer for drawing nails, is a striking example of the power of a lever of this description. A boy who cannot exert a direct force of fifty pounds, may, by means of this kind of hammer, extract a nail to which half a ton may be suspended, because his hand moves eight inches, perhaps, to make the nail rise one quarter of an inch. The claw-hammer also proves that it is of no consequence whether the lever be straight or crooked, provided it produces the required difference of velocity between power and resistance. The part of the hammer resting on the plank is the fulcrum.

THE WHEEL AND AXLE consists of two parallel wheels, pulleys, cylinders, or cir-



cles, having one axis in common. The letter *d* here marks the wheel, and *c* an axle affixed to it. We see that, in turning together, the wheel would take up, or throw off, as much more rope than the axle as the circumference of the wheel is greater than that of the axle. If the proportions were as four to one, one pound at *b*, hanging from the circumference of the wheel, would balance four pounds at *a*, hanging from the opposite side of the axle. A common crane for raising weights consists of an axle, to wind up, or receive, the rope which carries the weight, and of a large wheel, at the circumference of which the power is applied. The power may be animal effort on the outside of the wheel, or the weight of a man, or beast, walking on the inside, and moving it as a squirrel moves the cylinder of his cage.

By means of a wheel which is very large in proportion to its axle, forces of very different intensities may be balanced, but the machine becomes of inconvenient proportions. It is found preferable, therefore, when a great difference of velocity is required, to use a combination of wheels, of moderate size. In the following figure, three wheels are seen



thus connected. Teeth in the axle, *d*, of the first wheel, *c*, acting on six times the number of teeth in the circumference of

the second wheel, *g*, turn it only once for every six times that *c* revolves. In the same manner the second wheel, by turning six times, turns the third wheel, *h*, once; the first wheel therefore turns thirty-six times for one turn of the last; and as the diameter of the wheel *c*, to which the power is applied, is three times greater than that of the axle, which has the resistance, three times 36, or 108, is the difference of velocity:—therefore 1 pound at *b* will balance 108 pounds at *a*.

On the principle of combined wheels, cranes are made, by which one man can lift many tons. It is even possible to make an engine, by means of which a little windmill, of a few inches in diameter, could tear up the strongest oak by the roots; but of course this would require a long time for its work. The most familiar instances of wheel-work are in our clocks and watches. One turn of the axle on which the watch-key is fixed, is rendered equivalent, by the train of wheels, to about 400 turns, or beats, of the balance-wheel; and thus the exertion, during a few seconds, of the hand which winds it up, gives motion for 24 or 30 hours. By increasing the number of wheels, time-pieces are made which go for a year; and if the material would last, they might easily be made to go for a thousand years.

[*To be concluded in the next number.*]

"THE little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, mar, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again."

A Queer Customer.

THERE is an old lady who has been doing considerable omnibus travelling lately, who never has any money, but seems to be possessed of an endless variety of tape, pins, needles, and other knick-knacks of feminine utility, which she always tenders to the fare-takers. Her last offer was a spool of cotton for a ride to Roxbury, which the collector was obliged to accept or go minus. We understand that she has been carrying on this business for a considerable time, until, at last, the fare-takers have amassed a sufficiency of the articles to set up a thread and needle shop, and have determined to cut off further supplies.

The Coal and the Diamond.

A COAL was hid beneath the grate,
('Tis often modest merit's fate;)
'Twas small, and so perhaps forgotten;
Whilst in the room and near of size,
In a fine basket lined with cotton,
In pomp and state a diamond lies.
"So, little gentleman in black,"
The brilliant spark in anger cried,
"I hear, in philosophic clack,
Our families are close allied:
But know, the splendor of my hue,
Excelled by nothing in existence,
Should teach such little folks as you
To keep a more respectful distance.

At these reflections on his name,
The coal soon reddened to a flame:
Of his own real use aware,
He only answered with a sneer;
I scorn your taunts, good Bishop Blaze,
And envy not your charms divine;
For know I boast a double praise,
As I can *warm* as well as shine.

EPITAPH ON ANDREW PENNY.

READER! if cash thou'rt wanting any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find A. Penny.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER IX.

THE party proceeded onward for some time, preserving an unbroken silence. Thorwald, and one of his followers who was badly wounded, were carried upon a litter hastily constructed of branches of trees. Char-kole, who had wielded his knife with a good deal of execution, was looked upon as a dangerous character, and his hands were consequently tied behind his back. The others, being disarmed, were allowed free use of their limbs, but were closely watched by their wary captors. In this way they threaded the woods, with all the intricacies of which the Indians seemed perfectly acquainted. Char-kole, to whom the silence was excessively irksome, essayed once or twice to commence a conversation with Thorwald, but having narrowly escaped being gagged, he thought it best to bend to circumstances, and thereafter held his peace.

It will readily be supposed that Thorwald's reflections were of rather a sombre hue, as the party proceeded, evidently following a fixed course, and making for some settled destination. He could neither understand the language of the natives, nor could he make himself intelligible to them. All his party were disarmed, and he himself was wounded, though not dangerously. He was conscious that the first assault proceeded from his own party, and that the Indians had done nothing more than act in self-defence. Taking all the circumstances together, Thorwald thought his case extremely doubtful, and at the recollection of Fredegonde and his far-off home, which seemed now to be fading from his view forever, he felt sick at heart, and falling back upon his litter, closed his eyes, and for a time lost consciousness altogether.

Suddenly, the whole party came to a stand-still. Before them was a thick copse of trees, which seemed to grow in a circle, in the centre of which was a large open space. Char-kole, though feigning the most complete indifference, cast a penetrating glance through the trees into the space beyond. His eyes fell upon a countenance that he thought he recognized. He looked again, and saw that the face was speaking, and that a crowd of attentive listeners were catching the words as they fell from his lips. An expression of incredulity passed over Char-kole's features, which was soon chased away by another of amazement and wonder. Before the Indians could arrest him, he ran to Thorwald's couch, and raising him from his lethargy by a poke with his elbow, whispered some mighty secret into his ear. Mighty it must have been, for a smile, full of hope and delight, spread itself over Thorwald's saddened countenance, and he rose upon his arm to peer through the thick foliage that obstructed the vision. What was this magic sight that had given courage to the depressed, and hope to the despairing spirit?

Within the circle of which we have

spoken, was a motley group of Indians, male and female. Some were seated on the ground, while others were standing: but all were attentively listening to another person, who was elevated above the rest upon a rude throne of stones. He was evidently a personage of authority and influence, for his word seemed to be law, and all quailed at his glance. He was not copper-colored like the rest, but pale-faced like the anxious Norwegians without. He was very fat, but this added to his majesty in the eyes of the Indians. At his side was a rude earthen jug, capable of containing about a gallon. Its mouth was stopped by a cork cut from the branch of a tree. On one side of this jug was a word in the Indian language, which we translate for the assistance of our readers. We are obliged to use a circumlocution, as English is far less concise than Choctaw or whatever it was. The word was thus—WINE, i. e., The *mind queller*, or *reason destroyer*. This extraordinary word, which we are afraid our readers will find difficult to pronounce, was painted in huge letters on the jug. The artist had surrounded it with various devices of his own imagining, intended to convey a just idea of the terrible power of the god, who was supposed to be imprisoned within. The individual upon the throne seemed to be engaged in passing judgment upon another person, who stood before him in the attitude of a culprit. The judge elevated his voice, and was proceeding to sustain the majesty of the law, when Charkole, bursting through the intervening belt of trees, rushed up to the magistrate with the exclamation of "Why, Harold, Harold, how fat you have grown!" Then in dashed the rest of the Norwegians, the two last bearing the litter of Thorwald. A tumultuous scene of recognition, welcome and congratulation followed. Such a shaking of hands the newly-found continent had never before witnessed! Charkole's arms were unbound, and he profited immediately by the recovery of his liberty, hugging Harold and all the party over and over again, and then doing the same by the best-looking squaws who lined the back-ground. He noticed a bright-eyed young lady who was weaving a basket of rushes. Her hair was stuck full of gaily colored feathers, and round her neck was a garland of violets. Said Char-kole to Harold, "Harold, what's the native for 'Will you have me?'" "Poppery brizzlecum whang," replied Harold. "Bobbery chizzle 'em bang?" repeated Charkole, darting a tender glance at the maiden. To which the maiden responded, "Yes." Now it seems that "yes" is an Indian term of assent. And so the matter was settled.

While this by-play was going on, Thorwald and Harold were conferring together apart. "Still," said the latter, "I must make an example of him; and besides, it will afford me an opportunity of displaying my authority." He then remounted his throne, and prepared for an oratorical display. An awful silence ensued, for the curiosity of everybody had been pretty highly wrought by the irruption of the pale-faces, and their apparent intimacy with the king. This silence Harold was the first to break. "Some time

ago," said he, speaking in the Indian dialect, "I warned you, in case you should meet with any strangers in the forest, resembling me in appearance and dress, to treat them with courtesy, and conduct them to my quarters. I am somewhat astonished to find that this order has been infringed upon in a most unpardonable manner. Not only have the strangers been rudely welcomed, but several of their number have been killed, and their leader dangerously wounded. The chief of this marauding expedition will undergo the ordeal of the reason-queller."

The Indian whose arrow had struck Thorwald to the ground, and whose war-whoop had brought the second party to his assistance, stood forward and explained the cause of the quarrel. "The assault was begun by the pale-faces," he said, "and one of our number was killed before I had time to interfere." "No matter," interrupted Harold. "I would rather you were all killed, than that a hair of my brother's head were hurt. Bring forth the reason-queller." The Indian's face grew dark, and his brow lowered. "Most mighty king," he said, "I am the chief of fifty braves—I have never done a cowardly action, and I have never told a lie. The god or demon imprisoned in that jug, will deprive me of my reason, and lead me to do what I would rather die than be guilty of. What have I done that I should lower myself below the beasts in the field? Why should I throw away the love of my friends and the respect of my enemies? When I shall have drank that poisonous draught, I shall be weaker than that child yonder, that plays with its mother's hair. A woman may subdue the great warrior then. Any other punishment, most mighty king, I am willing to undergo; but the Great Spirit gave me my mind and my reason, and He only can take them away." The Indian ceased to speak, and Thorwald, who easily divined what was passing, ventured to intercede with Harold for his pardon. "No!" said Harold; "if I yield now, my authority is irretrievably lost. Let the reason-queller be administered."

Two Indians, whose especial duty this seemed to be, lifted the jug on high, and withdrawing the cork, applied it to the lips of the condemned. The jug was then gradually raised, till the liquid began to flow slowly into the Indian's mouth. "Observe the seductive nature of the god," said Harold; "reluctant as he was to drink of the fluid, his hesitation flies the moment it touches his lips." This was too true, for the unhappy Indian was now holding the jug in his own hands, and was taking a long, deep draught of the subtle divinity. It was even with some difficulty that it was wrested from his grasp, at the order of Harold. The great warrior was already under the influence of the rosy god. His face was flushed, his eyes stared wildly about him, and as he wiped his face with the back of his hand, his fingers were seen to quiver, as if he had lost the control of his limbs. "Place him upon the throne," said Harold, "and let him be clothed with the sovereign power." The brave was seated upon the mound of stones, and

the symbol of authority was placed in his trembling hands. Thus arrayed, he smiled benignly upon the spectators, and then seemed to be collecting his faculties for the purpose of making a speech. This he did, but it was too incoherent to translate, and was little more than a repetition of one idea—a conviction that everybody but himself was going round and round in a peculiar and unusual manner. An attempt at singing was more successful, for the following words were quite articulately uttered. "We won't go home till morning!" This line we have understood to mean a disinclination to return home before the break of day; it is used on all occasions of the sort. A change was fast coming over the Indian's face—his lips moved, but emitted no sound; his eyes gradually closed, and the chief of fifty braves, losing his balance and dropping the sceptre, fell heavily upon the grass below. Such is the fate of those who tamper with the reason-queller.

The business before the court being now despatched, the spectators dispersed, leaving Thorwald alone with Harold. Our hero was painfully impressed by the scene he had just witnessed, and his respect for Harold's character was by no means increased by it. "You owe your present elevation," said he, "to the possession of this intoxicating liquor, I suppose. Tell me your history since you left Greenland—but be brief, for I feel exhausted." "I quitted Greenland," replied Harold," for fear of the white bears in that neighborhood, and sailed to the south in search of new adventures. Our party landed in a warm climate, and as we wandered towards the interior, one of my men discovered a vine covered with wild grapes. We soon found that they grew in abundance over an extent of many miles.* I knew that this fruit, when eaten in its natural state, was harmless and even nutritious; but that its juice, fermented in the sun and allowed to stand awhile, became poisonous and exercised an extraordinary influence over the mind of man. I then set to work to make a quantity of earthenware. I became after some little practice, quite an experienced potter. I found a species of clay that I thought suited to my purpose, moistened it, fashioned it in the form of a jug, and baked it in the sun. I then got a large hollow stone, and filling it with grapes, trod out the juice with my feet. When I thought it arrived at the proper point, I tried its effect upon myself. I had good reason to be satisfied with the result. Having learned the dialect of the Indians of this part of the country, I presented myself to the tribe over whom I at present hold sway. I told them that I was a superior being, and had come to civilize and protect them. In proof of this I brought forth my jug, and explained its power—how it could suspend the faculties, benumb the senses, bring torpor over the body, and plunge its victim into a total oblivion of all that was passing near him. A tattooed skeptic volunteered to make the

* The Northmen named the most southern portion of their discoveries, supposed to be either Massachusetts or Rhode Island, *Vinland*, from the quantity of wild grapes they found growing there.

experiment, and from that moment, I have ruled the tribe with a rod of iron. I disappear from time to time to make a pilgrimage to my pottery and distillery, where I replenish my jugs, and set a fresh stock of the reason-queller into the sun to air. I never drink myself—that would be out of character. I like this country better than Greenland; the climate suits my taste better, and then there's less chance of meeting white bears. I'm quartered on these Indians for the remainder of my natural existence; that is, if the reason-queller holds out. I've thought that this year's crop isn't quite equal to the last—but that may be imagination. Suppose you and I and Char-kole set up a copartnership, and live here on the fat of the land for the rest of our days?"

But Thorwald had again fainted from loss of blood; so we must stop our story till he recovers sufficiently to renew the conversation.

The Spider.

THE spider is perhaps the first animal in the order of insects that attracts the notice of naturalists, its manners being the most subtle, and its instincts the most various. Formed for a life of rapacity, and incapable of living upon any other than insect food, all its habits are calculated to deceive and surprise. It spreads snares to entangle its prey; it is endued with patience to await its coming; and

is possessed of arms and strength to destroy it when fallen into the trap. In northern countries, where all the insect tribes are kept under by human assiduity, spiders are small and harmless. We are acquainted with few but the House-Spider, which weaves its web in neglected rooms; the Garden-Spider, that spreads its net from tree to tree and rests in the centre; and the Field-Spider, which is sometimes seen mounting, web and all, into the clouds. These, though reputed venomous, are entirely inoffensive. But they form a much more terrible tribe in Africa, the West Indies and South America. The Martinique spider's body is as large as a hen's egg, and covered with hair. Its web is strong, and its bite dangerous.

Every spider has two divisions in its body. The fore-part, containing the head and breast, is separated from the hinder-part, or belly, by a very slender thread, through which, however, there is a communication from one part to the other. They have several eyes round the head, brilliant and acute. They have all eight legs, joined like those of lobsters, and similar also in another respect; for if a leg be torn away, or a joint cut off, a new one will quickly grow in its place, and the animal will find itself fitted for combat as before. Besides these, they have two pincers in the fore-part of the head, rough, with strong points, toothed like a saw, and terminating in claws, like those of a cat.

The spider, though thus formidably equipped, would seldom prove successful in its forays, were it not equally furnished with other instruments to assist its depredations. It is a most experienced hunter, and spreads its nets to catch such animals as it is unable to pursue. The spider's web is usually laid in those places where flies are most apt to shelter. There the little animal remains for days and weeks together, seldom changing its situation, though ever so unsuccessful.

For the purpose of making its web, nature has supplied this creature with a large quantity of glutinous matter, and five nipples for spinning it into thread. It fixes the ends of the threads by applying the nipples to any substance, and the thread lengthens in proportion as the animal recedes from the place. By means of its claws it re-ascends the threads with great ease and rapidity, much in the same manner as sailors warp up a rope. After having spun a complete web, the insect doubles and trebles the threads that form the outer edge, and secures the ends so as to prevent the wind from blowing the web away. The edges being thus fortified, the retreat is next attended to; this is formed like a funnel at the bottom of the web, where the little creature lies concealed. To this are two passages or outlets, one above and the other below, very artfully contrived, to give it an opportunity of making excursions at proper seasons, of prying into every corner, and cleaning those parts which are observed to be clogged or encumbered. Still attentive to its web, the spider from time to time cleans away the dust that gathers around it; for this purpose it gives the whole a shake with its paws, proportioning, however, the blow so as not to en-

danger the fabric. One great advantage which the spider reaps from the contrivance of a cell, is that it serves for a place where the creature can feast upon its game in security, and conceal the fragments of the carcasses it has picked, without exposing to public view the least trace of barbarity, which might create a suspicion in any insect that their enemy was near.

It often happens, however, that the wind, or the approach of some large animal, destroys in a minute the labor of an age. In this case, the spider is obliged to remain a patient spectator of the universal ruin; and when the danger has passed away, it sets about repairing the calamity. In general the animal is much fonder of mending than making, as it is furnished originally with but a certain quantity of glutinous matter, which, when exhausted, nothing can renew. The time seldom fails to come, when its reservoirs are entirely dried up, and the poor creature is left to all the chance of irretrievable necessity. An old spider is thus often reduced to the greatest extremity. Its web is destroyed, and it wants the materials to make a new one. But as it has been long accustomed to a life of depredation, it hunts about to find the web of another spider, younger and weaker than itself, with which it ventures a battle. The invader generally succeeds: the young one is driven out to spin a new web, and the old one remains in quiet possession.

The female spider usually lays from nine hundred to a thousand eggs in a season. These eggs are large or small in proportion to the size of the animal that produces them. In some they are as large as a grain of mustard seed: in others they are scarcely visible. These eggs, the spider prepares to shelter in a bag, where they are to be hatched, until they leave the shell. For this purpose, she spins a web four or five times as strong as that made for catching flies. Within this she deposits her eggs, and then sticks it by means of her glutinous fluid to the end of her body, so that the animal, when thus loaded, appears as if she had one body placed behind another. If this bag be separated from her by any accident, she employs all her assiduity to stick it again in its former situation, and seldom abandons her treasure but with her life. When the young are hatched, the mother, instinctively knowing their maturity, bites open their prison and sets them free. She carries them about on her back for some time, until they are able to provide for themselves, when they leave her, never to return, and each begins a separate manufactory of its own. The young ones begin to spin when they can scarcely be discerned, and prepare for a life of plunder before they have strength to open their eyes.

Lewenhoek, the celebrated naturalist, found, by microscopic observation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that it would require four millions of them to make a strand as thick as a hair of his beard. In the early part of the last century, M. Bon, of Languedoc, in France, fabricated a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings from the

threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey color. To test the ingenuity of the spider, a gentleman frequently placed one on a small upright stick and surrounded the base with water. After having reconnoitered and discovered that the ordinary means of escape were cut off, the animal ascended the stick, and standing nearly on its head, ejected a long thread, which the wind soon carried to some contiguous object; along this, the sagacious insect effected its escape; not however, till it had ascertained by several exertions of its own strength, that the web was securely attached at the end.

Hungarian Soldiers.

Hungary.

HUNGARY is a kingdom situated nearly in the middle of Europe. It consists of several tribes or races of men, called Croats, Sclavonians, Magyars, &c. With these are mixed some Gypsies, Jews and Armenians. Hungary contains about 130,000 square miles, and a population of 13,000,000.

The original Huns appear to have been Tartars, and are described by the ancients under the name of Scythians. They appear in history as early as 500 B. C. They then occupied the mountainous country north and east of the Caspian Sea. They are described by the ancient authors as a most hideous race.

According to these, they had small eyes, flat noses, big heads, and a yellow, or very brown complexion. The mothers had the habit of flattening their children's noses as soon as they were born, and gashing their cheeks. These natural and artificial elements of ugliness were exaggerated by European writers into the most hideous pictures of deformity—each author endeavoring to eclipse his predecessor in the description of the dreaded and hated race.

Their mode of life was like that of most savages. They ate nothing cooked, and were acquainted with no kind of seasoning. They lived on raw roots, or the flesh of animals a little deadened by being placed between the saddle and the back of the horse. They never handled the plough; the prisoners they took in war cultivated their lands, and took care of their flocks.

Before their arrival in Europe they had never inhabited either houses or cabins; every walled enclosure appeared to them a sepulchre; they did not think themselves safe under a roof. Accustomed, from infancy, to suffer cold, hunger and thirst, they frequently changed their abode, or rather had none, but wandered in the mountains and the forests, followed by their numerous herds, and transporting with them all their families in wagons drawn by oxen.

Shut up in these, their women occupied themselves in spinning or sewing garments for their husbands, and in nursing their infants. They dressed themselves in marten skins, which they permitted to decay upon their bodies, without ever taking them off. They wore a cap, buckskin gaiters, and a shoe so shapeless and clumsy, that it hindered them from walking, and was unfit for fighting on foot.

They scarcely ever quitted their horses, which were small and hideous, but agile, and indefatigable. They passed days and nights upon these animals, sometimes mounted astride, sometimes sideways; they dismounted neither to eat nor drink; and when overtaken by sleep, they dropped upon the neck of the animal into a profound slumber.

The national council was held on horseback. They threw themselves upon the enemy, uttering frightful cries; if they found too much resistance, they dispersed immediately, and returned with the quickness of thought, piercing through and overthrowing everything on their passage. Their arrows were armed with pointed bones, as hard and as murderous as steel. They shot them with as much adroitness as force, at full speed, and even when retreating before an advancing foe.

For hand to hand fighting, they held a cimeter in one hand, and in the other a net, in which they endeavored to entangle the enemy. One of their families had the exclusive privilege of first striking the foe. Their women feared neither wounds nor death; and often, after a defeat, they might be found among the dead and wounded. The barbarism of these people was so deeply rooted, that for nearly a hundred years after their arrival in Europe, they had no idea of the art of writing, and sent only verbal

propositions to the princes with whom they treated.

Such is the picture of the ancient Huns which the old writers have handed down to us. They appear, in all ages, to have been a restless people, and occasionally have migrated to other countries, overwhelming the people by their numbers.

About 1600 years ago, they appear to have been driven westward by other Asiatic tribes. They crossed the Ural mountains, which separate Asia from Europe, and still moving westward, came to the country which is now called Hungary. They soon became exceedingly numerous, and spread over a vast territory. They drove the nations before them, whom they found occupying the country, thus causing a general movement and agitation throughout Northern Europe.

It was about this time that a tumultuous throng of Huns crossed the snowy Alps and burst suddenly upon the Roman empire. At this time they were distinguished for great strength, swiftness of foot, and keenness of sight. Most of them rode small but vigorous horses, upon whose backs they seemed to live a greater part of the time.

At last Attila became king of the Huns. His empire extended beyond Hungary to the surrounding nations, including Goths, Alans, Lombards, and other barbarian nations. His army consisted of 700,000 men. His palace was a wooden hut, in the centre of a great village, surrounded by palisadoes, and situated near the Danube.

Such was his power and the terror of his name, that the Roman Emperor Theodosius paid him tribute. About the year 450 he marched into France with his immense forces. Here he was met by the Romans under Ætius, and the armies of other countries. An engagement took place near Chalons, which was the bloodiest that ever occurred in Europe.

One hundred and sixty thousand Huns were killed, and Attila found it necessary to retreat. This was done at night—the Huns screaming, yelling, singing songs, clashing their arms, and blowing blasts upon their horns and trumpets in such a manner that the frightened enemy did not pursue them.

The next year, Attila crossed the Alps, ravaged Northern Italy, and threatened Rome itself. Pope Leo went out to meet him, and with immense presents persuaded him to retire. He left Italy, loaded with immense treasures. Soon after this, he married a beautiful woman, named Hildicunde; but on the very night of his marriage she stabbed him to the heart.

The Huns continued to be very numerous, and spread over a considerable extent of country. About 800 A. D., the powerful Charlemagne, emperor of France and Germany, invaded their territory. The war continued for eight years, and the Huns were almost extirpated. Not long after, the Magyars, a people originally from Central Asia, penetrated into Hungary, and conquered the country.

Arphad, their leader, appears to have founded a kingdom, which, in due time,

became the kingdom of Hungary. The present Hungarians do not much resemble the ancient Huns. They are a fine race of people, tall, powerful and brave. They love poetry, and many of their songs are very beautiful.

The kingdom of Hungary fell under the power of Austria in 1711, and has continued attached to that empire till the present time. It has often sustained the sovereignty of Austria in the European wars; but of late years, the people have been restless and discontented, because Austria desired to break down their separate national existence, and blend them with their other subjects.

In 1848, this discontent broke out into open rebellion. The Hungarians were led by Louis Kossuth, a generous, noble-minded man, who desired that his country should be free, and have a republican government like that of our country. Many battles took place, but the Austrians, being aided by an immense Russian army, overcame the Hungarians.

Kossuth, finding the cause of his country hopeless, fled into Turkey with a number of his companions. The emperor of Russia called upon the Sultan to surrender Kossuth and his friends to him. This was refused, but the Sultan caused the Hungarians to be shut up in a distant castle, where they still remain.

Kossuth left his wife and children in Hungary. The former escaped in the disguise of a beggar. The escape of Madame Kossuth is thus described in an English paper:

"At the time when all was lost to the Hungarians, and each had to seek his own safety in flight, Governor Kossuth and his lady, who had accompanied her husband throughout the war, thought it best to separate, in order that one of them, if possible, might save their lives, for the sake of their children, who had been left under the protection of their grandmother. The Governor determined to remain with his brave officers still with him, and to share their fate. Madame Kossuth informed her husband, and a female friend, the wife of an officer, where she would endeavor to seek safety; and as every moment was precious, this delicate lady quickly clothed herself as a beggar; her husband gave her his signet ring, and the seal of the government of Hungary, that these might be a passport for her in the event of her meeting with those who were friendly to their cause. Without any clothes except those on her back, she commenced her sad and fatiguing journey on foot. She travelled long, experiencing all kinds of hardships, privations, and dangers. When stopped by the Austrian or Russian guards, she feigned extreme old age, and said she was in search of a little grandson, who had got lost in the war; so they let her pass, little knowing the value of the prize they had in their bloody hands!

"Thus she continued on, until she reached an extensive pasture country, uninhabited except by herdsmen, almost as void of intellect as the herds they guarded; here she sought, and found a resting-place. These poor serfs made her a fresh bed of straw, covered her with clean sheep-skins, and fed her with

their brown bread, and there she remained three months; during which time the winter came on, and having but little covering, you may easily conceive how intensely she must have suffered. Governor Kossuth had sent for his children, that he might take leave of them, and give them his last blessing; they were brought to him by his mother, and again taken to their home. The Austrian executioner (Haynau) had long since commenced his bloody work. Kossuth, and those with him, fled towards the Turkish frontier to the fortress of Widden.

"We cannot enumerate all the sufferings, losses, and anguish experienced by these unfortunate men during their flight; most of them, however, reached Widden. They were no sooner there, than their first thoughts were of Madame Kossuth; and her friend, the wife of the officer to whom she had communicated the place of her intended concealment, determined to seek and find her, if she was still alive. She set out on her weary journey, habited in a similar guise as that of Madame Kossuth—as a beggar—and thus she passed the soldiers and guards of the enemy, until she reached the hiding-place of her friend, who had been the companion of her youth and happier days; and now they were to encounter new dangers.

"The herdsmen built them a little cart, and gave them a horse, as Madame Kossuth, worn out by anxiety, privations, and sufferings, was no longer able to walk; the roads had now become almost impassable, narrow, and slippery, on the sides of the mountains; one false step would have plunged them down into an almost bottomless abyss—but with the gallows in their rear, and their husbands before them, hope gave them courage and onward they went. We know not what length of time they occupied in their journey; but, as it was in winter, and they had often to conceal themselves in clefts of rocks and overhanging mountains, from the scouts of the enemy, it must have been a long and weary one, and, when discovered, they passed for beggars, and asked for bread from their blood-thirsty foes.

"They ultimately reached the town of Belgrade, where they expected to find their husbands, and a termination of their sufferings. Imagine, then, their feelings of disappointment when they learned that not a Hungarian was there—all had been removed to Shumla. What was now to be done? They were worn out, and could proceed no further. Hope, even, had forsaken them. No husbands to embrace, no friends to welcome them. They decided to throw themselves upon the humanity of the Sardinian Consul; they knocked at his door, which was opened by the Consul himself. Two beggar women stood before him, the pictures of misery and woe. He asked them what they wanted. They answered, 'food and shelter.' He requested them to come in. Then the officer's lady introduced him to Madame Kossuth, wife of the President of Hungary. He could not believe it until she took from her bosom the signet-ring and seal of the government of Hungary. What followed

can easily be conjectured; they were received and treated according to their rank by the kind-hearted Consul; and after they were sufficiently rested, he made known their case to the Prince of Servia, who sent them his carriage-and-four, with an escort, to take them to Shumla. The weather was terribly cold, and the roads as bad as they could be; but they ultimately arrived in safety."

It appears that Kossuth and his friends were removed from Shumla, in European Turkey, to Broosa, in Asia Minor, and afterwards to Kutahia, where they now are. An American missionary lately visited them, and he thus writes upon the subject.

Broosa, (Asia Minor,) May 1, 1850.

Observing the vagueness of the statements in your paper, and the general apparent want of more precise information respecting the present situation of Gov. Kossuth and his noble band of officers, I have thought that a few facts of personal observation might not be uninteresting to your readers. Having for some time, on account of health and missionary objects, been contemplating a visit to *Satahia* (such is the spelling in the Turkish), and a good opportunity offering, a few days after the Magyars left Broosa, I embraced it. My companion was an American physician, a traveller, who was desirous to meet the refugees. We arrived on the 14th of April, just two days after Kossuth and his suite. As we had hoped, we had almost unrestrained intercourse with them, meeting them when and how we chose, which privilege, of course, we were not backward in improving. This fact will explain more fully the statements which occur below.

For some six weeks the Magyars were residing in Broosa, while on their way to Kutahia. During the time of their stay here, they were closely guarded, the Pasha being under strict charge, from the attempts which have hitherto been made at assassinating Kossuth. This, as Kossuth one day remarked to me, is a strange mode of protection, to allow the suspected individuals to go at large, while the *friends*, to be protected, are the more strictly guarded. It is true that several Croats, recognized by some of the officers of K., were in Broosa, parading the streets freely, with what intent we are hardly left to surmise. But one thing, as respects the refugees, is certain; they *felt* like prisoners, if they did bear the name of "meusafeir," (visitors, friends.) None were allowed to appear in the streets, without his military attendant. When the Governor rode out (which, on account of Madame K.'s health, injured by her exposure during her escape, was quite frequently,) he was always attended by a well-mounted guard.

It was with difficulty that any one, except the English and French Consuls and a few others, obtained interviews with Kossuth. As Protestant Missionaries, however, we were occasionally allowed the privilege of meeting and conversing with him. And a nobler, truer-hearted patriot, I think, cannot be found. One cannot long be in his presence—at least an American—without being re-

minded of our own loved Washington. His countenance is so expressive of honest worth, and his manner so full of dignity. As you first meet him, he appears somewhat reserved, and perhaps sad, for he has recently shown but little desire to meet and converse with many—he is weighed down under his country's wrongs; but as he enters into conversation, this apparent sadness soon passes away, and you see the man full of intellectual dignity. In speaking of the manner of his overthrow, one day, he remarked, "If I had not had one or two Arnolds in my camp, my poor country had not now been bleeding, but standing among the nations, acknowledged among the powers an honorable nation." In making mention of the sympathy expressed toward him in America, he said, "If one could choose his place of birth before he was born, America, of all other lands, would be the place—for it is the home of Freedom—but being once born, the land of birth is the dearest. Could I not aid my father-land—in which I had rather be a common peasant than dwell a king anywhere else—I should choose America as the loved land of my adoption."

But to pass on. They have in their company a chaplain of their own, but such was their precipitancy when fleeing before the Austrians, that not a single Bible could be found in all their company. Arrangements were of course at once set on foot, by which a small supply of Bibles was presented to them, and on the Sabbath previous to their leaving Broosa, March 31st, their Easter, they held their own communion service in a room appropriated for the purpose in the Pasha's palace.

During the time they were here, they were kept in a state of suspense, expecting weekly, and towards the last, daily, the order of the Sultan for them to leave for Kutahia. Besides, owing to the immense fall of rain and snow (more than during any previous winter for many years), they were detained longer than was intended. At one time the day had been set, the roads had all been reconnoitered, and everything arranged, when lo! on the morning on which they were to have started, the newly fallen snow lay nearly a foot deep upon the cold ground. Of course, under such circumstances, they could not leave. At length, however, on the 6th of April, attended by a retinue of some 70 or 80 camels for baggage, an escort of some three hundred mounted lancers, three carriages, three "lakhtravans," (a species of palankeen borne by two horses, a drawing of which may be seen in Kitto's Cycl. Bib. Lit. under the article "Litter,") accompanied by their various attendants, &c., they started for their city of refuge, the spot which had been represented to them as being the paradise of Asia.

The day was warm and clear. The whole city of B. was on the alert to catch a view of the passing procession. The streets through which it was known that they would pass, were lined with eager gazers even far out of the city. It was noon when the procession left that place. The road, which had become comparatively passable, lay over a most dreary,

mountainous region, covered with firs and pines, with here and there a most miserable village of log and mud huts, affording few or no accommodations, especially for so numerous a company. The journey occupied just a week, during which they were subjected to all the inconvenience of climate and place; happily, however, the weather was good. In one instance, the road was so bad, that their carriages were under the necessity of being carried by the hands of the soldiery for several rods.

They reached Kutahia on the 12th, and took up their residence in the barracks, as it was impossible to find rooms in the town for them. Kossuth is allowed two or three of the best rooms in the barracks. Count Bathyany, however, has succeeded in obtaining a house in the town, such as it is. It overlooks the plain on the border of which Kutahia is situated. Kutahia is built at the foot of a range of hills, at an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea. It is a cold place; the snow is still lying on the hills just back of the town; vegetation is just beginning to spring forth, while at Broosa and Constantinople, it is all out. There is a citadel now in ruins on one of the loftiest hills in the rear of the town, presenting rather an imposing sight on approaching it from the distance. On entering the town, one is at once struck with the want of European influence and commerce. It is, as all the inland towns of Turkey are, anything but a paradise to those accustomed to the courts and elegance of continental Europe. You can therefore imagine the feelings of disappointment experienced by these unfortunate refugees.

Major Wagner, in writing to a friend, styles it, "*this miserable Kutahia.*" Expecting to find in it the most beautiful of Oriental scenery, they find only a filthy, crowded Turkish town, of mud walls and mud houses. There is one palliating circumstance which ought, perhaps, to be stated. The officer whose care it is to see that they are supplied with what they need, is of an accommodating disposition, and seems disposed to render their situation as agreeable as lies in his power. Still he is fearful—he has his orders and injunctions; but what Kossuth complains of is that these instructions are entirely concealed from him. He knows not what is to become of him. And this renders his situation the more tedious. It is all uncertainty.

Sulieman Dey, the directing officer, presented the Governor with a fine garden of several acres, in the vicinity of the barracks, in which both Kossuth and his officers spend their leisure hours. After dining with him one afternoon, Kossuth conducted us to his garden, and, showing us the plans and improvements which he intended making, remarked, "Like the bird who carried a seed in his mouth over the desert and dropped it on an oasis, there to spring up and beautify a barren spot, so, if we can do no more, we may show to this people something of our taste in arranging flowers." I remarked that there were a number of fruit trees, and apparently good ones. "Yes," added he, "but I would fain not remain here to taste their fruit." It

was a sight to affect the heart of an American, to see those officers of many battles gathering around their leader so affectionately and so respectfully. They all look up to him, and as he passed along they seemed willing to give him the highest place among them. Kossuth remarked, when alone, "These officers came like children, weeping and begging to accompany me. When it was told me I must select, and that few could follow me, I went and laid the decision before them, and they all to a man, on their knees exclaimed, 'Let us live on the meanest, and let us bear the worst, for we have borne hardships and can endure them, but do not let us be separated from you.' What could I do?" said he. "They came, but some of them have only $1 25 per month on which to subsist! Others of them have more, and by sharing they all live." They will not leave their honored Kossuth. They look up to him as our fathers in their darkest hours looked up to and revered our Washington. Noble hearts! may they yet rescue their country and their now forsaken homes.

I cannot close without expressing my strong hope and confidence in my countrymen in America, that they will not long allow this noble-hearted patriot to be thus in *exile*, shall I say?—for surely such it is. His cause is most honorable, and he has not proved himself unworthy; he was betrayed, and his just and generous efforts were rendered unavailing. Yours, &c."

We need only add to this long account that Kossuth's children, who had been left with their grandfather, fell into the hands of the Austrians, but we learn that they will be sent to their parents.

If we had space, we could give many interesting stories of the Hungarian war, but we can only relate one. It appears that the horse-herds of Hungary were specially dreaded by the Austrian troops, on account of an extraordinary weapon which they carry, and use with deadly skill. It is simply what is called the whip, with which they are accustomed to catch any horse of the wild herds they may wish to tame, and dispose of.

Its use in war astonished the Austrians not a little. It has a handle not more than two feet in length, while the thong measures from fifteen to twenty. A leaden ball is fixed to the end of it, and this, when thrown, acts like a lasso, curling round man or horse; or it sometimes strikes them to the earth with a crushing blow.

The horse-herds are so skilful in the use of this weapon, that at full gallop they will strike an enemy with unerring certainty, on any part of the body they please. In skirmishes, an isolated foot soldier if he fires his musket, and misses, is lost; before he can attempt to reload, the wild horseman rushes past, and with the sweep of his ball-loaded thong, stretches him lifeless on the earth by a blow on the head.

There were some thousands of these men in the Hungarian armies, and they were generally mixed with the light hussars, and sent against the heavy Austrian cavalry. They often struck the officers from their horses with incredible

dexterity. The wounds this weapon inflicts are described as frightful.

Before it was known that these horse-herds were serving in the Hungarian ranks, a great number of cuirassiers were brought into Pesth, wounded in a manner the military surgeons could not explain.

The injury was neither a cut, nor a puncture, nor a gun-shot wound; and the soldiers were for a long time ashamed to own that it was caused by so ignoble a weapon as a whip. It can only be used where the horseman has ample space; in anything like "close order," it would be as dangerous to friends as to foes.

One of these horse-herds was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and probably to obtain an exact knowledge of the power of his weapon, he was ordered to display his skill in the camp; a stuffed figure was set up, the Austrian officers pointing out the parts he was to strike while in full career.

Twice he did as directed, but the third time he introduced a startling variation; swinging his whip in a wide circle, he dashed his horse at a point of a line of soldiers, around the place of exercise, broke through it, and was far on the way to the open fields in an instant, untouched by the volley of balls sent after him!

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HARDLY a page and a half left for our monthly chat! How happens that? And what will our army of correspondents say at their favors being thus crowded in, or what is perhaps worse, crowded out? Besides, I like to talk myself, and the boys and girls have told me so often that they hear me with pleasure, that I've almost begun to believe it! Let me see: is there no excuse I can make, by which I can put off opening my letter-bag till next month, and occupy this page and a half myself? When one wants to do a thing, it's very easy to be convinced of the propriety or even the necessity of doing it. I heard of a man the other day, who was much given to the use of intoxicating drinks, and who once attended a chemical lecture. The learned lecturer took a pail full of water, separated it into its component gases, and caused them to explode with a detonation that shook the walls of the building. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed the toper, his red nose turning pale with fright, "you don't catch me putting any more water in my brandy; why, I might be blowed up like the boiler of a steamboat!"

But this example is not a very good one to follow; and now that I think of it, what I have to say, will be as good a month hence; whereas letters, like eggs, are only good when they are fresh. Nothing keeps well this hot weather. With this introduction we open our budget.

Providence, June 27th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

My sister has been a subscriber to the Museum ever since I can remember, and I have taken it one year. I rather doubt whether any of your

subscribers write some of your letters, so I thought that I would send a letter and see if it was published. I have never been to Boston, but I have had the promise of it. I have never seen any letters published that came from Providence, but I see in the Museum that you have received one which is like copper-plate, but I cannot write as well as that, because I have never written small hand at school yet. Now if you do not print this, I shall think that all the letters are composed by yourself. Yours,

F. W. A.

What does F. W. A. think now?

Havana, N. Y., July 7th, 1850.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

My sister Helen and myself have taken your Museum nearly five years. We have always welcomed it with pleasure, but now additionally so, since it is improving with such rapidity in every respect. It is the most excellent periodical published for the young in this country, and should be sustained by all who wish to promote the future usefulness and happiness of the youth of our increasing population. I have been very much interested in the stories of "Thorwald the Norwegian Rover," and "Billy Bump." Though we have taken your Museum so long, I have never yet been one of your correspondents, but I have long wished to. As you must necessarily receive a great many letters from your subscribers, and some pretty lengthy ones too, I think I will not weary you with a longer one, so good-by.

Your affectionate friend and subscriber, W. W.

Stockbridge, July 10th, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum a whole year, and Father says he has subscribed for it another year, which I was very glad to hear. I have studied out quite a number of your enigmas and puzzles, &c. Those in the July No. I got out while the rest of our family were eating breakfast this morning. Your friend G. H. thought he had put in a *Poser*, but I studied it out in less than five minutes. The answer to it is *North American Indians*. The answer to another was *Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends*.

Now Mr. Merry, pray publish this letter and I will send an enigma for the benefit of your readers, which I think they will not find so *very* easy to solve. I should very much like to have it published in as early a number as possible. It is one of my composing—so here you have it.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1, 6, 3, 12, is a very useful animal.

My 11, 5, 14, is a thing much used in fishing.

My 13, 15, 2, 3, is something which is very often dropped.

My 4, 7, is a preposition.

My 8, 12, 6, is what you are often called to partake of.

My 9, 10, is a diphthong.

My whole is the name of a very celebrated woman who was beheaded in the time of Louis XVI.

Your friend and subscriber,

W. A. D.

Fincastle, July 16th, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir—I am now twelve years old, and have been taking your Museum for the last four years, and have read a great many letters to you from your subscribers, but have never read one to you from this place.

I now send you one hoping that you will appreciate the friendship of your little Virginia subscriber. I love to read your monthly chat, and essays, and I derive much information about a great many things. Your description of some of the northern towns and institutions, and the manners and customs of the people, have been very interesting and improving to me. I live here in the valley of Virginia, where I have never seen a railroad or packet-boat, much less a steamboat, or ship, or large city; still, you must not think that I live out of the world. We have our towns, and churches, and schools; and then we have our green meadows, and corn fields, and flocks of cattle, and wild deer, and fresh water fish, and choice fruits of almost every variety as well as you have in the north; we have our blue mountains with good roads across them, and mineral springs that are visited in this hot weather by people from all parts of America.

Why don't you, Mr. Merry, come and see our mountains, and our watering-places? I should like to see you at our house. I know that I should be very attentive to you, and give you a great many good things, and ask you a great many questions; and I know that my father would be delighted with you.

Should I have the good fortune to see this my first letter to you in print, then I will write to you again, and give you some more information about the valley of Virginia and our people, and I will also send you an enigma.

From your true friend, ISABELLA.

We shall be glad to hear from Isabella again.

Travellers among the Ruins of Central America.

Antiquities of Central America

THE country formerly known under the name of Guatimala, has recently adopted a republican government, and taken the title of Central America. It is a mountainous region, and has at least twenty volcanoes in constant activity. The western coast is subject to terrific earthquakes, which have overwhelmed cities and exterminated complete tribes of people. It is a prolific

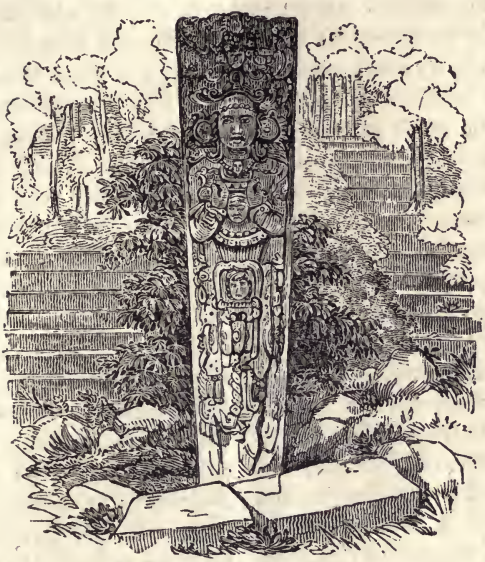
country, abounding in all the products of nature usual in tropical latitudes.

At the time of the invasion of Cortez, in 1519, this and the adjacent territories were occupied by the Toltecs, who appear to have moved hither and farther south, after their departure from Mexico. The country was then exceedingly populous, and was studded with numerous and flourishing cities. The capital of Guatimala was then Utatlan. A Spanish commander, named Alvarado, was despatched by Cortez to conquer the country. In this he succeeded, after many desperate struggles. Six battles took place on the banks of the river Zimala, which in that vicinity received the name of the River of Blood.

At this time Utatlan abounded in palaces and other sumptuous edifices, being hardly surpassed in splendor by the city of Mexico itself. It was encompassed by a lofty wall, and was capable of being entered only at two points: on one side by a causeway, and on the other by a flight of steps. Within, the buildings stood high and compact. In the hope of exterminating their enemies, the inhabitants invited the Spaniards into their capital, pretending a willingness to submit. After their entrance, they set fire to the city, and if the Indians of another tribe had not been false to their countrymen, Alvarado and his followers would have perished. Having escaped this danger, the Spaniards pursued their victorious course until all opposition was crushed, and in 1524 laid the foundation of the city of Guatimala.

The rage of the Spaniards was directed not only against the superstitions of the Indians, with the temples and the idols consecrated to them, but even against the palaces and other monuments of the people whom they conquered. The city of Mexico was totally destroyed by Cortez. The other cities of Mexico and Guatimala were in process of time depopulated, fell into decay, and their ruins became so overgrown with trees, that all knowledge of them was for a long time lost. A writer in speaking of this event, says, "At this day there does not remain the smallest vestige of the existence of any ancient Indian building, public or private, either in Mexico or Guatimala." In the early part of this century, however, some vague accounts were spread abroad, respecting the ruins of an ancient city at Palenque, in Mexico. These were explored by order of the Spanish government, and found to exhibit architecture and sculpture of a very extraordinary character.

The most successful of all the explorers of these antiquities has been Mr. Stephens, who made two expeditions to this part of the world for the purpose of antiquarian research. The first ruins which he visited were those of Copan, which stand on the branch of a small river flowing into the Bay of Honduras. Copan was once a very large and well-built city, but the ruins are now almost entirely overgrown with trees. After describing the difficulties of the ascent, "we came," writes Mr. Stephens, "upon a square stone column about fourteen feet high, and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief on all four of the sides, from



Ancient Idol discovered at Copan.

the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. This our guide called an idol, and before it at a distance of three feet was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. * * * * * *

"With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots, another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bowed down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing with its altar before it, in a grove of trees that grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city, were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and quick processions, forty or fifty at a time; some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and with a noise like a current of wind, passed on to the depths of the forest.

"Trudging once more over the district which contained the principal monument, we were startled by the immensity of the work before us, and very soon we concluded, that to explore the whole extent would be impossible. Our guide knew only of this district, but having seen columns beyond the village, a league distant, we had reason to believe that others were strewed in different directions, completely buried in the woods and entirely unknown. The woods were so dense that it was almost hopeless to think of penetrating them. The only way to make a thorough exploration would be to cut down the whole forest, and burn the trees. This was incompatible with our immediate purposes, might be considered taking liberties, and could only be done in the dry season. After deliberation, we resolved first to obtain drawings of the sculptured columns. Even in this there was great difficulty; the designs were very complicated, and different from anything we had ever seen before; the cutting was in high relief, and required a strong body of light to bring up the figures; and the foliage was so thick and the shade so deep, that drawing was impossible.

"After much consultation we selected one of the idols and determined to lay it open to the rays of the sun. Here again was difficulty. There was no axe; and the only instrument that the Indians possessed was the *machete* or chopping-knife. Wielded in one hand, it was useful in clearing away shrubs and branches, but almost harmless upon large trees; and the Indians, as in the days when the Spaniards discovered them, applied to work without ardor, carried it on with little activity, and like children were easily diverted from it. One hacked into a tree, and when tired, which happened very soon, sat down to rest, and another relieved him. While one worked there were always several looking on. I remembered the ring of the woodman's axe in the forest at home, and wished for a few long-sided Green Mountain boys. But we had been buffeted into patience, and watched the Indians while they hacked with their machetes, and even wondered that they succeeded so well. It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins. The ground was entirely new; there were no guide-books or guides; the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble upon next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig around and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety while the Indians worked, and an eye, an ear, a foot, or a hand was disentombed: and when the machete rang against the chiseled stone, I pushed the Indians away and cleared out the loose earth with my hands. The beauty of the sculpture, the solemn stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the scrambling of monkeys and the chattering of parrots, the desolation of the city, and the mystery that hung over it, all created an interest, higher, if possible, than I had ever felt among the ruins of the Old World."

Caspar Hauser.

IN the year 1828, a great sensation was created throughout the civilized world, by the story of Caspar Hauser. This, as it appears, was in substance as follows:

On the twentieth of May, in the year above named, as a citizen of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, was proceeding along one of the streets, he happened to see a young man, in the dress of a peasant, who was standing like one intoxicated, attempting to move forward, yet appearing hardly to have command of his legs. On the approach of the citizen, this stranger held out to him a letter directed to a well-known and respectable military officer living in Nuremberg.

As the house of this person lay in the direction of the citizen's walk, he took the youth thither with him. When the servant opened the door, the stranger put the letter into his hand, uttering some unintelligible words. The various questions which were asked as to his name, whence he came, &c., he seemed not to comprehend. He appeared excessively fatigued, staggered, as if exhausted, and pointed to his feet, shedding tears, apparently from pain. As he seemed to be suffering from hunger, a piece of meat was given to him, but scarcely had he tasted it, when he spat it out, and shuddered as if with abhorrence. He manifested the same aversion to beer. He ate some bread, and drank water, with signs of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, all attempts to gain any information from him were fruitless. To every question he answered with the same unintelligible jargon. He seemed to hear, without understanding, and to see, without perceiving. He shed many tears, and his whole language seemed to consist of moans and unintelligible sounds.

The letter to the officer above-mentioned contained no satisfactory information. It stated that the writer was a poor day-laborer, with a family of ten children; that the bearer had been left with him in October, 1812, and he had never since been suffered to leave his house; that he had received a Christian education, been baptized, &c. He was sent to this officer with the request that he might be taken care of till seventeen years old, and then be made a trooper, and placed in the sixth regiment, as his father had been of that corps. This letter was supposed, of course, to be designed to mislead, and no reliance was placed upon it.

The officer, suspecting some imposition, sent the stranger to the police. To all inquiries the latter replied as before, displaying a childish simplicity, and awkward dullness. He was continually whimpering, and pointing to his feet. While he had the size of a young man, his face had the expression of a child. When writing materials were placed before him, he took the pen with alacrity, and wrote *Kaspar Hauser*. This so contrasted with his previous signs of ignorance and dullness, as to excite suspicions of imposture, and he was therefore committed to a tower used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds. In going to this place, he sank down, groaning, at every step.

The body of Caspar seemed perfectly formed, but his face bore a decided aspect of vulgarity. When in a state of tranquillity, it was either destitute of expression, or had a look of brutish indifference. The formation of his face, however, changed in a few months, and rapidly gained in expression and animation. His feet bore no marks of having been confined by shoes, and were finely formed; the soles were soft as the palms of his hands. His gait was a waddling, tottering progress, groping with his hands as he went, and often falling at the slightest impediment. He could not, for a long time, go up and down stairs without assistance. He used his hands with the greatest awkwardness. In all these respects, however, he rapidly improved.

Caspar Hauser soon ceased to be considered either an idiot or an impostor. The mildness, good nature, and obedience he displayed, precluded the idea that he had grown up with the beasts of the forest. Yet he was destitute of words, and seemed to be disgusted with most of the customs and habits of civilized life. All the circumstances combined to create a belief that he had been brought up in a state of complete imprisonment and seclusion, during the previous part of his existence

He now became an object of general interest, and hundreds of persons came to see him. He could be persuaded to taste no other food than bread and water. Even the smell of most articles of food

was sufficient to make him shudder. When he first saw a lighted candle, he appeared greatly delighted, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into the blaze. When a mirror was shown him, he looked behind, to find the image it reflected. Like a child, he greedily reached for every glittering object, and cried when any thing he desired was denied him. His whole vocabulary seemed hardly to exceed a dozen words, and that of ross (horse) answered for all quadrupeds, such as horses, dogs, and cats. When, at length, a wooden horse was given him as a plaything, it seemed to effect a great change in him; his spirits revived, and his lethargy and indifference were dissipated. He would never eat or drink without first offering a portion to his horse.

His powers seemed now to be rapidly developed; he soon quitted his toy, and learned to ride the living horse, with astonishing rapidity. He, however, was greatly oppressed, as he acquired knowledge, at discovering how much inferior he was in knowledge to those around him, and this led him to express the wish that he could go back to the hole in which he had always been confined. From his repeated statements, now that he had learned to speak, it appeared that he had been, from his earliest recollections, confined in a narrow space, his legs extended forward upon the floor, and his body upright; and here, without light, and without the power of locomotion, he had remained for years. The date or period of his confinement he knew not, for in his dungeon there was no sunrise or sunset to mark the lapse of time. When he awoke from sleep, he found some bread and water at his side; but who ministered to his wants, he knew not; he never saw the face of his attendant, who never spoke to him, except in some unintelligible jargon. In his hole he had two wooden horses, and some ribbons, as toys—and these afforded him his only amusement. One day had passed as another; he had no dreams; time ran on, and life ebbed and flowed, with a dull and almost unconscious movement. After a time his keeper gave him a pencil, of which he learned the use; he was then partially taught to walk, and shortly after, was carried from his prison, a letter put into his hand, and he was left, as the beginning of our story finds him, in the streets of Nuremberg.

The journals were now filled with accounts of this mysterious young man. A suspicion was at last started that he was of high birth, and that important motives had led to the singular treatment he had received. He was himself haunted with the fear of assassination, from the idea that the circumstances which led to his incarceration, now that his story was known, might tempt his enemies to put a period to his life—thus seeking at once the removal of a hated object, and security against detection. His fears were at last partially realized; while he was under the care and protection of Professor Daumer, he was attacked and seriously wounded, by a blow upon the forehead.

After this event, Earl Stanhope, who happened to be in that part of Germany, caused him to be removed to An-

spach, where he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster. Here his fears subsided; but in December, 1833, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, accosted him, under the pretence of having an important communication to make, and proposed a meeting. Caspar agreed, and they met in the palace-garden, alone. The stranger drew some papers from beneath his cloak, and while Caspar was examining them, the ruffian stabbed him in the region of the heart. The wound did not prove immediately fatal. He was able to return home, and relate what had happened. Messengers were sent in pursuit of the assassin, but in vain. Hauser lingered three or four days — that is, till the seventeenth of December, 1833, when he died. On dissection, it appeared that the knife had pierced to the heart, making an incision in its outer covering, and slightly cutting both the liver and the stomach. A reward of five thousand florins was offered by Lord Stanhope, for the discovery of the assassin, but without effect—nor was the mystery which involved Caspar's story ever fully unravelled.

Such was the tale of this extraordinary individual, as it appeared a few years ago. Since that period, the facts in the case have been carefully sifted, and the result is a settled conviction that Hauser was an impostor; that the story of his confinement was a fabrication; that his pretended ignorance, his stupidity, his childishness, were but skilful acting to enforce his story; and, strange as it may appear, there is good reason to believe that the wounds he received, in both instances, were inflicted by himself. Such were the deliberate convictions of Earl Stanhope, and others, who investigated the facts on the spot, and with the best advantages for the discovery of the truth. Caspar's motive for wounding himself, doubtless, was to revive the flagging interest of the public in his behalf—a scource of excitement he had so long enjoyed as to feel unhappy without it. In the latter instance, he doubtless inflicted a severer wound than he intended, and thus put an undesigned period to his existence.

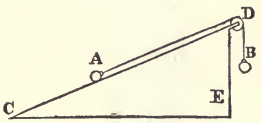
His story presents one of the most successful instances of imposture on record. It appears probable that he was aided in his imposition by the narrative of Fuerbach, one of the judges of Bavaria, who adopted some theory on the subject, which he supported with gross, though perhaps undesigned, misrepresentation. He published an interesting account of Hauser, in which he rather colored and exaggerated the facts, thus making the narrative far more wonderful than the reality would warrant. It was, doubtless, owing to these statements of Fuerbach, that an extraordinary interest in the case was everywhere excited; and it is highly probable that Hauser himself was encouraged to deeper and more extended duplicity, by the aid which the mistaken credulity of the judge afforded him, than he had at first meditated. He probably looked with surprise and wonder at the success of his trick, and marvelled at seeing himself suddenly converted from a poor German mechanic, as he doubtless was, into a prodigy and a hero—exciting a

sensation throughout the four quarters of the globe.

The whole story affords a good illustration of the folly of permitting the imagination to lead us in the investigation of facts, and the extended impositions that may flow from the want of exact and scrupulous veracity in a magistrate.

The Mechanical Powers.

(CONCLUDED.)



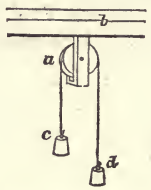
THE INCLINED PLANE is described by the above cut. A force pushing a weight from C to D, only raises it through the perpendicular height, E D, by acting along the whole length of the plane, C D; and if the plane be twice as long as it is high, one pound at B, acting over the pulley, D, would balance two pounds at A, or anywhere on the plane; and so of all other quantities and proportions. A horse drawing on a road where there is a rise of one foot in twenty, is really *lifting* one twentieth of his load, as well as overcoming the friction and other resistance of the carriage. Hence the importance of making roads as level as possible; and hence the error, which has often been committed, of carrying roads directly over hills, for the sake of straightness, when, by going round the bases of the hills, the distance would scarcely have been increased, and all rising and falling would have been avoided. Hence, also, a road up a very steep hill must be made to wind, or go zigzag, all the way; for, to reach a given height, the ease of the pull to the horses is greater, exactly as the road is made longer. An intelligent driver, in ascending a steep hill by a broad road, winds from side to side all the way, to save his horses what little he can.

Hogsheads of merchandise, which twenty men could not lift by applying their strength directly, are often seen moved out of, or into, wagons by one or two men who have the assistance of inclined planes. On some canals and railroads, the loaded boats and cars are drawn up by machinery on inclined planes. It is supposed that the ancient Egyptians must have used this mechanical power to assist in elevating and placing those immense masses of stone with which their pyramids and other gigantic piles of architecture were constructed.

In our speculations upon the power of the inclined plane, we suppose the plane to be perfectly smooth, and that bodies move upon it without friction or impediment; but this can never be the case in practice, even in the most perfect machines; consequently, some allowance must be made from the calculated effect, and when carriages move upon rough or sandy roads, this allowance must be considerable.

THE PULLEY. A pulley is a grooved

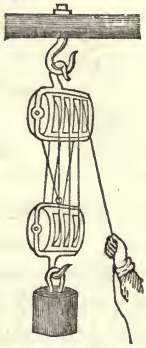
wheel, around which a rope is passed, and is either fixed or movable. The



preceding cut represents a fixed pulley, which never changes its position: *a* is the wheel; *b* a beam, or roof, from which the wheel is suspended; *c* is the power hanging at one end of the rope; and *d* is the weight at the other end. In such a construction, it is evident that the weight—for instance, ten pounds—is equally supported by each end of the rope, and that a man holding up one end, only bears half of it, or five pounds; but to raise the weight one foot, he must draw up two feet of rope; therefore, with the pulley, he lifts five pounds two feet, when he would be obliged to lift ten pounds one foot without the pulley.

This kind of pulley, however, possesses no mechanical advantage. To raise a pound weight from the ground at one end of the cord, the power of one pound must be exerted at the other. Its object, then, is not to save power, but to give convenience in pulling. For instance, by pulling downwards, a weight may be raised upwards; or, by pulling in one direction, a load may be made to proceed in another. Thus, in drawing a bucket out of a well, it is much easier to pull downwards, by means of a rope passing through a pulley over the head, than upwards, by drawing directly at the bucket.

Many wheels may be combined together, and in many ways, to form compound pulleys. Wherever there is but one rope running through the whole, as shown here, the relation of power and resistance is known by the number of folds, or turns, of the rope which supports the weight.



Here are six turns, and a power of one hundred pounds would balance a resistance of six hundred. The chief use of this pulley is on board ships, where it is called a *block*. It aids so powerfully in hoisting the masts and sails, &c., that, by means of it, a small number of sailors are rendered equal to the duties of a large ship.

There is no assignable limit to the power which may be exerted by means of pulleys. A machine may be constructed to raise with ease any weight which the strength of the materials will bear, provided the combination be not so complex as to exhaust the power by the friction produced.

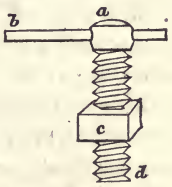
THE WEDGE. This power acts on the principle of an inclined-plane force moving forward between resistances, to overcome or separate them, instead of being

stationary, while the resistance is moved along its surface. The same rule, as to mechanical advantage, has been applied to both cases, the force acting on the wedge being considered as moving

through a space equal to its length, C D, and the resistance as yielding through a space equal to its breadth, A B. But this rule is far from explaining the extraordinary power of the wedge. It appears that, during the tremor produced by the blow of the driving-hammer, the wedge insinuates itself, and advances much more quickly than the above rule anticipates. The wedge is used for many purposes, as for splitting blocks of stone and wood; for squeezing strongly, as in the oil-press; for lifting great weights, as when a ship of war, in dock, is raised by driving wedges under her keel. An engineer in London, who had built a very lofty and heavy chimney for his steam engines and furnaces, found, after a time, that it was beginning to lean on one side. By driving wedges under that side, he succeeded in restoring it to a complete perpendicular.

The wedge is the least used of the simple mechanical powers, but the principle upon which it acts is in extensive application. Needles, awls, bodkins, and driving-nails, are the most common examples. Knives, swords, razors, the axe, chisel, and other cutting instruments, also act on the principle of the wedge; so likewise does the saw, the teeth of which are small wedges, and act by being drawn along while pressed against the object operated upon. When the edge of a scythe, or razor, is examined with a microscope, it is seen to be a series of small, sharp angularities, of the nature of the teeth of a saw.

THE SCREW may be considered as a winding wedge; for it has the same relation to a straight wedge that a road, winding up a hill or town, has to a straight road of the same length and acclivity. A screw may be described as a spindle,



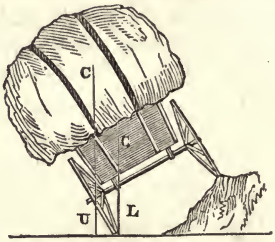
a d, with a thread wound spirally round it, turning or working in a nut, *c*, which has a corresponding spiral furrow fitted to receive the thread. Every turn of the screw carries it forward in a fixed nut, or draws a movable nut along upon it, by exactly the distance between two turns of its thread; this distance, therefore, is the space described by the resistance, while the force moves in the circumference of the circle described by the handle of the screw, as at *b*, in the figure. The disparity between these lengths, or spaces, is often as a hundred, or more, to one; hence the prodigious effects which a screw enables a small force to produce. Screws are much used in presses of all

kinds; as in those for squeezing oil and juice from vegetable bodies, as linseed, rape-seed, almonds, apples, grapes, sugar-cane, &c. They are used in the cotton-press, which reduces a great spongy bale, of which a few, comparatively, would fill a ship, to a dense package heavy enough to sink in water; and in the common printing-press, which forces the paper strongly against the types. The screw is the great agent in the coining machinery of mints.

But, after all, there seems to be no reason, except long-established usage, why the appellation of Mechanical Powers should be restricted to the six contrivances above explained; for many others equally deserve it; and, in fact, the mightiest of all mechanical devices, the steam engine, does not derive its power from solid substances at all.

A word or two upon the centre of gravity may not be out of place, in this connection. Every solid body, or dense mass, possesses what is called a *centre of gravity*, which is the point upon or about which the body balances itself, and remains in a state of rest, or equilibrium, in any position. The centre of gravity may be described as a point in solids which always seeks its lowest level. In round, square, and all regularly-shaped bodies, of uniform density in all their parts, the centre of gravity is the centre of these bodies. When a body is shaped irregularly, the centre of gravity is the point upon which the body will balance itself, and remain in a state of rest.

The *line of direction* is an ideal line drawn from the centre of gravity of any body, and passing to the ground in a direction perpendicular to the earth's surface. When this line falls within the base of the body, or the part upon which it stands, the body will keep its position; but if the line falls without the base, the body will fall or overturn. By keeping this principle in view, stability and safety will generally be secured in the erection of works of art—such as houses, monumental edifices, spires, steeples—as well as in the lading of wagons, and carts, and other vehicles. In every instance, the base ought to be sufficiently large to admit of the line of direction falling within it. Through ignorance of this principle, and from want of experience, we often see stage-coaches and wagons laden in such a manner that their centre of gravity is liable to too great a change of position; thus they are often overturned, to the personal injury, and



even loss of life, of the passengers. In the annexed cut, a loaded vehicle is represented as crossing the side of a hill, which has raised one wheel above the level of the other wheel, so as to incline the body of the vehicle very considerably from the horizontal. The centre of gravity is represented in two different positions; a lower one with the line of direction L C, and a higher one with the line of direction U C. If there had

been no load upon the vehicle, the line of direction would have remained at L C; and as it falls within the wheel, the vehicle would have maintained its balance. But if the wagon had been laden, the centre of gravity would have been raised, and, the line of direction U C falling without the wheel, the vehicle must overturn.

The Locust.

THE Locust is a species of grasshopper. It is about six inches long, and has two horns or feelers, an inch in length. The head and horns are of a brownish color; it is blue about the mouth, and also on the inside of the larger legs. The shield that covers the back is greenish; the upper side of the body is brown, spotted with black, and the under side purple. The upper wings are brown, with small dusky spots, with larger ones at the tips; the under wings are more transparent and of a light brown, tinctured with green, but there is a dark cloud of spots near the tips.

The habits and nature of this insect are vastly different from those of its smaller relative, the grasshopper. The quantity of grass which a few grasshoppers that sport in the field can destroy is trifling; but when a swarm of locusts, two or three miles long, and several yards deep, settles upon a field, the consequences are frightful. They commence their tactics, we are told, with a leader at their head, whose flight they observe, and to whose motions they pay strict attention. They appear at a distance like a black cloud, which, as it approaches, gathers upon the horizon, and almost hides the light of

day. It often happens that the husbandman sees this imminent calamity pass away without doing him any mischief; and the whole swarm proceed onward to settle upon the labors of some less fortunate community. But wretched is the district upon which they alight; they ravage the meadow and the pasture-ground; strip the trees of their leaves and the garden of its beauty; the visitation of a few hours destroys the expectations of a year; and a famine but too frequently ensues. In their native tropical climates, they are not so dreadful as in the northern parts of Europe. There, though the plain and forest be stripped of their verdure, the power of vegetation is so great, that an interval of three or four days repairs the calamity; but in the north of Europe, the verdure is the livery of a season, and when lost, the inhabitants must wait till the ensuing spring makes good the damage. Besides, in their long flights to northern countries, they are famished by the tediousness of their journey, and are therefore more voracious, whenever they happen to settle. But it is not by what they devour that they do so much damage as by what they destroy. Their bite is thought to contaminate the plant, and to prevent its vegetation. To use the expression of the husbandmen, they burn whatever they touch; and leave the marks of their devastation for two or three years ensuing. But if they are noxious while living, they are still more so when dead; for wherever they fall, they infect the air in such a manner that the smell is insupportable.

An ancient writer tells us, that in the year of the world 3800, there was an incredible number of locusts which infested Africa; and after having eaten up everything that was green, they flew away and were drowned in the African sea; where they caused such an odor that the putrifying bodies of hundreds of thousands of men could not equal it.

In the year 1650, a cloud of locusts was seen to enter Russia in three different places; and thence to spread themselves over Poland and Lithuania, in such astonishing numbers that the air was darkened and the earth covered with them. In some places they were seen lying dead, heaped upon each other four feet deep: in others they covered the surface like a black cloth, the trees bent under their weight, and the damage which the country sustained exceeded computation.

In Barbary, their numbers are formidable, and their visits frequent. In the year 1784, Dr. Shaw was a witness in that country of their devastations. Their first appearance was in the latter end of March, when the wind had been southerly for some time. In the beginning of April, their numbers were so vastly increased, that in the heat of day, they formed themselves into large swarms which appeared like clouds. In the middle of May, they began to disappear, retiring into the plains to deposit their eggs. In the next month, June, the young brood made their appearance, forming many compact bodies of several hundred yards square; which, after marching forward, climbed the trees, walls, and houses, eating everything

green as they advanced. The inhabitants, to stop their progress, formed trenches all over their fields and gardens, filling them with water. Some placed large quantities of heath, stubble, and other combustible materials in rows, and set them on fire, on the approach of the locusts; but all this was to no purpose, for the trenches were quickly filled up, and the fires put out, by the vast number of swarms which succeeded each other. A day or two after one of these was in motion, others that were just hatched came to glean after them, gnawing off the young branches and the very bark of the trees. Having lived near a month in this manner, they arrived at their full growth, and threw off their worm-like state, by casting their skins. To prepare themselves for this change, they fixed their hinder feet to some bush, or twig, or corner of a stone, when immediately, by an undulating motion used on this occasion, their heads would first appear, and soon after the rest of their bodies. The whole transformation was performed in seven or eight minutes' time, after which they were a little while in a languishing condition, but as soon as the sun and air had hardened their wings, they returned again to their former greediness, with an addition both of strength and agility.

In some parts of the world, the inhabitants turn what seems a plague to their own advantage. Locusts are eaten by the natives in many kingdoms of the East; and are caught in small nets provided for that purpose. They are parched over the fire in an earthen pan; and when their wings and legs are fallen off, they turn reddish, of the color of boiled shrimps. The natives of Barbary eat them fried with salt. There is a locust in Tonquin—a state in Farther India—about the thickness of the top of a man's finger, and as long as the first joint. They breed in the earth, in low grounds, and in the months of January and February, which is the season for taking them, issue from the earth in vast swarms. At first they can hardly fly, so that they often fall into the rivers in great numbers; however, the natives, in these months, watch the rivers and take them up in multitudes in small nets. They either eat them fresh, broiled on the coals, or pickle them for keeping. In the countries where they are eaten, they are regularly brought to market, and sold, as larks or quails in Europe. This must have been a common food with the Jews, as Moses, in the book of Leviticus, permits them to eat four different species of this insect, which he specifies. This dish, however, has not yet made its way into the kitchens of this part of the world; and though we may admire the delicacies of the East, we are happily deprived of the power of imitating them.

The Scriptures, which were written in a country where the locust made a distinguishing feature in the picture of nature, have given us several very striking images of this animal's numbers and rapacity. They compare an army, where the numbers are almost infinite, to a swarm of locusts; they describe them as rising out of the earth where they are produced; as pursuing a settled march to destroy the fruits of the earth and co-

operate with divine indignation. They were one of the ten plagues of Egypt. (Exod. x. 14.) In the days of Joel the prophet, they occasioned a famine. (Joel ii. 1–11.) John the Baptist lived, says the Bible, upon locusts and wild honey. (Matt. iii. 4.) In the book of Revelation, false teachers and persecutors are compared to locusts coming out of the bottomless pit.

Cuvier and the Swallows.

IN his later years, the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount the incident which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. While young, and in want, he was engaged as tutor to the children of the Count de Hericy, and with his pupils inhabited an old chateau at Fiquainville. Cuvier's room looked towards the garden, and early each morning he was accustomed to open his window and breathe the fresh air before commencing the instruction of his somewhat undisciplined pupils. One morning he remarked two swallows building a nest in the outer angle of his small casement. The male bird brought moist clay in his beak, which the hen, as it were, kneaded together, and, with the addition of straws and bits of hay, formed their future home. The frame-work once completed, both birds hastened to line the interior with feathers, wool and dried leaves; and then taking flight together into a neighboring wood, they did not return to their nest until after the lapse of several days. Meantime some important events had happened. While the two swallows were so busily employed in constructing their home, Cuvier had remarked two sparrows perched on a neighboring chimney, who seemed to watch the progress of affairs with much curiosity. The treacherous object of this surveillance speedily became apparent; for no sooner had the poor swallows left the coast clear, than the pair of sparrows took possession of the nest, and established themselves in it as comfortably as though it had been their own property. Cuvier remarked that they never absented themselves together from the nest; one always remained on the watch, with its sturdy bill protruded through the entrance, prepared to exclude every visitor except its mate.

At the end of the honeymoon the rightful owners returned. What was their surprise to find their nest pre-occupied! The cock flew indignantly against his dwelling, to expel the intruders, but was met by the formidable beak of the male sparrow, which quickly repulsed the unlucky proprietor with a bleeding head and ruffled feathers. Trembling with rage and shame, and his bright eye darting fire, he returned to his bride, perched on a green bough, and seemed for some moments to hold an anxious colloquy with her. Then they took flight together, and soon disappeared.

Presently the hen-sparrow returned, and her husband began, as Cuvier conjectured, to give her an animated account of his adventure, accompanying the re-

cital with certain curious little cries which might well pass for derisive laughter. Be that as it may, the prudent pair did not waste much time in chattering, but hastened out in turns to collect and store up a quantity of provisions. This accomplished, they both remained within, and now *two* stout beaks were placed ready to defend the entrance. Cries resounded in the air; crowds of swallows began to assemble on the roof. Cuvier recognized in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each fresh arrival.

Ere long, there were assembled in full conclave upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully rivalled the performances of many speakers in more ambitious and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the window-sills. A young swallow, tired, no doubt, of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the pursuit of some flies who were buzzing about the window. Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horse-hair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Every effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Suddenly the swallows, as if with one consent, took flight, and wheeling in the air, came one by one and gave a sharp peck at the snare, which, after repeated pulls, snapped in two, and the freed bird flew joyously away with his kind companions.

During this scene, which passed within a few yards of Cuvier, and at the same distance as the usurped nest, the tutor remained motionless, and the two sparrows never once stirred their threatening protruded beaks.

Suddenly, and swift as thought, flew a host of swallows against the nest: each had his bill filled with mud, which he discharged against the entrance, and then gave place to another, who repeated the same manœuvre. This they managed to accomplish while two inches distant from the nest, so as to keep out of reach of the beleaguered sparrows. Indeed, the latter were so effectually blinded by the first discharge of mud, that they no longer thought of defending themselves. Meantime the swallows continued to heap mud on the nest, until it was completely covered; the opening would have been quite choked up but for the desperate efforts made by the sparrows—who by several convulsive shocks contrived to shake off some of the pellets. But a detachment of the implacable swallows perched on the nest, and with their beaks and claws smoothed and pressed down the tough clay over the opening, and at length succeeded in closing it hermetically. Then were heard, from hundreds of little throats, cries of vengeance and of victory!

But the swallows did not end their work here. They hastened to bring from all directions materials for a second nest, which they constructed over the blocked-up entrance of the first one; and in two hours after the execution of the sparrows, the new nest was inhabited by the ejected swallows.

The inexorable vengeance was now completed. Not only were the unfortunate sparrows doomed to expiate their crime by a lingering death, but they were forced during their torments to listen to the joyful song of the two swallows, the cause of their execution. During many days the hen rarely quitted her nest; she had laid six eggs, and while she was hatching them her mate supplied her with insects for food. At the end of a fortnight, Cuvier remarked that the cock was busy all day, in bringing an enormous quantity of insects to his household; and looking into the nest, he saw six little yellow bills, all gaping wide for food. From that time it became a constant source of pleasure to the tutor to watch the progressive development of the little family. Their yellow beaks became black and shining, their downy bodies were covered with smooth and elegant plumage, and they began to accompany their mother in short excursions from the nest. The cock taught his children how to seize their prey in the air; how to fly high when the atmosphere was calm, and the flies disported themselves in the upper regions; and how to keep near the ground when a storm was approaching; for then all insects seek a shelter.

Thus passed the summer, and autumn came. Crowds of swallows once more assembled on the roof of the Chateau de Fiquainville. They held regular conversations, and Cuvier amused himself with trying to interpret their language. The children of the nest were placed in the midst of the troop with the other young swallows; and one morning the whole assembly took flight simultaneously, and directed their course towards the east. In the following spring, two swallows, lean, and with ruffled feathers, came and took possession of the nest. Cuvier immediately recognized them: they were the identical birds whom he had watched with so much interest during the preceding year. They began to repair their dwelling, and to stop the chinks produced by the winter's frost; they re-lined the interior with soft dried moss and feathers, and then set out for an excursion.

The morning after their return, as they were gayly pursuing their prey close to Cuvier's window—for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to his presence—a hawk that was soaring in the air pounced suddenly on the cock. He struck him with his talons, and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which happened luckily to be at hand. The brigand fell into the garden, mortally wounded, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. The swallow was seriously wounded; the hawk's talons had deeply entered his sides, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and broken one wing. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and tenderness, and then, with the assistance of a ladder, replaced him in his nest, while the poor hen fluttered sadly round her mate, uttering piercing cries of distress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she brought to the cock. Cuvier watched his poor little languishing head feebly raised to take the offered food, but each day his strength

visibly declined. At length, early one morning, Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the hen, who was beating her wings against the window; he ran to the nest. Alas, it only contained a lifeless body! From that moment, the hen drooped and pined away. She never left the nest, refused the food which Cuvier constantly offered her, and, literally broken-hearted, expired five days after the death of her beloved companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the amiable and gifted mind of the young tutor. It led him to devote his leisure hours to the persevering study of natural history; and many months afterwards he related the anecdote to the Abbé Tessier, who was paying a visit to the chateau. Revolutionary persecution had obliged this distinguished man to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of physician to the hospital of Fécamp. Struck with the evident talent of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils attending his hospital; and wrote to introduce him to the notice of Jussieu and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. Cuvier entered into correspondence with these and other scientific men; and, after some time passed in profound study, he was appointed to fill the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. The remainder of his glorious career is matter of history.

"Sir, I intend to raise your rent," said a land-holder, to one of his tenants. "I am very much obliged to you," replied the latter, "for I can't raise it myself."

A Day at the Sea-side.

Nannie. O Grandma, they're all gone!

Grandma. Where, my dear?

N. To the beach! I wanted so much to go with them!

G. You shall go, my dear little Nannie, some day soon. It is very pleasant to ride on a beach—it is so hard and smooth, and the air from the water is so fresh and pure.

N. Aunt Sophy was speaking yesterday of a beach she visited at Long Island last summer; were you there, too?

G. Yes, I went to a pleasant farm-house with aunt Sophy and your uncle William, to spend a few weeks. It was a delightful place, close to a creek that came winding and turning from the bay. Here were boats of all sizes—fishing-boats, and skiffs, and hay-boats; and on the fences around hung nets and fishing-tackle, drying in the sun. Sometimes

you might see three or four men mending their skiffs, or painting them, and every hour you saw white sails either going down to the bay, or coming up—going down empty and coming up full either of fish or of hay cut in the meadows around.

N. I should like to live in such a place very much. Did you ever go on the water, Grandma?

G. O yes, my dear, very often. Your uncle hired a small skiff, which he rowed about on the creek, and I sometimes accompanied him; but the boat was too small for my taste—it tilted about too much, though William seemed to like it all the better for that. But we sometimes hired one of the larger boats, where there was room for twelve or fourteen persons, and we asked some agreeable friends to accompany us on a sailing excursion.

N. Oh! I wish I had been there. But go on, Grandma, and tell me all about it. Were there any children there as young as me?

G. Yes, there was a little girl of five years, another of ten, one twelve, and one thirteen.

N. What were their names, Grandma?

G. Let me see—there was a Henrietta, a Julia, an Alice, and a Mamy, as she was called, being the youngest. Then there were two lads, who were full of sport and mischief—besides young ladies of all sizes and ages.

N. How nice they must all have looked in their new dresses, and fine bonnets! I do so love to see people dressed up!

G. Well, Nannie, so do I, when they are going to ride, or walk, or make visits; but when people go on the water in boats, their dress is anything but pretty. You know the water sometimes comes over the side of the boat, and wets one's clothes, and the sun shines so bright, and the reflection from the water is so hot, that it is necessary to wear sun bonnets, and very deep ones too, to prevent being tanned. As it was our party were pretty well sunburnt when they got home!

N. Well, what *did* they wear, Grandma?

G. Oh, they were droll figures, some of them; one had on a brown linen sack, and a faded blue skirt, large india-rubber shoes, and a hat with a ribbon around it that was once red, but was then of no particular color. Another one wore a skirt of brown calico, with a blue sack, and a white sun bonnet; and another wore a dark calico dress, a shawl and a bonnet which looked very much like a coal-hod. But there were lively steps under the dark skirts, and bright eyes and pleasant faces under the poke bonnets.

N. Well, what did you do when you were all ready?

G. Not so fast, my little Nannie; we were not all ready till we got our dinner prepared to take with us.

N. Why, were you going to stay out to dinner?

G. Yes. Mrs. D., the lady we lived with, gave us some hard-boiled eggs, a loaf of rye bread, some butter in a cup, a little salt in a paper, some clam pancakes, broiled ham, gingerbread, and sponge-cake; we then procured some

bottles of root-beer and a tin cup, one or two knives and forks, and a plate or so, and put them all in a covered basket. As we had all made a very hearty meal at breakfast, we trusted to the sea air to give us an appetite for all these good things.

N. Oh, what a nice time you must have had, Grandma! What time did you start, and when did you get home?

G. Well, my dear, I believe it was about ten o'clock when we started; we all seated ourselves in convenient places in the boat, the man who was to take charge of us put up our sail, the wind filled it, and away we went. It was a good day, as the sun was a little obscured, and the wind and tide were both in our favor. But the creek being very crooked, we could not sail straight out, and pretty soon our captain called out "heads." By this, I understood that we were to put our heads down, so that the sail might be turned on the other side. This made great fun, some of the tall ones getting a little roughly treated by the boom as it swung round.

N. How funny! but when did you get to the beach, Grandma?

G. Stop, my dear, we had a good deal to do before we got to the beach. It was some time before we got to the bay, and then we were nearly an hour sailing across to the island where we were to land. Like all young people, our party were in a hurry for something; and now it was to reach the bay, where *heads* would not be so often called out. It was delightful, to be sure, when we reached it; the wind blew fresh and steady, and we bounded away before it like a bird with its white wings spread. There were plenty of exclamations of pleasure, such as, "how delightful!" "oh, how pleasant!" "isn't it lovely?" "what a nice breeze!" "how fast we go!"

N. Oh Grandma, how I wish I was in just such a boat this minute! but go on, and tell me more.

G. We soon came to a place where the water was quite shallow, and one of our young men took off his socks, stripped up his pantaloons, and jumped into the water, holding by the boat, and walking along by the side. The example was contagious. Socks were pulled off, and young ladies who could do no better, sat on the side of the boat and dipped their feet into the salt water. Some pulled up the long eel grass, and some very dexterously drew up some curious red seaweed. One young man cried out that a crab had bitten his great toe, and another jumped into the boat spattering his neighbors with water, declaring that a shark had got hold of his leg.

N. What fun!

G. At last we drew near the island, which seemed composed of cliffs of sand, which shone in the sunshine, and looked almost like whitewashed houses. We approached the shore where there was a valley between two sandhills, which we were to walk through to reach the beach on the other side. But here was a dilemma — the tide would not allow the boat to go up close to the shore, and there was a distance of several yards of sparkling water to go through. What was to be done? The three young men

jumped overboard, and stood ready to carry over the young ladies in their arms. Oh, what a screaming and laughing!—some declaring they would not be carried, plunged in, and others submitting to the trial, felt as if they were never so heavy before in their lives. But we were at last all landed, the sail was lowered, the anchor thrown over, and we all walked across the smooth sand to the other side. Oh, how I wished I was young again!

N. Dear Grandma, what should I do if you were young again?

G. Well, Nannie! old age has its pleasures too, and I am grateful for a large share of them. But here was a place where young eyes, nimble feet, and steady limbs were particularly desirable. The waves came in from the great ocean one after another, tumbling, and rolling up on the beach, and then retreating, and then returning with foam on their tops. This was called the surf. The young people, after arranging themselves a little, walked into the water, and taking hold of hands, allowed the waves to wash their feet. By degrees, they became bolder, and advancing farther, the surf rolled up till it wet them completely, while, laughing and screaming, they retreated before it, running in again as it rolled back. What a glorious sight was that foaming water, with the blue and quiet sea beyond, sparkling in the sunshine!

N. Should you dare to let me go in, Grandma? Did the little girl Mamy go in?

G. No, she stayed on the sand with me, scraping holes and making houses, as she called them. It was like the sand we use for scouring, white and shining, and so clean that you might play in it all day, and not soil your clothes at all. Then she picked up shells and smooth round stones, and seemed very happy. But you are older than she; you might go in if you were there.

N. I should think so much exercise might have made them hungry.

G. Yes, I heard several of them say they thought it was near dinner time, when they were in the water; so after they were all satisfied with their ducking, they came out of the surf and ran dripping to the boat to put on some dry clothes they had brought in a basket. Some of them did not change anything, as the salt water does not give a person cold, if they remain wet any length of time. There was a motley group at last assembled in the boat to eat their provisions—a burnt, wet, half-dry, famished company. As I was the oldest, I was deputed to open the provision basket, and distribute its contents. I therefore broke the rye bread, giving a piece to each one. The eggs were then handed about, the butter and salt divided with all due impartiality; the pancakes were given to those who liked pancakes, and slices of ham served to those who liked ham; the gingerbread and sponge-cake were passed round, while some berries brought by one of the party formed the dessert. One of the boldest of the young men then uncorked the beer, and *popped* it round to the young ladies. I assure you, no brilliant dinner party, with rustling silks and white kid gloves,

was ever so entertaining, nor ever were viands discussed with so much pleasure.

N. I can believe it, Grandma. I know after I have been running or playing hard that I could eat almost anything. Did you have a pleasant sail home?

G. Yes, delightful; the wind was favorable, and we reached home in less than three quarters of an hour, having been absent about four hours. I heard some one say on reaching her chamber, that it was delightful to *leave* home, and delightful to *get* home.

A Quandary.

A GENTLEMAN in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a blacky as an attendant who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the *left* hand of the guests at table. At length his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand to the buttonhole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Buttons on both sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

Voting in France.

A FRENCH journal relates a good anecdote touching the late elections. M. R——, on his way to the polls, was met by one of his workmen, who showed him two different tickets.

"Which of these is the right one?" asked the man. "I have confidence in you, sir, and will vote as you say."

"Very well," said M. R——; "this is the ticket voted by every man who is in favor of law and order. Don't mistake."

"No, sir."

An hour after, M. R—— met the man again.

"Did you vote as I directed?" he asked.

"Certainly I did," replied the man. "But I got a good joke on a scamp of a fellow to whom I owed a grudge. He asked me which was the right ticket to vote, and—ha! ha!—I gave him the bad one! ha! ha! ha! and he voted wrong! Didn't I serve him a good one?"

CHINESE TEAR-BOTTLE.—It is a custom among the Chinese to have a tear-bottle. When two ladies or females of the lower rank quarrel, they go before a magistrate. A tear-bottle is given to the individual who says she is aggrieved, and if she can fill it with tears, the magistrate says, "I perceive you have been harshly treated. I shall award a great punishment to the one by whom you have been oppressed." If she can only half fill it, the punishment is reduced one half, but if she cannot shed a single tear, there is no punishment at all.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER X.

PILLOWED on a truss of newly-cut grass, and covered with skins, Thorwald gradually recovered health and strength. Harold shared his wigwam with his wounded countryman, and Charkole dropped in from time to time to enliven him with the recital of the progress of his suit. An Indian doctor, named Root-Bere, skilled in the mysteries of herbs and barks, had undertaken Thorwald's cure, under a penalty, imposed by Harold, that in case of failure, he should undergo the ordeal of the reason-queller, seven days in succession. This doctor was Harold's private physician, and was under bonds to keep him in a state of perfect health. The way Harold managed it was this: he didn't reward the doctor for his attendance whenever he was sick, but bastinadoed him for allowing him to become so; so that his health was generally good, and he waxed fatter and fatter every day.

Thorwald was soon able to sit up, and after a time ventured forth into the open air. One day, when he felt more than usually strong, he frankly told Harold the primary object of his visit to America —to take him (Harold) back to Norrland, and restore him to his wife, whom he had so causelessly deserted. He told him of Gudrida's unhappy position—ignorant whether her husband was alive or dead—left to all the anxieties of continual expectation and as continual disappointment—seeing her youth and beauty fade away in a premature widowhood. He avoided alluding to Eric, thinking that that side of the picture might as well be left in obscurity. Harold listened in silence, and then said to Thorwald once for all, that he was well enough where he was—he wanted to be king somewhere, and live at other people's expense. Here among the savages, he could do as he liked; other people built him his house, and kept it supplied with everything that was necessary to the state and dignity of a sovereign; they looked up to him as to a superior being; and more than all, he was in no fear of white bears in these southern latitudes. At home, he would have to go fishing in a skiff, and get all wet with spray; or else milk cows and make butter and cheese for a living. All things considered, he preferred staying where he was.

Thorwald did not pursue the subject further at this time, resolving to wait a more seasonable opportunity, and then to carry Harold off by main force. He was thoroughly determined to fulfil the promise he had made to Eric, to bring him back to Norway, if alive, or return with

the tidings of his death, in case that event should have taken place. On being restored to vigorous health, he took advantage of Harold's absence upon a visit to his distillery, to call a meeting of his followers, and lay before them a plan he had formed for the capture and transportation of that redoubtable tyrant. This was simply to seize upon the victim in an unguarded moment, bind and gag him, and beat a hasty retreat, before their absence was perceived by the Indians. A rescue, he thought, would be inevitably attempted, in case of discovery. Char-kole deemed this a useless precaution; for the moment the Indians saw Harold powerless, and the jugs of the reason-queller upside down, they would doubtless come over to their side, and take part against the dethroned king. This suggestion Thorwald thought reasonable, but determined to make the assault in the absence of the savages. Everything was to be held in readiness for a precipitate flight. Bag and baggage were to be constantly on the alert, in anticipation of a sudden departure. Char-kole left the meeting at an early hour, to prepare the mind of his betrothed for a speedy elopement. He forewarned Thorwald that he should be unable to assist in the capture of Harold, as he expected to have enough to do, to overcome the scruples of Nella. It was decided when once their prey was fairly nabbed, to hurry away in a due easterly direction; by following the rising sun they could hardly fail to strike the coast somewhere in the neighborhood of their vessel's anchorage. Once there, Iceland and Fredegonde were but a short distance off, and so good-bye to New England.

On the night of Harold's expected return, a close observer might have noticed that something very mysterious was going on in the Norwegian camp. Everybody tried to look innocent and unconcerned, but it was easy to see that they were in the highest degree impressed with the magnitude of the coming elopement. Char-kole was exceedingly profound, and winked and nodded and made signs to all who came within his range, as if the very revolution of the earth on its axis depended on him. At about midnight, a crackling of branches and a rustling of leaves, proclaimed that some one was making his way through the forest towards the bivouac of the Northmen. A fat man was soon seen to emerge cautiously from the woods, carrying two large jugs, apparently filled with some precious fluid. He entered the wigwam of the king. This was Harold, returning from his vineyard. All was soon still, and Thorwald, followed by two of his men, went in after him. At the same moment, Char-kole, alone and unattended, stole noiselessly into a wigwam a little distance off. Ten minutes after, three men, carrying in their arms another man larger than either of them, together with a gentleman, supporting a lady who seemed on the point of fainting, were making the best of their way through the darkness. The rest of the party followed in silence, alternately relieving each other in the conveyance of their heavy burden. After they had proceeded some distance in this way, they came to a halt, and

Thorwald set Harold at liberty, having first extracted from him a promise not to attempt to escape or call for help. Harold saw that his case was hopeless, and resigned himself to his fate with the calmness of a stoic. They now pursued their way resolutely, and soon the first gray of dawn began to glimmer in the horizon directly before them. They were beginning to think themselves safe from pursuit, when an arrow, winged with death, dashed among the startled group. Grazing Nella's fox-skin garment, and barely escaping Thorwald's heart, it buried itself in Harold's side. At the same moment, a party of Indians were seen peering from under the cover of a thick grove of trees. One was holding a tightly strung bow, and Thorwald recognized him as the unlucky brave whom Harold had forced to quaff the reason-queller. He lingered a moment, as if to see whether his missive had taken effect. Harold lay on the ground, his head in Thorwald's arms, and never stirred nor spoke again. The Indian's instinct told him, even at that distance, that his enemy was dead, and his revenge satisfied. Turning slowly on his heel, and beckoning to the rest of his party to follow him, he struck into the forest and was seen no more.

Harold was buried on the spot where he fell. A rudely-formed cross marked the final resting-place of the first human being of European birth, who had died in the New World. His ashes mingled with the soil of his adopted country, and he finally reposed from his labors in the hunting-ground of the people he had ruled.

The Common Lot.

A Birth-day Meditation, during a solitary winter walk of seven miles, between a village in Derbyshire and Sheffield, when the ground was covered with snow, the sky serene, and the morning air intensely pure.

ONCE in the flight of ages past
There lived a man—and who was HE?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth;
The land in which he died unknown;
His name has perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and wo—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
Oh, she was fair—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this:—THERE LIVED A MAN.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sea-weed.

ONE of the most curious tribes of plants is that to which the name of *algæ* is given by botanists. This tribe comprehends sea-weeds and fresh-water submerged species of similar habits. In structure they vary through a great variety of intermediate gradations, from plants of the most minute and microscopic nature to branched, woody stems, many fathoms in length. Some of these are only visible to the naked eye when they are collected in heaps; of this nature is the green and red slime that we find in damp walks, at the bottom of shaded walls and in similar situations; others grow together in the beds of the ocean, and when they rise to the surface, form floating banks of such extent as to impede the course of ships. Some of these plants are nearly allied to the lowest orders of the animal kingdom, and the gradation is so gradual, that no distinct line of demarkation can be traced.

Algæ exist in all parts of the ocean, but they vary in different regions. Those found in the Mediterranean, for instance, are different from those met with in the Red Sea, while the latter do not resemble those of the West Indian Sea. Each great division has its peculiar marine vegetation, answering wise purposes in the economy of nature, and contributing, doubtless, in many ways to the comfort of the animals which inhabit the pathless depths of the ocean. Some of the sea-weeds attain a great length. Thus one species growing in the north seas, and found abundantly in some of the Orkney bays, attains a length of thirty or forty feet. But this is greatly exceeded by a kind met with in the South American seas, one thousand or fifteen hundred feet long. This species has a very thin stem, and is supported in the ocean by the aid of small vessels full of air, which

nature has placed at the base of each leaf. Sea-weeds grow with amazing rapidity. A proof of this may be given in the case of the Carr Rock, a sunken reef near the mouth of the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, which was dressed with the pick and chisel, and completely freed from sea-weeds, for the purpose of erecting a stone beacon. Operations were suspended in the month of November, and were resumed again in May, and although the winter had been very severe, still the rock was found again completely covered with sea-weeds, some of them six feet long.

An object which has particularly attracted the attention of navigators is the Gulf-weed, which consists of two or three species of sea-weeds found floating in great abundance on each side of the equator, in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans. The name of Gulf-weed was given from the supposition, which has been proved to be erroneous, that these sea plants grew in the Gulf of Mexico, and were carried across the Atlantic by the gulf-stream. Naturalists are as yet ignorant of the manner in which these floating sea-weeds are detached from the bottom of the ocean, and of the reason why they are confined to particular regions. In the economy of nature they seem to be useful in affording shelter to fishes and molluscous animals, and they probably tend to preserve the purity of the ocean.

Though the plants belonging to this order are often passed over as of little importance, we find many of them distinguished for their beauty as well as their utility, contributing to the wants of man both in an economical and medical point of view. Many of the sea-weeds are used as articles of diet. The pepper-dulse and tangle, sold for food in many parts of Scotland, and the dillesk of the Irish, are kinds of sea-weeds. Another species furnishes a substance, which, when pickled or stewed, is brought to table under the name of *Laver*. The edible nests constructed in Asia by a species of swallow, are composed of several kinds of sea-weed common in the maritime parts of that country. The sea-wrack of the English, the kelp-ware or black-tangle of the Scotch, serve for winter food for cattle. A sea-weed known under the name of carageen, or Irish moss, has been employed in Ireland as an article of diet. It forms a kind of blanc-mange, which is very palatable and nutritive.

In a medicinal point of view, sea-weeds are by no means destitute of importance. It was discovered not many years ago that nearly all the species of sea-weed contain a peculiar substance which has received the name of iodine. It was found that most of the medicinal properties of the sea-weeds were owing to the presence of this substance, which is now extensively prepared from sea-water, and used in place of the sea-weeds themselves.

Sea-weeds are also employed for many other purposes. *Kelp*, a substance obtained by burning several of the species, is employed in the manufacture of glass and soap. The *Gracillaria tenax* is used as a glue and varnish by the Chinese;

and the *Laminaria buccinalis*, on account of its hollow stem, is used at the Cape of Good Hope for making trumpets. The appearance of *red snow* or *bloody rain*, so often mentioned by arctic voyagers, is ascribed to a species of sea-weed called *Protococcus nivalis*. The coloring matter consists of an infinitude of plants either sucked up by a water-spout into the atmosphere, or overtaken while carried along by the winds and brought down by the falling drops. Sea-weeds are extensively used as manure, and for this purpose are gathered in various maritime districts.

Eloquence of Advertisements.

It is recorded in the Arabian legends that a poor fellow, condemned to death for some trivial offence, saved his life by the skill he displayed in making a pair of boots for the emperor—the like whereof, for beauty, ease, and elegance, had never before been seen. The same genius afterwards made the famous seven-league boots, which were worn by a renowned giant of that epoch, and was subsequently employed as bootmaker-in-chief to the ogres. Modern researches among the ruins of the past have brought to light several models of the favorite work of this truly great man; and they are found to correspond in every respect with the celebrated Congress boots and gaiters now made by Mr. So and so, such a street, who is moreover supplied with a variety far superior in every respect to anything of which the eastern bootmaker ever dreamed.—*Newspaper.*

A gentleman was once praising the personal charms of a very homely woman before Mr. Foote, the comedian, who whispered to him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer."

An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with his hat, was suspected of sparing his own pocket. Overhearing, one day, a remark to that effect, he made the following reply: "Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity is a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody*."

Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun. He was in error. There is a woman in Pittsburgh who takes in children to wash. She gives them a good scrubbing, and sets them out in the sun to dry.

An English paper says that a German observes, in a recent volume on the social condition of Great Britain—

"There is such a scarcity of thieves in England, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery."

By a law of Wisconsin, a man is fined five dollars for knowingly permitting the Canada thistle to go to seed in his land.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

[*Merry talking to himself.*]

So! it's October! The summer is gone—the flowers have nearly passed away; most of the birds have departed! The days are short and the nights are long. The beautiful out-door world which beckons my young companions into the gardens and groves, fields and forests, is now drawing to a close. Summer has shut up her shop, and autumn will soon close hers also. I suppose that my boy and girl inmates will now come back and look over my correspondence, and help me out with my monthly chat. But where are they all? I must go and call them.

(*Merry goes to the door, and calls John, Susan, Anne, &c.*)

What! no answer?

(*Merry calls again. At last, John comes in sight, and approaches.*)

M. What have you got there?

John. Oh, such a lot of grapes!

M. Where did you get them?

J. Oh, I got them in the woods, and there's a thousand million of them there.

M. A thousand million is a great many, John.

J. Well, I guess there's a million.

M. That's a good many, too. Where are the children?

J. Oh, they're all about the woods. It's so pleasant there. The squirrels are hopping about, climbing the trees, running along the limbs, picking the walnuts and chestnuts, and chattering like so many monkeys. And then there are a great many wild autumn flowers, so bright and beautiful. Anne and Susan have got a bouquet as big as you are, Mr. Merry.

M. Isn't that a whapper, John?

J. No, sir, it's quite true, and they're in such a frolic about it. And then the trees are of all sorts of colors—some yellow, some purple, and some scarlet. I don't know the reason, but it seems pleasanter to be in the woods now, than in summer—and besides, we've got our pockets full of walnuts, and butternuts, and chestnuts. Anne and Susan have been cracking butternuts, till their fingers are stained as brown as a beaver. And then, we've been eating grapes, and the girls made wreaths of the crimson-colored ivy. We all dressed ourselves in these, and with bunches of grapes in our hands, we danced and frolicked and shouted, just as they used to do in old Greece, as you have told us in some of your stories.

M. And where are the girls now?

J. Oh, I don't know—all over the lot, I suppose.

M. When will they be back?

J. Not for a long time, yet. We have the hunter's moon now, you know. It is very beautiful, and we are going to stay in the woods this evening, and see how it seems.

M. But I expected you back here to stay with me.

J. Oh, but autumn is so beautiful, Mr. Merry. When we were walking

about, we thought of Bryant's lines beginning,

"The melancholy days are come."

Susan, who remembers everything, repeated them. They never seemed to me half so beautiful before. And, do you know, after this, we all expected to see the rabbit that the lines speak of, and in a little while, we did see him going along just as he is described, jump! jump! jump! making a great noise at every bound in the rustling leaves.

M. Well, John, I'm very glad you're so happy. You may go and join your companions. If I were not so old and lame, I'd go with you. Good-bye, John, good-bye!

(*Merry alone.*)

So, after all, these children can get along very well without me, even though summer has departed. Well, they're in the right of it; it is the privilege of youth to find beautiful things at all seasons of the year. So now for my correspondence.

Decatur, Georgia, Aug. 9, 1850.

Dear Mr. Merry:

I have sent your picture to the cabinet maker's to be framed, to show you when you pass this way. I hope you will live to publish the Museum for twenty years to come, and then, I do not think you will look older than you are made to look on the cover of the Museum. Indeed, I think the picture which you sent, represents you as about 47 or 48 years of age. You will find our house on the west side of the Court House square, almost hidden from view by locust trees. There is also in the yard a Pride of China, or, as we call it, China tree, just my age—eleven years old. My father set it out in 1839, when but a few inches high. It now bears berries in abundance, and in the winter time robins and blue jays come to eat them. The bloom of the China tree is much like that of the lilac in appearance and in fragrance. The berries are larger than cranberries. In the spring, the mocking bird perches on our trees, singing in imitation of almost every bird. A blue jay made her nest and hatched young ones on a tree in the yard. When they were trying to learn to fly, they would fall to the ground: if we went to pick them up, the old bird would fly at us and try to peck us. Then we have an insect of the locust kind, which I have never seen, though I have often heard it: we call them *Katydid*, I suppose from the sentence it seems to utter. But what did Katy do? One sings out, Katy did; another, on another tree, reiterates, Katy did. Sometimes one may be heard to assert that Katy didn't! Just put your hand on the tree, and Katy has not one word to say till you are gone. As you know almost everything, please tell us what Katy did do. I wonder what little Anne at your elbow would say about my wanting this letter published.

Your little friend,

Sarah M. W.

MERRY'S ANSWER TO S. M. W.

I confess I am not quite prepared to say positively what Katy did actually do. But I will make a supposition. So far as I know the habits of the insect creation, *they do their duty*—that is to say, they act as their Creator intended them to do. Boys and girls sometimes tell fibs, pout, disobey their parents, &c. These things are wrong; but I never knew a Katydid, or any kind of cricket or grasshopper, to do anything of this sort. Therefore, I say these creatures do their duty, so far as I know. Now, it is one of the objects, in the creation of insects, as well as of birds, that they should enliven the landscape with songs. Our little friend, the green-mantled grasshopper, Katy, says she *did it.* She did it last night—and night before. She did it in Georgia, so that S. M. W. heard it; and she did it at Jamaica Plain, so that Robert Merry heard it. She did it all

over the country, so that the boys and girls heard it; and a great deal of pleasure they had in listening to the little chatterer. So much for the *Katy-dids*. As to the *Katy-didn'ts*—we may imagine them to be a set of funny fellows, trying to vary the evening serenade by what the musicians call *discord*, thereby giving effect to the general harmony. If this explanation is not satisfactory, I hope S. M. W. will say so.

New York, Aug. 28, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

My Dear Friend—I was very much pleased with reading the letter sent you by your friend "Isabella;" much more so, perhaps, than many of your readers will be with reading mine, should you choose to publish it in your Museum. Although I have taken your magazine but a short time, still, I assure you, I am none the less interested in reading its contents. I consider your little volume an excellent work for the young mind to ponder upon; and it should be circulated throughout the land, for the benefit of those in want of useful reading. It is true there are many pieces contained in it, adapted to lesser capacities than those of older persons; but still, if *they* even were to study out their morals, they would be apt to gain some useful information. I expect you will soon publish another letter from our friend "Billy Bump" (if, in reality, there is such a personage existing.) I hope he will have a better account to give of his proceedings at California than when he last wrote. In conclusion, I add my best wishes for the continued success of the Museum.

Yours very truly,
F——.

Milwaukee, Sept. 10, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

I see that Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, is turning all the heads of the people in the city of New York. I have no doubt that she is very wonderful and very interesting. I hope she will not fail to come to our great north-western metropolis, where we shall give her a most thrilling reception. I send you a song which she is at liberty to sing, and I do not ask Mr. Barnum to pay me the 200 dollar prize for it. It is all of my own composition, except the first line, which an intimate friend fixed for me.

I am yours respectfully,
INFANTA.

JENNY LIND'S WELCOME TO AMERICA.

Father of nations! on my bended knee,
My grateful thanks I humbly pay to thee,
That, though a stranger from my friends I roam,
Yet here I find a welcome and a home.
Blest shore of liberty! birth-land of peace!
My voice shall praise thee till her pow'rs shall cease.

The bird of Sweden tries her feeble song,
Beneath the Eagle's wide and fostering wing;
She trembles not, for to the brave belong
The love and kindness that from valor spring.
Blest shore, &c.

Borne on the billows of the Atlantic tide,
By that great namesake of the wondrous deep,*
I gladly hail'd the emblem of your pride,
Whose stars and stripes I saw around me sweep.
Blest shore, &c.

My own dear flag, the wanderer's eye to bless,
Waved o'er my head to speak of home's sweet ties;
Believe me, friends, I do not love it less,
That twined with yours I see it here arise.
Blest shore, &c.

Far o'er the eastern wave it floats at home,
In that dear land that Jenny loves the best;
It comes to greet me here, where now I roam
To see the far-famed country of the "West."†
Blest shore, &c.

Next to the proud Gustavus' honor'd name,
Enshrined in my fond heart another lies;
'Tis Washington the Great, whose glorious fame
With Sweden's Hero emulates the skies!
Blest shore of liberty! birth-land of peace!
My voice shall praise thee till her pow'rs shall cease.

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* The Steamer Atlantic.

† James West, Commander of the Atlantic.

The Change of the Seasons.

BY the time that this number of the Museum shall have reached our subscribers, scenes like that represented in the engraving, will have again become familiar to a large portion of them. The leaves will have fallen from the trees, and the winds, that for six months have been locked up among the icebergs of the North, will have begun to sigh and whistle among their tattered branches. The

birds will have flown to sunnier skies, and the squirrels and woodchucks rolled themselves up for a long winter's nap. The flowers will have departed—some, never to blossom again; while others, whose sap conceals itself in the root during the cold months, will come back to life at the return of spring. Everything will betoken that a change is at hand. The boys and girls will put on thicker clothing; the doors and windows will be made tight to exclude the winter air; picnics, blackberry parties, and excursions on the lake, will be laid aside for blindman's-buff, Merry's Museum, and other in-door occupations.

Perhaps some of our young friends may be unable to see, at the first glance, the benefit arising from this continual change of season. Why should it not be always summer, or why should there not reign a perpetual winter — that period of skating and sliding, New Year's holidays and Christmas festivities? If the reader will accompany us for a moment, on a tour of inquiry to those parts of the earth where the season seldom changes, he will, perhaps, come back better satisfied to live in a temperate zone, under a fickle sky, and where nature dresses herself in so many different garbs.

First, let us take a look at the frigid zone—the regions around the north and south pole. Here are Greenland, Iceland, and vast tracts of frozen territory, which have never yet been explored. The ice and snow accumulate on the land and water, and cover a great part of the country throughout the year. The winter lasts ten months, beginning in August. The warm weather of the remaining months is too short to bring grain to maturity; and the cultivation of the soil is very little practised. The earth produces coarse though numerous mosses, very short grass, and some other small plants. In many places, nothing is to be seen but dwarf trees and shrubs. In this region, there lives a race of people called Esquimaux. They are a diminutive though well-formed and hardy people. They dress in furs and skins, and look like large meal-bags inflated with wind. The children wear fur caps, with the ears and nose of the animal, so that at a distance, they look like the cubs of bears, foxes, &c. Their dwellings are sometimes tents of skins, supported by a single pole in the middle, and sometimes huts of snow and ice. They have no fire, but use lamps instead. The wick is a piece of dry moss, fed by the drippings of whale blubber. They live on the flesh of the seal, walrus, reindeer, and musk-ox. This they often eat raw. They have a valuable species of dogs, which are trained to draw their masters on sledges from place to place. The runners of these are usually made of the right and left jawbone of a whale. Grinning and grimacing are the chief amusement of the people, though they sometimes play at blindman's-buff, and skip the rope. They have no conception of a Supreme Being, and hardly any belief that may be called religion.

So much for continual winter. The people, under the influence of their rigorous climate, are dwarfs both in body and mind. They have not intelligence

enough to build a house or a ship, or if they had, the churlish soil refuses them the means. There is neither timber for the frame, nor iron to fasten the timbers together. There is no hemp to twist into cables, no tools to fashion the wood into the necessary form. Even if they succeeded in constructing a vessel, they know nothing of other countries, or of the articles which those countries produce. They live isolated from the rest of the world, ignorant of the existence of other people, and in their turn forgotten by them.

Let us now glance at the torrid zone. Here, beneath a vertical sun, reigns perpetual summer, and nature puts on a magnificent array of vegetation. As if enchanted by these regions, birds of brilliant plumage are seen in flocks amid the groves; monkeys are sporting in the trees; and, lurking amid marshes and thickets, are jaguars, cougars, tigers and alligators. The trees and plants common in our latitudes, are exchanged for others; vegetation assumes a more exuberant character. The peach gives place to the orange and fig; and lemons, bananas, and guavas, fill the air with their fragrance. The numerous and impenetrable forests, and the mighty streams of these regions swarm with animal life in all its forms: ferocious beasts of prey, huge serpents, flocks of gaudily colored and loquacious birds, and clouds of insects everywhere abound. The earth brings forth her increase unasked, and the inhabitants have nothing to do but to pick and eat. The weather is so warm, that clothing and shelter are almost unnecessary. As an instance of the manner in which nature furnishes the inhabitants of hot countries with the means of satisfying all their wants with little labor, we will mention the cocoa-nut tree. This tree is found in all the tropical parts of the world, and the uses to which it is applicable are almost innumerable. The young buds are an excellent vegetable, and are much eaten: water-pipes, drums, and the posts of huts, are formed of the trunk: shade is furnished by the leaves while growing, and these, after separation from the tree, are invaluable as thatch for cottages. By a twist and a turn of the hand, they are easily fashioned into baskets, buckets, lanterns, articles of head-dress, and even books, upon which writing may be traced with an iron pen. The stems of these leaves form oars, and brushes are made by bruising the end of a leaf with a portion of the stem adhering to it. From the juice of the stem, a sort of palm wine is prepared; the farinaceous matter contained in the stem, is a good substitute for sago; and a coarse, dark-colored sugar is obtained from the sap. The ripe fruit is a wholesome food, and the milk it contains a cooling beverage. The shell is made into drinking vessels; and finally, the white solid matter within, yields, by pressure, an excellent oil; this is used for burning, in the manufacture of torches, and in caulking the seams of boats and ships. Thus, with a cocoa-nut tree or two, a man might set up housekeeping, and be amply provided for the rest of his life.

It is plain, that in a country like this, the effect of the climate, and the bounty with which nature has spread her table,

must be to render the people indolent and indifferent. The main spring to exertion in this world, is the necessity of obtaining a livelihood; and in a land where everything is ready made to one's hand, what motive is there to induce one to labor? The consequences are just what might have been supposed. The inhabitants of tropical countries remain the same from century to century, making little improvement in the arts and social refinements of life. No invention, no discovery, no science, has ever emanated from the torrid zone. All the great cities of the world, all the great works of art that required energy, invention, and skill, in their construction, lie in the temperate zones. And it is a singular fact that all these, without exception, are in the northern temperate zone. All the cities of the United States and Canada: New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Boston, Quebec, and Montreal: all the cities of Europe—London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburgh, Venice, Constantinople, Rome, and Naples: by far the greater part of those of Asia—Cabul, Teheran, Bagdad, Pekin, and Canton: together with the only portions of Africa that were ever renowned—Egypt and Carthage—are all in the northern temperate zone. Havana, Rio Janeiro, Mecca, and Calcutta, are on the line separating the two temperate zones from the tropics. The cities of Mexico, Chagres, Caraccas, Quito, Lima, Liberia, Timbuctoo, Bombay, Madras, and Honolulu, are all that the torrid zone has to offer as the work of six thousand years. In the southern temperate zone, there is but little land—the points of the great peninsula of South America, and Africa, and about half of New Holland, only.

In climate, as in everything else, a medium between the two extremes will be found most conducive to happiness, contentment, and advancement. We suppose it hardly necessary now to explain why we who live where the sky changes so frequently, and the winds blow hot and cold almost in the same breath, have done so much while others have done so little. The reason is evident. While the summer is ripening the various fruits of the earth and bringing the crops to perfection throughout the land, every one knows that it is merely a *season*, a brief space of three months, which will soon disappear, and give way to another. Every one knows that there is a seed-time and a harvest—that in seed-time he must sow, and in harvest-time he must reap. He knows that the crop once matured, the plant, or the tree, or the bulb, will withhold all further bounty for another year. Therefore, the wheat, the rye, the oats, and the corn, must be garnered; the grass must be cut, the fruits of the orchard and the garden stored. And all this in expectation of a season when nature seems dead, and the earth to have forgotten that her children are dependent on her for food, raiment and shelter. This begets care, caution, prudence, foresight, forethought. Even in winter there is no room for idleness; for again comes seed-time and harvest, and again comes frost and snow, and so on to the end of time.

Besides this reason, there is another. There are many things which do not grow

in the temperate zone, but which the inhabitants nevertheless need. They must therefore go and get them, for there is nobody to bring them from the tropics here. This is the origin of what is called *commerce.* They build ships, at first clumsy and slow, but soon graceful in form and swift of foot. After groping about the seas for some time, they discover the principle which gives birth to the mariner's compass, and then set off in search of new lands. The world now knows enough to write books, and just in the nick of time, the art of printing steps forward from the mists of the dark ages, and offers to print these books and even newspapers if any one will buy them. But ships still sail slowly, and coaches do little more than crawl from place to place: steam was discovered one day, and a man named Fulton harnessed it to a boat. This steam has done nothing but work ever since, pull, push, drive, tear, smash, turn round, go ahead, go up, go down, but isn't tired yet. Railroads are lazy contrivances, too, so a gentleman whom we know very well, tackled some lightning to a wire and sent it on an errand. The lightning did as it was bid, without playing truant on the way. All these inventions, and many others that we could mention, were the work of the inhabitants of the temperate zone.

In the engraving above, the artist has endeavored to represent the rotation of the seasons. There is Miss Spring, with a garland of the modest and hardy flowers, which have had the courage to peer above the ground; Miss Summer, with an apron full of roses; Miss Autumn, almost bending under the weight of a load of ripened fruits and grain ready for the flail; last of all, Miss Winter,

dressed in skins, and carrying a load of faggots to enliven her cheerless fireside. In the distance, are the pyramids of Egypt, their heads above the clouds. For thousands of years have they looked down upon the changing seasons, and for many centuries more, in all probability, will they mark, unmoved themselves, the flight of time.

As we said at the beginning of this article, it is now November. Blazing hickory fires will henceforth have more charms for both young and old, than the leafless forests and the brown and withered fields. But we hope that we have said enough to satisfy those who dislike the winter months, and who shiver at the approach of north winds and snow storms, that nothing is without its use, and that to the climate of that part of the world in which we live, to the alternation of heat and cold, to the regular succession of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, winter, we owe, in a great measure, our happiness, comfort, improvement in the arts, health, and civilization.

A Night Alarm.

IT was eleven o'clock at night, and four sisters had assembled in one room to hear the contents of an interesting letter, which had arrived in the morning. The attention of all was deeply engaged, and nothing was heard but the low and gentle voice of the reader, when a faint vibration of the window caused a cessation, and a glance of inquiry from one sister to the other. "It was only the wind," said the reader, and she resumed her occupation. After a few more lines, the noise was repeated with greater force, and the youngest of the party sprang to her feet. A long silence followed, and again came the sound, deeper and louder than ever, and continued till the whole window seemed to ring, and to shake in every pane. The house was built not many yards from the sea: no habitation, except a light-house, stood nearer than a quarter of a mile: the village was even more distant; but the situation was deemed so secure, from its seclusion, that there was not even a fastening to the gates at either end of the shrubbery.

"Let us call papa," said one, "for I am certain it is some one breaking into the dining-room." "Nonsense!" observed an elder sister, "no one would think of coming in here, and papa has been fishing all day, so we must not wake him on an uncertainty. Look out, and see if any one is on the lawn." No one, however, dared venture to go near the window, and the noise was reiterated with such force, that every rod of iron in the drawing-room balcony, close by, seemed to vibrate in concert. "This is too much," said the eldest, who had hitherto remained silent: and all rushed into the gallery behind the room. They proceeded to the chamber of a friend, who was visiting at the house, and knocked at her door; on her opening it, the mat-

ter was explained in whispers, and all five returned to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, placed the candle in the gallery outside, and, shutting the door, waited in breathless silence. They soon took courage to look out into the garden; but all there was still.

Reflection, however, seemed at length to convince the party that their fear was absurd; for being only an occasional residence, no property of value which could offer temptation was kept there. But there was the noise, and whence could it proceed? A walk along the cliffs, taken on that very evening, had discovered some haunts of smugglers; besides which, one of the ladies had seen two men stealing along where there was no path, just at dark. Smugglers were therefore suggested as the primary cause of the alarm; and this idea was much more tolerable to the ladies than that of housebreakers. But, in the midst of these deliberations and reflections, shake went the window, ring went the balcony, screech went the boat upon the sand, as they thought, and away went the ladies to the door of the sleeping host, whose good-humored readiness and speedy appearance showed that there need have been no hesitation in asking his help. The fears were soon related; the noise was listened for, but in vain; the house was inspected, the females following at a respectful distance, though of course ready to attack any one who might endanger the safety of their protector. But there was neither trace of kegs nor of bales, nor were footsteps to be observed in the soft gravel or dewy lawn in the garden; and at length the master of the house, quietly asking his daughters and his guest if they were satisfied that all was safe, advised them to retire to rest. He himself soon gave audible proofs that he had resumed his slumbers; and when their tongues were weary of uttering conjectures, the ladies thought proper to go to bed also.

No second alarm occurred during a fortnight's sojourn by the sea, and complete confidence was restored.

In the course of the ensuing summer, a near relative of the proprietor of this beautiful spot, with his wife and family, went to the same house for the sake of the sea-air. After a few days' stay, the husband left home, and on his return fancied that he saw an unusually grave expression on the countenances of his lady and her daughters; but it was so slight that he did not make any remark upon it. The evening closed in, and taking their station in the dining-room, the lady occupied herself with her needle, and the gentleman began to answer the letters which had awaited his arrival. An unbroken silence ensued, which was interrupted by a low and gentle sound; and the needle fell from the lady's fingers. In half a minute, the noise was increased to a shrill, grating vibration, and gradually subsided into the softest and most melodious tones that ever issued from an Æolian harp. Occasionally it stopped, then rising to its utmost strength, the whole window shook, and the bars of the balcony above rung like echoes to the sounds beneath.

"We have heard this before," said the

ady starting up. "I would not tell you of it when you first came in, because I wished you to receive the full impression of this mystery. We have searched in every direction; we have listened and watched, we have done everything in our power to account for it, but in vain; and the servants are more than half persuaded that it is supernatural." She was interrupted by a return of the noise: it recommenced with a harsh and grating sound, and appeared now to come from the ceiling, now from the window, and now from the earth. At times, it was so loud that they thought it was a boat hauled on shore; and flew to the window. A bright moonlight night rendered everything visible; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. The sound gradually ceased, as if retiring to a distance; and for the first time in his life, the husband experienced a superstitious feeling creeping over him, and began to think that there was more reason than he chose to acknowledge in the superstitions of his servants.

On the ensuing day, every endeavor was made to find out the cause of this mysterious music; but it baffled all research, and defied every conjecture. The evening advanced, and all remained perfectly quiet; the lady and gentleman went into the next room to partake of some refreshment, and the music recommenced exactly in the same manner as before. The gentleman returned alone to the larger room, without a light, and seating himself in the middle of the room, so as to be able to see all around him, determined not to go to bed till he had fully investigated the matter. He, at last, felt sure that the tones proceeded from the window, and approaching it, he anxiously watched the shore and the sea, by the occasional and fitful gleams of moonlight. After a few minutes, the tones seemed to proceed from behind him; and turning his head quickly round, they at the same moment appeared to come from the window beside him. A feeling of awe, and perhaps terror, now assailed him; but he argued that if he did not now convince himself of the fact, he should for ever be disturbed with the recollection of the circumstance; mastering, therefore, his half-formed fears, he went to the window and leaned his head against it.

The music then seemed close to his face, and for a moment he recoiled; but, fixing his eyes upon the same pane of glass, he beheld a dark spot upon the window. He tried to lay hold of it, but it eluded his grasp, and the tones continued with more beauty than ever. At length he struck the window smartly, and all was still. He immediately procured a candle, and calling his wife and servants, proceeded with them to the inspection of the mysterious spot. The music now became loud and shrill; but the light soon discovered that all these vibrations, these Æolian sounds, these harsh gratings, these awful and heavenly tones, these attempts at robbery, and these frightened smugglers, were occasioned by—a simple snail, which was crawling across the pane! As it drew nearer to the centre of the pane, the sounds became deeper and fuller; as it

approached the edge, they were as shrill as a fife. The occasional touching of its shell, in its course, and the greater or less sliminess of the animal, produced the vibrations and harsh gratings, the former of which were increased according to their vicinity to the framework; as there were several snails crawling along at the same time, in different parts of the same windows, the varied position of the sounds at the same moment was easily accounted for.

A fiction of no small interest might perhaps have been founded on the above reality; but we have preferred a plain statement of facts; from the idea that many a mysterious story may be cleared up by bearing them in recollection. There is no feeling so painful or overpowering, as that arising from the idea of supernatural visitation: the stoutest hearts quail under it. The weak, the nervous, and the ignorant, have sometimes lost their reason from superstitious fear. It is therefore impossible to be too careful in the investigation of what appears to be at first sight unaccountable.

The Crown of Roses.

THREE little girls, called Louisa, Janet and Florence, had each of them a dog, which they named after themselves, Louis, Jane and Flora. Louisa, the eldest, was a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, and Louis was a pretty little spaniel with brown hair, spotted with white. His eyes were gray, and he was the gayest, liveliest puppy you ever saw. When he saw his mistress coming, if it were ever so far off, he would run to her, his little legs going so fast that you could hardly see them. Louisa thought there was no dog "half so pretty

as Louis;" and he, I have no doubt, thought there could be no little girl so kind and good as Louisa. All the nice bits of bread and cake left from the table were set aside for the pet, who grew as fat as he was pretty.

Not far from Louisa's house, lived a black-eyed girl, named Janet. She, too, had a little dog, that she was very fond of, and that she thought a "real beauty." And she really was—her figure was slight and graceful, and she was as black as a raven. Her tail was long and curly, and her hair was as soft as silk. She had a bright silver collar round her neck, marked Jane, which was fastened with a padlock, the key of which Janet kept among other treasures in a little trunk in her bedroom. Jane was washed and combed every day, and the neighbors could not decide which was the prettiest, Jane or Louis.

But the dog that Florence thought was the "nicest, and dearest, and cunningest," was little milk-white Flora. She was indeed a beauty among beauties! Her bright eyes were nearly hidden in her curly hair, and her feet were so small and delicate, that they seemed scarcely able to support her weight. She wore a blue ribbon round her neck, which you would think was new every day, it was always so smooth. Indeed, Florence spent nearly all her pocket-money in ribbons for her favorite's neck. These were sometimes red, or pink, or purple, but generally blue; for Flora's mistress wore that color herself more than any other—it matched her eyes so well, and contrasted so prettily with her flaxen ringlets. It was pleasant to see them together, they were so fond and playful. They eat together, slept together, went to school together—wherever you found Florence, there was Flora not far off.

Well, these three young ladies with their pets were spending one lovely afternoon together in June, at the house of Janet. They ran and skipped about, the dogs after them, to their hearts' content. Pretty soon, Janet's mother heard them talking rather rapidly, and rather loud, and going into the garden, found that they were disputing as to which of their dogs could run the fastest. Louisa said that Louis ought to run the quickest, "because he was the largest;" Janet insisted that Jane would outstrip the others, "because she was the smallest;" and Florence said she knew that Flora would run faster than any other dog, "if she told her to." To settle these difficulties, Janet's mamma proposed that the puppies should run a race, and see which beat. This plan pleased them very much.

"But what shall be given to the one that beats," said Janet.

"Oh," said her mamma, "we will crown the victor with a wreath of roses."

"Hurrah," said the three little girls.

"Bow, wow, wow," said the three little dogs.

They all now ran to the house, a clear space was made in the hall, and the girls all advanced with their dogs. They placed them side by side, and the door at the other end was to be the goal. But how were the little animals to be induced to run? This was a difficult point. At

last, Louisa pulled a bit of sponge-cake from her pocket, and placed it opposite Louis' starting point; Janet ran to the kitchen for a chicken bone; but what could Florence do—she had neither bone nor cake. She hesitated a moment, and then bounded to the end of the hall, and throwing herself on her knees, stretched out her arms to her favorite. The signal was given—away ran the puppies, and Florence shouted as Flora rushed into her arms. "Affection has won the race," said Janet's mamma; "I award the wreath to Flora."

"Hurrah for Flora!" cried all the little girls, who were too good-natured to be jealous of the success of their friend's favorite.

"Now, for some flowers for the crown." Away ran the children—the dogs after them. They soon returned with baskets full, and hands full; even a vase which had been filled in the morning, to adorn the parlor, was rifled of its sweetest flowers. There were enough to make twenty crowns; still, John, the gardener's son, was called to reach a bunch of roses too high for little fingers to pluck. Flora seeming to understand it all, stood proudly in the middle of the group, while Louis and Jane remained at a distance.

Janet's mamma now began to form the crown. She laughed as she flung aside the overabundance of flowers of all descriptions, telling the little girls that they had forgotten that the wreath was to be of roses only. And such a wreath it was when it was finished! There was the little *burgundy rose*, its bright red contrasting with the *maiden's blush*, the delicate *noisette* clustering around the velvet *damask*. The beautiful *scotch rose* was rejected on account of its thorns, and was replaced by the queen of flowers, the *moss bud*. It was too pretty for a dog's neck; but no, Florence did not think so. But the moment it was put on, Flora began to shake her head, and put her paws up to get rid of the troublesome ornament. At last, the flowers fell off one by one, and round Flora went, scattering her treasures about the room, amid the exclamations of the party. Finally, the little victor jumped into Florence's arms, licked her face, and seemed very glad that the thing was over. The little girls laughed merrily, and seemed to enjoy the fun highly. I heard Janet say once, that she thought Flora held up her head higher after she had been crowned than before, but however that was, the three friends had no farther disputes.

INFANTA.

ON his entrance into Philadelphia, General Lafayette was accompanied in the barouche by the venerable Judge Peters. The dust was somewhat troublesome, and from his advanced age, the general felt and expressed some solicitude lest his companion should suffer from it. To which he replied: "General, you do not recollect that I am a judge; I do not mind the dust, I am accustomed to it. The lawyers throw dust in my eyes almost every day, in the court-house."

A CLERGYMAN told an Indian he should love his enemies. "I do," said the latter, "for I love Rum and Cider."

Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

William Penn.

WILLIAM PENN was born in London, in 1644. He was the only son of William Penn, vice-admiral of England, in the time of Cromwell, and afterwards knighted by Charles II. He appears to have been seriously inclined from his youth, and in his twelfth year, his religious impressions were confirmed by the ministry of an eminent preacher among a newly associated sect, called Quakers. When 15 years old, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford. He here met some other students devoutly inclined, like himself, and they ventured to hold private meetings among themselves. This gave great offence to the heads of the college, and the offenders were at first confined to their rooms; but persisting in their religious exercises, they were finally expelled from the university. On his return home, his father endeavored to divert him from his newly-acquired ideas, as likely to stand in the way of his promotion in the world; but finding him inflexible, he beat him severely and turned him out of doors. His mother interceded for him, however, and young Penn was sent to Paris, where he became so skilled in the French language, and other polite accomplishments, that he was again joyfully received at home.

Penn now devoted himself to the study of the law till his 27th year, when his father sent him to Ireland, to undertake the management of a considerable estate there. At Cork, he again met with the person whose preaching had so much affected his early life. At a meeting in that city, the preacher began his address with these words: "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world;" which so affected Penn, that from that time he constantly attended the meetings of the Quakers, though in a period of hot persecution. His father, being informed of his conduct, remanded him home; but finding him determined to abide by his own convictions of duty, endeavored to come to an understanding with him; he agreed to forget his other peculiarities, if he would only consent to take off his hat in the presence of the king and of himself. Being disappointed in this, he could no longer endure the sight of his son, and a second time drove him from his family. Yet, after a while, being convinced of his integrity, he suffered him to return; and though he never openly countenanced him, he often used his influence to get him released, when imprisoned for his attendance at religious meetings.

In the 24th year of his age, Penn first appeared as a minister and an author; and it was on account of his second essay, "The Sandy Foundations shaken," that he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained seven months. He here wrote his most celebrated work, "No Cross, no Crown." In 1670, the meetings of dissenters were forbidden, under severe penalties. The Quakers, however, believing it their religious duty, continued to meet as usual; and when forcibly kept out of their meeting-houses, assembled

as near to them as they could in the street. At one of these meetings, William Penn preached to the people thus united for divine worship. For this, he was committed to Newgate, and was soon after indicted for "being present at, and preaching to an unlawful, seditious and riotous assembly." He pleaded his own cause, though menaced by the judge, and was finally acquitted by the jury. He was, nevertheless, detained in prison, and the jury were fined for their verdict. His father died this year, fully reconciled to his son, to whom he left a large estate; taking leave of him in these remarkable words: "Son William, let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. So will you keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in a day of trouble." Shortly after this event, Penn travelled into Holland and Germany, and in 1672, married Gulielma Maria Springett, a lady whose father was an eminent minister and writer among the Quakers.

The persecution of the dissenters continued to rage for many years, notwithstanding their repeated applications to parliament for protection; and Penn turned his thoughts towards a settlement in the new world, as a place where he and his friends might enjoy their religious opinions without molestation, and where an example might be set of a just and righteous government. "There may be room there," said he, "though not here, for such a holy experiment." He therefore in 1681, solicited a patent from Charles II., for a province in North America, which the king readily granted, in consideration of his father's services. Penn soon after published a description of the province, proposing easy terms of settlement to such as might be disposed to go thither. He also wrote to the Indian natives, informing them of his desire to hold his possession with their consent and good will. He then drew up the Fundamental Constitution of Pennsylvania, and the following year published the Frame of Government. Upon the publication of these proposals, many respectable families removed to the new province; the city of Philadelphia was laid out, upon the banks of the Delaware, and in 1682, the proprietor visited his territory, where he remained about two years, adjusting its concerns, and establishing a friendly intercourse with his colonial neighbors. During this period, no less than fifty ships arrived, with settlers from England, Ireland, Wales, Holland, and Germany.

On his return to England, he solicited of the king the discharge of his persecuted brethren, fifteen hundred of whom remained in prison. The king's proclamation for a general pardon was soon issued, which was followed by his suspension of the laws imposing penalties upon the dissenters. Political disturbances ensuing in England, Penn withdrew from public notice till 1693. During his retirement, he composed several works, the best known of which bears the title of "Fruits of Solitude," and consists of Reflections and Maxims, relating to the Conduct of Human Life. Soon after his return to society, he lost his wife, Gulielma, to which he said, all his other troubles were as nothing in comparison. He

William Penn.

sailed again for Pennsylvania in 1699, intending to make his province his future home, but two years afterwards, he returned to England. In 1710, finding that the air of London disagreed with his declining health, he took a handsome seat in Buckinghamshire, where he resided till his death. In 1712, he had three distinct apoplectic fits. The last of these so impaired his memory and understanding, as to render him ever after unfit for public service. In 1717, he hardly knew his old acquaintance, nor could he walk without leading. He died the next year. His writings bespeak his character as a Christian and a philanthropist. Of his ability as a politician and a legislator, the prosperity of Pennsylvania is a lasting monument.

The manner in which the treaty with the Indian tribes of Pennsylvania was made, will forever immortalize the name of William Penn. "This," says Voltaire, "was the only treaty between Indians and Christians which was not ratified by an oath; and it is the only one which never was broken." Penn took the utmost care to protect the In-

dians in their rights, and to prevent the encroachments of white men. For this purpose he ordered all goods sold to the Indians, to be first tested; that wrongs done to Indians should be punished as those done to white men; and that all differences should be settled by twelve men — six colonists and six Indians. Soon after his arrival, he had a meeting with the natives to confirm these stipulations; for his scrupulous morality did not permit him to look upon the King's grant as sufficient to establish his right to the country, without purchasing it by fair and open bargain of the natives, to whom only it properly belonged.

Near the city of Philadelphia, there was an elm tree of prodigious size, to which the leaders on both sides repaired. Penn appeared in his usual dress, and on his arrival found the Sachems and their tribes assembling. They were seen in the woods as far as the eye could reach, and, both on account of their numbers and their arms, looked as if they might be pretty formidable customers. The Quakers were unarmed, and but a handful in comparison. When the Sachems were all present, William Penn is said to have addressed the chief of them in the following words. "The Great Spirit, who made us and thee, and who rules in heaven and earth, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in friendship with thee, and to serve thee to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which purpose we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are now met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side."

During the first American War, the British general, Simcoe, was quartered at Kensington near this famous elm tree; the general, however, so respected it, that when his soldiers were cutting down every tree they could find, for firewood, he placed a sentinel beneath it, that not one of its branches might be touched. A few years since, it was blown down, when cups, boxes, &c., were made from its wood, to be kept as memorials. The Indians have always expressed a great veneration for the memory of their benefactor, and always style the governor of Pennsylvania, *onas*, which in their language signifies a pen. To this day the garb and language of a quaker is a sure passport to their respect and confidence.

Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the legislature of New York. By some artifice Mr. D. gained the election. On returning home, much elated with his success, he met an acquaintance. "Well," said D., "I've got the election. L. was no match for me. I'll tell you how I flung him. If there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, and there I had the advantage of him. But after all, L. was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow." "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "and there he had the advantage of you."

Head of the Apollo Belvidere.

Apollo.

APOLLO, as our readers probably know, was one of the principal gods of the Grecian mythology. He was the presiding deity of archery, prophecy and music, and in later times of the sun. He was the patron of physicians, shepherds, and the founders of cities. He is a leading personage in ancient fiction, and a favorite with the poets, who have engaged him in a great variety of adventures. He is usually represented in the prime of youth and manly beauty, with long hair, his brow bound with the sacred bay-tree, bearing either the lyre, or his peculiar weapon, the bow.

The finest piece of sculpture in the world is the statue known as the Apollo Belvidere. It was found among the ruins of an ancient city, about thirty miles from Rome, towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was purchased by Pope Julius II., and by him placed in the Belvidere or pavilion of the Vatican, whence its name. The name of the sculptor is unknown, though it is now pretty well proved that it was made under the emperors, and probably by the order of Nero himself. The statue is a standing figure, more than seven feet high. It represents the god naked, except the cloak which is fastened around his neck and hangs over his extended left arm. When the statue was discovered, the right arm was wanting, and therefore

its original action is unknown. It is generally supposed that he was holding a bow, after having discharged an arrow at the serpent Python, and both the arm and bow have since been restored to the statue.

When Benjamin West, the great American painter, visited Europe, great curiosity was expressed as to the effect which some of the great works of art would produce upon his mind. The Apollo Belvidere, represented with bow and arrow, full of life and vitality, such as West had never seen in sculpture, was shown to him. He raised his hands in astonishment, and true to all his earliest associations, exclaimed, "Oh, how like a young Mohawk warrior!"

The Mother's Jewels.

MANY years ago, in the days of ancient Rome, a lady lived with her two sons in a small but neat house in that great and powerful city. She was a widow; and though not poor, yet she lived with frugality, and spent most of her time in attending to the education of her sons. Her husband, whose name was Tiberius Gracchus, had done good service to his country, and she hoped that her sons might inherit their father's wisdom, and also enjoy, like him, the respect and love of the Roman people.

She was sewing busily one morning in her parlor, her mind turning on some plan she had formed for teaching her younger son Caius the study of arithmetic. He showed great facility in numbering, and wished very much to understand the higher branches of the science. Raising her head from her work, she became aware that a chariot and horses were at her door. This did not surprise her; for although of moderate fortune herself, yet her society was courted by the rich and the noble, and many a proud dame boasted of the friendship of Cornelia Gracchus.

The knock at the door was answered by the servant, who immediately admitted a highly dressed and elegant lady to the presence of Cornelia, who rose to meet her with an earnest and marked courtesy and affection.

"Ah, Fredonia, how do you do? I am glad you have come to see me; it is so long since I had that pleasure. How is your lord?"

"Quite well; and how are you and your boys—your noble Gracchi—meet sons of such a father?"

"They are well, and busy just now in riding a beautiful horse sent them by their grandfather. But what brings my friend to Rome? Is there anything here that Campania, that lovely region, cannot boast; for I can hardly attribute your coming such a distance to the cause of friendship alone."

"Oh, you must know that my husband ordered me, from your famous jeweller, Publius, a bracelet of great beauty and

value, and proposed to me to drive there for it myself, at the same time begging me to present his respectful homage to Cornelia Gracchus."

"Thanks to him and to you. But let me see the bracelet? Truly, it is magnificent! What brilliancy of stone and beauty of workmanship! It might ransom a kingdom, Fredonia! Have a care that you do not lose so precious a cluster of gems! In return shall I show you my jewels?"

"Ah, you have then had the '*weakness*,' as you once termed it, to buy these ephemeral articles. 'Jewels,' you were wont to say, 'befit the young, the gay, the thoughtless; for me—give me the *diamond* star of intellect, the *ruby* flush of valor, the snowy *pearl* of innocence, the *sapphire* light of truth.' 'Tis thus that you were wont to talk. But change comes over all things, and even Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, may learn to boast of her jewels."

"Come and see them, Fredonia, my friend. You shall judge of their value yourself."

Issuing from the door into a lawn, they observed at a little distance two youths patting and caressing a noble steed, that, with arching neck and distended nostrils, seemed to have just stopped his bounding career.

"Ah! mamma," said Caius, the younger lad, as the ladies came up, "look at Scip; he has just been galloping round the lawn with Tiberius. Now is my turn—now for a caracol worthy of my grandfather Scipio!" So saying the spirited youth jumped upon the saddle, and reining the fiery charger with ease, caused him to curvet and prance as a sort of courteous salutation to the two ladies. Then giving him the rein, he bounded away, and skirting the lawn was lost to sight, amid the foliage of the woods beyond.

"Adieu, Mother Cornelia; adieu, Madame," said the elder, Tiberius, his eye glancing with the noble fire of his father's race; "Caius will want me; it is a hard matter, even for two of us striplings, to master Scip!" So saying the youth bounded away, just as his brother reappeared at the edge of the lawn.

"But your jewels, Cornelia?" said her friend after the departure of Tiberius.

"You have seen them, Fredonia—they are there!" said Cornelia—"the sons of Tiberius Gracchus—the grandsons of Scipio Africanus!"

Dr. Busby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish Baronet of colossal height, who said, "May I pass to my seat, O Giant?" The Doctor politely making way, replied, "Yes, O Pigmy!" "O sir," said the Baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir, to the size of yours," said the Doctor.

A miser having been implicated in an affair of usury, was in danger of trial, and hung himself. He was, however, cut down, and having seen the rope lying on the floor cut in two, exclaimed, "Why spoil a new rope by cutting it?—could you not untie it?"

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER XI.

THORWALD and his followers now made rapid progress towards the coast. They were at first somewhat saddened by the loss of their companion, but their sorrow was diminished by the consciousness of Harold's unworthiness. Char-kole had little time to indulge in the luxury of woe; for Nella, who was as gay as a lark herself, insisted on his keeping her company whenever she laughed or sang. Thorwald's thoughts were fixed on Iceland, from whence they occasionally wandered to Eric and Gudrida; and, in short, the whole troop, occupied by their various hopes and expectations, gradually forgot the grave, and the mound of earth they had left behind them.

One evening the whole party, having come to a halt for the night, were making their preparations for their bivouac, when Char-kole, who was ever on the alert for occurrences of the sort, thought he saw an animal hopping along under cover of the trees. Picking up two rather unamiable looking stones, he followed the creature on tiptoe. From time to time he caught a glimpse of him as he went leisurely along over the uneven ground. But as sure as he raised his arm to take aim, just so sure did a branch, or a bush, or a something get in the way and interrupt the line of vision. So he went on and on, till at length he lost sight of the fellow altogether. This made him rather angry; for he was thinking a piece of rabbit would taste amazingly good after his hard day's tramp. The rabbit, if rabbit it was, was inexorable, however, and returned no more. Char-kole turned his face homeward, but found, much to his surprise, that it had grown quite dark, and that he really didn't know which way home, or the bivouac fire was. The season, for it was now towards the beginning of October, was very damp, and in many places the fog rose from the ground in thick masses. Char-kole stood still, and peered anxiously through the darkness, in hopes of recognizing some tree or clump of bushes he had passed in his chase. He saw that he was in a low, marshy spot, and the mist was standing in clouds all around him. He shouted, but his voice seemed to be absorbed by the exhalations which surrounded him on every side. It sounded dull and heavy, and evidently didn't go very far. He tried it again, but with no better success. He felt the merest shadow of fear at his heart, which beat a little loudly for a second or so, till he hit himself a violent clip upon the chest, and taking good courage, set manfully to work to extricate himself from his situation. All of

a sudden, he saw a light directly before him. "Why, there they are, after all!" cried he, "not twenty rods off." But a moment's glance convinced him that the light he saw was a very different sort of a thing from that of a fire that boiled water or cooked rabbits for supper. There were no jolly Norwegians sitting round it, warming their hands in the blaze —for the night was really cold; but it stood all alone by itself in the middle of a fog-bank, in a way that Char-kole didn't consider absolutely decent. Besides this, it was about six feet above the ground—another rather puzzling circumstance.

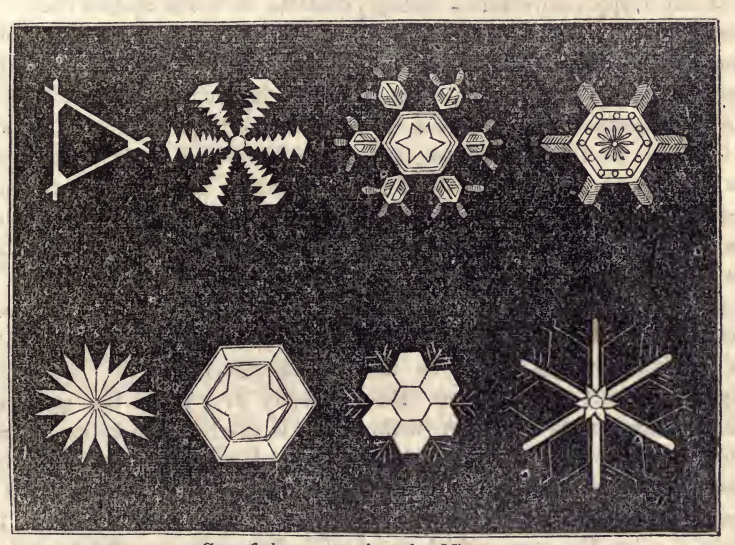
At first, Char-kole turned his back on it, and began to get out of the way; but, on second thoughts, he boldly faced it and strode towards it. He now went over his ancles in water at every step. Still, he seemed to be no nearer than when he first started. It seemed to retreat as he approached, and he could sometimes see it skip from place to place. It changed in form, too, and size. It sometimes spread very wide, and then contracted itself; sometimes it appeared like a wave of the sea, and seemed to drop sparks of fire. Char-kole's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, his fear was gone, and he felt but one desire—to pursue and catch the fairy form before him. So on and on he went. From walking it soon became wading, and at last down went one leg into what seemed a bottomless pit of water and bulrushes. The air which his descent had forced down, came oozing up to the surface and exploded in bubbles, right under Char-kole's nose. Char-kole didn't like it much, but as it was the first time he had ever been in a marsh, he supposed it was all right. But he was evidently nearer the phantom; for, by its light, he saw a dry spot within his reach, and with some effort he gained the land. Instead of retreating, it now advanced towards him, and after approaching tolerably near, stopped. Char-kole got down on his knees, and crawled on all-fours to within two or three yards of it, where he had a good view. It kept skipping about a dead thistle, till a slight motion of the air caused it to jump to another place. It was a uniform body of light, and illumined the darkness to some distance. Char-kole, as we have had occasion to observe before, was a natural philosopher, and he guessed at the truth at once. Without believing for a moment that he had been treated to an interview with a ghost, or that a dead-and-gone Indian had returned to his hunting-ground on this damp and foggy night, he supposed the appearance to be some freak of nature, easy enough to be accounted for with a little investigation. He was too used to auroras, and mock suns, and haloes, to be frightened at such a modest little meteor as the Will-o'the-wisp. Still, he felt a little natural vexation at being thus led out of his path, and perhaps entangled for the night among these swamps and October fogs. Turning to the gaseous seducer, and stretching forth his right arm in an attitude of contempt and commiseration, he said, "Well, now, I hope you're satisfied. Here I am, stuck fast in a bog, and no likelihood of

getting out. It may be fun to you, but it ain't to me. I don't like to stand in mud and water up to my knees, and I don't believe you would, if you tried it yourself. Come now, behave like a decent member of society, and show me the way out; you must be acquainted with these parts, and if you've got a conscience, you'll feel better for it afterwards."

To Char-kole's surprise and admiration, the meteor seemed to hear and be affected by his appeal. It stood still a moment, and then started off, at a pretty good pace, in the opposite direction from that in which it had come. Char-kole hesitated a little, for if the thing really heard and saw, and had senses and so forth, it was more natural to suppose it a bad spirit than a good one. But the vaporous being seemed to beckon him on, and he set off in pursuit. Over ditch and through bog, now high and dry on a flat, and now knee-deep in water, did Char-kole follow the merry Jack-o'lantern. Sometimes it guided him by its light over dangerous holes, and sometimes hid behind trees or shrubs. By degrees they got off of the marshy ground, and entered upon a thickly wooded tract. Through bushes and over fallen trees, round clumps of thickset briars, and under interlacing branches, did Char-kole chase his luminous conductor. He had observed, however, that its light had faded from the moment they had left the swamp. This confirmed him in his conjecture that it was nothing more than a body of ignited vapor, and that it drew its sustenance from the bogs and marshes among which he had first discovered it. "Poor thing," thought Char-kole, "it will, perhaps, pay dear for its charity in showing me the way out; it looks feeble already." The meteor was fast diminishing in size and brilliancy, but at the same time, Char-kole observed that he was once more on familiar ground. An open space, overhung by a gigantic oak, where they had at first prepared to pass the night, came upon his view, and he recognized it at once. A few more steps, and he saw in the distance the glowing watch-fire of the Norwegians. His comrades, covered with skins, lay around it, their feet towards the blaze. A solitary sentinel paced to and fro, with eyes and ears wide open. In those days watchmen never slept on their post. Within range of the rays of the fire, was one solitary tent; this tent was Nella's.

With tottering steps and flickering light, Char-kole's foggy genius made its way to the door of the tent, and then and there, as if its duty was over, and its career on this earth run, it went out. It collapsed; vanished into thin air. Char-kole felt as if he had lost a friend, and took a peep into the tent to console himself therefor. Nella was quietly sleeping, unconscious of the perils from which her knight had just escaped. The light of the bivouac fire shone full upon her face, through a chink in the side of the tent. Having closed this chink, that the blaze might not disturb her slumbers, he made himself known to the sentinel, and taking a good hot place near the blaziest part of the fire, spent an hour or two in the pleasing process of drying. Towards midnight he fell asleep, and dreamed

that he was a Will-o'the-wisp. As he was dancing over a swamp, he thought he saw a female walking on the edge. She saw the phantom, and advanced to meet it. Char-kole led her through the deepest parts of the marsh, and took delight in seeing her strugglrs. At last she lost her footing, and fell where the water was many feet over her head. Her lifeless body soon floated to the surface. O horror! It was Nella! And her own lover had lured her on to destruction. This was too much for Char-kole, and he awoke in terror. The scene was the same as when he had lain down to rest, except that another sentinel had taken the place of the former, and more fuel had been added to the fire. Char-kole changed his position, and was soon as unconscious as his exploded guide, the Jack-o'lantern. This time, he slept till morning.



Snow-flakes as seen through a Microscope.

Something about the Weather: Rain, Snow, etc.

THERE is scarcely any subject in which mankind feel themselves more interested than in the state of the weather; and it would be an amusing undertaking to calculate how much of our time is passed in telling one another it is hot, it is cold, it is fine weather, it is a beautiful day, &c. We have all been accustomed to see *clouds* from our infancy. They, therefore, neither awaken admiration, nor, in common cases, excite attention; yet, of all the objects around us, there are few more wonderful, or more truly deserving of notice. The traveller who

has ascended high mountains knows that clouds are a species of fog, or mist, like those which we perceive upon plains; he has also remarked that, when the clouds are scattered in the air, the part of the atmosphere in which they float is comparatively dry. Clouds are composed of a mass of vesicles like soap-bubles; these float in the air, rising or falling till they are in equilibrium with the air, remaining suspended thus as long as they preserve the same state. When the particles of vapor approach within a certain distance of each other, these minute water-drops have a tendency to unite, and presently fall in the shape of rain. Many of the phenomena in the formation of clouds cannot be fully explained; but we may be certain that, when a cloud is formed in the air, whatever be the cause, it can subsist there only while watery vapors continue to be produced in the same place. Thus the extent occupied by a cloud is an indication of the cause which produces vapors, or of its intensity in some part of this space. Extreme humidity exists but very little beyond the extent of the cloud, and as soon as the cause which furnishes the vapor ceases, the cloud dissipates.

When it rains, the source which furnishes vapors produces them in such abundance that the vesicles are driven against each other, even in the bosom of the cloud, and, not having time either to disperse or evaporate, they are united; and the water falling to the lowest part, as in soap-bubbles, they are soon burst, and fall as rain. As drops of rain are formed, the vesicles are destroyed.

In Middle and Lower Egypt it never rains, and the excessive fertility arises from the flood of the Nile. The natives do not credit the phenomenon of water falling from above. Hence it is that all monuments are so nicely preserved. Buckingham found a building which was left unfinished 3 or 4000 years since, with the ochreous marks of the workmen still perfect. A fog hangs for six months over Peru, and rain so seldom falls that a shower is a great calamity, since no precautions are taken against one.

Dew is the moisture which is deposited upon the surface of the earth, from the air, in the form of minute globules, resembling drops of rain. It is only deposited upon surfaces colder than the surrounding air. Some substances on the earth are found to grow colder during the night than others, and these receive the greatest share of dew. Deep water, which retains the heat received during the day, receives none at all; and animals sleeping in the open air remain perfectly dry, while the grass around them is covered with water. *Hoar-frost* is formed only upon very cold nights; the dew then freezes, and has a white appearance, like ice or snow. Dew is generally more plentiful in spring and autumn than in summer, because a greater difference is found between the temperatures of the day and night in the former seasons than in the latter. The formation of dew may be seen, on a smaller scale, in the collection of drops and moisture on the outside of a tumbler of cold water upon a sultry day. The tumbler, being colder than the air around it, con-

denses the air, and receives a portion of its moisture. The annual deposit of dew is about five inches deep.

Snow is produced when the atmosphere is so cold as to freeze the particles of rain as soon as they are formed; and the adherence of several of these particles to each other, which meet and cling together as they descend through the air, forms the usual fleeces of snow, which are larger in proportion as the clouds are higher, since they are longer in descending, and have more time to accumulate. By this means the heat of the earth is confined, and an admirable defence formed for the vegetable kingdom during the severities of winter. Snow-flakes usually consist of regular crystals, presenting many curious forms, which, when viewed through a microscope, appear as in the cut at the commencement of this article.

Snow has been seen, in the polar regions, of a red, orange, and salmon color: this occurs both on the fixed and on floating ice, and appears in some cases to result from vegetable, and in others from animal matter, suspended in the sea, and deposited upon the ice around. Sometimes, natural snow-balls, an inch in diameter, are formed by the rotation of the snow while falling. Snow-storms occasionally present a luminous appearance: one was witnessed in March, 1813, by a party on Loch Awe, in Scotland, which imparted to the glassy surface of the lake, the boat, their clothes, and all the surrounding scenery, a luminous appearance, like a huge sheet of fire. Their own bodies, to the eye, all seemed to burn; although, of course, without any feeling of warmth. When they applied their hands to any of the melting snow, the luminous substance adhered to them as well as the moisture, and this property was retained by the snow for twelve or fifteen minutes.

The formation of *hail* has never yet been explained. Hail shows the existence of an intense degree of cold;—yet hailstones of an enormous size are formed during the hottest hours of the day in the hottest months of the year; and hail is more frequent in summer than in winter. The common notion is, that it is caused by the freezing of rain-drops; yet hail is usually formed in clouds that are very low in the atmosphere. It is highly probable that electricity has some extraordinary agency in its production. The descent of hail, in some countries, appears to occur at particular periods. In France, Italy, and Spain, it commonly hails most abundantly during the hottest hours of the day in spring and summer; and in Europe generally, it falls principally during the day, though there are examples of great hail-storms which have taken place during the night. That hail-storms have definite limits, may be inferred from the tremendous storm which desolated so great a portion of France in July, 1788. It began in the south-west, and proceeded in two parallel bands to the north-east, the extent of one of them being 500 miles, and the other 600—thus traversing nearly the whole length of that great kingdom, and even a portion of the Netherlands. The mean breadth of the eastern band was 12 miles, and of the western, 6; and, what is very re-

markable, the interval between the two bands, amounting to 20 miles, was deluged with heavy rain.

This tremendous storm was ushered in by a dreadful and almost total darkness, which suddenly overspread the whole country. In a single hour the face of nature was so entirely changed, that no person who had slept during the tempest could have believed himself in the same part of the world. Instead of the smiling bloom of summer, and the rich prospects of autumn, which were just before spread over the country, it now presented the dreary aspect of gloomy winter and sterility. The fertile soil was changed into a morass; the standing corn beaten into a quagmire; the vines and the fruit-trees were torn to pieces; and the hail lay in heaps, like rocks of solid ice. The damage caused, in every part of the course of the storm, required years for its repair.

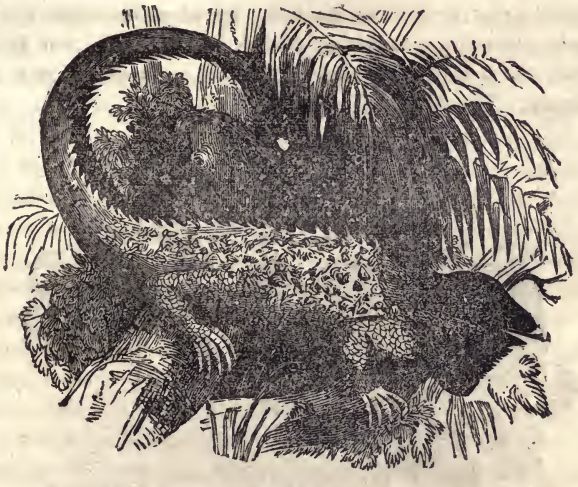
Hailstones are sometimes so large as to kill pigeons, ducks, and geese. A case is on record where hailstones were projected from a cloud almost horizontally, and their velocity was such that, in many instances, a clear round hole was left in the glass which they pierced, as if a bullet had been shot through it. Arago remarks that sometimes, before the descent of hail, a crackling noise is heard, which it would be difficult to describe in any other way than by comparing it to the emptying a bag of walnuts. This is accounted for, by some meteorologists, by supposing the hailstones to be driven by the wind against each other in the clouds which carry them.

Thunder and lightning, it has long been known, are caused by electricity; but the cause of the thunder-clap, which accompanies the flash, is still the subject of conjecture. In general, it is considered that lightning, by its heat, creates a partial vacuum in the atmosphere, and that the sudden rushing of air into the void space produces the sound; but various reasons have been assigned for the long-continued noise of thunder. It was formerly supposed that the rolling sound is merely the result of several echoes caused by reflection from mountains, woods, buildings, or clouds, or from the latter alone when a thunder-storm takes place over the ocean. This opinion seems to have been founded upon the fact, that the report of a gun, discharged in a mountainous region, is prolonged by the echoes during at least half a minute, which is about the time that the rolling of thunder continues. But, though the reflections of sound are very probably, in part or at times, the causes of the prolongation of thunder, they do not always afford a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, which, in a great many cases, cannot be accounted for by the doctrine of echoes. Possibly, the rolling may arise from the circumstance that there are several points of explosion, at different distances from the ear.

The flash of lightning, and the explosion of the thunder, take place in reality at the same moment; but sound only travels at the rate of 1125 feet in a second, while the passage of light from the cloud to the observer may be considered as instantaneous; therefore, as there are 5280 feet in a mile, the distance of the

cloud in miles may be ascertained by allowing one mile for every five seconds elapsing between seeing the flash and hearing the clap. From the observations of voyagers towards the north pole, it appears that neither thunder nor lightning is known beyond the 75th degree of latitude; and even as high as the 70th degree, they are extremely rare.

In our next number we shall have something to say upon *winds and hurricanes.*



The Guana Lizard.

AT first sight, we should hardly suppose this hideous reptile to be one of the most innocent and inoffensive creatures in the animal creation. It is striking in nature, that there are some creatures lovely to the eye, which, in their dispositions and habits, are dangerous and destructive; and others, repulsive in their appearance, which are exceedingly gentle and harmless. Such is the lizard known by the name of the *common guana.* Sometimes, when this otherwise harmless creature is agitated or irritated, either by fear or anger, its eyes seem flashing with fire; it hisses like a serpent, greatly inflates the pouch under its throat, lashes about its tail with great violence, the scales upon its back rise erect, and its head, covered with tubercles, it raises in a most threatening attitude. One can hardly conceive any creature to look more dreadful or forbidding. It usually contents itself with this display, however, and slinks away upon the first opportunity.

The length of this animal is from four to five feet. The tail is long and round, and the back serrated like a saw. Its

color is usually a brownish green. It feeds upon insects and vegetables. Its usual places of habitation and retreat are the clefts of rocks or the hollows of trees. Though it is not commonly a tenant of the water, yet, in cases of danger, it will plunge itself beneath the surface, and remain there some time concealed. It shows great agility in its motions; it climbs trees with astonishing ease, and reaches the loftiest branches with great quickness. The females leave the woods in the spring, and proceed to the sea-shore to lay their eggs among the sand. These number from twelve to twenty-five; they are very small in proportion to the size of the animal, being a little longer and about the same thickness as pigeons' eggs.

The guana is killed with great difficulty by blows, or even by wounds inflicted by firearms; but it dies in an instant if a straw is put up its nostrils.

Sleepy Simon.

I MUST tell you the story of Sleepy Simon. He was very fond of fishing, and would sit for hours with his hook in the water, waiting for a bite. He cared but little whether he caught a fish. Sometimes he would doze over his hook and line, and if anything took hold of his bait, and gave his line a jerk, he would wake up and attend to it.

Well, one day Simon went to his favorite pond, and in order to find an easy position, he climbed upon the trunk of an old tree that spread out over the water. Reclining upon this, he threw out his line, and, after a while, went fast asleep.

It was a warm, pleasant day, and Simon slept soundly. He even fell into a dream, and imagined that he was a fish. According to his dream, he lived in a

beautiful brook, and everything was very pleasant, except that many of the little fishes were caught by the people around.

A trout, or bream, or perch, would be swimming along, and a nice worm would appear before him. He would seize it in his mouth, when in an instant he would be jerked out of the water, and nothing more would be seen of him by his companions.

These sad accidents made the fishes a little unhappy, and Simon in his dream fancied that he was dreadfully afraid of being caught by the fishermen. What awful creatures, thought he to himself, these people are, who can take pleasure in hooking little fishes out of the water, where they live so happily!

While these thoughts were in his mind, he fancied that he looked up from the brook, and saw a boy reclining upon a branch of a tree, hanging over the water; and the little fellow had a hook and line, ready to catch any foolish fish that might venture to seize the bait.

"What a horrid monster," said the fish to himself, "that boy is! What a cruel heart he must have, to jerk innocent fishes out of the water, and all for fun!"

While he was dreaming of this, a heedless fish came along, snapped at his bait, and gave the line a jerk. Simon started in his sleep, the pole fell from his hands, and down he went, head first, into the water! The brook was deep, and he went at once to the bottom.

He would surely have been drowned, but a man who chanced to be passing that way, saw him fall, and ran to his deliverance. The poor fellow was taken out, cold, dripping, and almost suffocated. He was quite sick for two or three days, and while confined to his room, he thought a great deal of his dream.

"Really," said he, thoughtfully, "I meant to have pulled a fish out of the water, and I tumbled in myself. I suppose a fish feels as badly out of the water, as I do in it, and though catching these little creatures may be sport to me, it is death to them."

Such thoughts as these made a strong impression upon Simon's mind, and I believe he never amused himself with angling again. I am quite sure that he never afterwards got upon the limb of a tree over the water, in order to take a nap.

Calling Things by their Right Names.—The *Picayune*, in describing a regatta, says that the pitcher "was filled with delicious fresh milk." Further on it quietly remarks that the milk "was seasoned and sweetened, and acidulated, and strengthened, by certain infusions and ingredients, which converted it into a preparation which is sometimes called punch, but is none the worse for that."

Large Feet.—Some people think that large feet are ungenteel, but they are convenient. A person with large feet stands a better chance in a high wind than one with small feet, as he is not so liable to overset. Large feet are also more convenient for kicking rascals. On the other hand, large feet are inconvenient on account of the expense of shoe-leather and stocking-yarn. It also takes longer to wash large feet than small.

WELL, according to the almanac, the sun, the winds and weather, it is November! We suppose our readers know this as well as we do; but it's a sort of habit we've got into, and it's rather difficult, sometimes, to break off a long-established custom. Habit's a second nature with many people; and, speaking of habit, we have a story to tell in point. We once knew a very worthy old gentleman in New Haven, who had been a merchant over thirty years, and who had acquired by industry an ample fortune. He was exceedingly regular in all his ways, and among other things, he always had codfish for dinner Saturdays. He never failed, too, to go to his office before breakfast, to see that the store was open and that the clerks were at their duty. One morning his wife was obliged to wait for him a long time, and when at last he returned, he sat down to eat, with a rather glum manner, and without any apology for his tardiness. A cup of coffee, however, restored him, and opening his mouth he spoke:

"Most extraordinary circumstance, most extraordinary, indeed!"

"Why, what do you mean, my dear?" asked his wife.

"Mean! why here have I had to open the store with my own hands, and after sitting in the door a full hour, waiting for the boys, not one of whom made his appearance, I was forced to close the store again to come to breakfast!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady, almost gasping for breath; "you haven't been to the store, have you: why, it's Sunday!"

"Sunday!" returned he, "impossible. It can't be Sunday—we didn't have codfish for dinner yesterday!"

It was Sunday though! and, owing either to the neglect of the marketman, or the bad luck of the fishermen, the old gentleman had quite forgotten whether he was at the end of one week or at the beginning of another.

But we can spare but little time to talk this month: we have a good many letters to read, and several to answer. So here goes.

Charleston, Sept. 2, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

You are probably aware that a great many of our southern people spend their summer at the north, and that in return, the Yankees, especially those whose health requires a change of climate, visit our warmer latitudes in winter. I have been to Boston and Nahant, where I vainly endeavored to find you; now I want to know if you couldn't make it convenient to come south, as soon as cold weather sets in, and stay till the return of spring. You can have my room to write the Museum, and read your correspondence in: and then you could lay the scene of one of your stories in South Carolina. There are a great many pleasant things to see in our city. Besides, I will agree to compose all the puzzles you will want for your "Monthly chat." As a specimen of my powers in this way, I send you the following:

I am a name of fifteen letters.

My 7, 6, 2, 10, 3, is a sort of military tactics.

My 3, 5, 14, 7, is a substance used in cooking.

My 11, 4, 5, 15, is a South American animal.

My 8, 14, 9, 4, 10, is what little boys and girls sometimes wear.

My 12, 13, 7, 15, 11, is a pattern.

My 7, 14, 13, 1, 15, 7, 5, 6, 2, is very nearly the right way of spelling Huncliback.

My whole is one who didn't guess what was going to happen to him, and who won't, probably, be guessed by any one else.

Your young friend,

SUSAN PALMETTO.

Castile, Aug. 6, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

I am a little boy of nine years, and have never learned to write, but Mother says she will write what I dictate.

I sent you one dollar by my uncle, in the summer, when he went to New York to buy goods. It was for Merry's Museum, and I received the first number in June.

I must now tell you how I got my dollar. In the autumn, I pick up all the chestnuts that fall from the trees on my father's farm, and sell them, reserving a few for the family. Mother says if I were to eat them all, I should be very sick, but if I sell a part and send the money to you for the Museum, I shall receive something every month in the year that will be worth more than chestnuts. Please send the back numbers from January to June, and then my year will be out in December. Good-bye.

Your true friend,

BUSHEL OF NUTS.

Boston, Sept. 6th, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

Whenever I'm puzzled to understand anything I find in my school books, I always think of you as the best person to help me out of my difficulty. Now I want to know the reason why places separated often by but fifty or a hundred miles, exposed to the same heat of the sun, enjoy so many differences of climate? I believe I understand all about the seasons, and why winter is winter, and spring spring: but I don't see why summer should be colder, wetter, drier, or warmer in one place than another, for years together, the two places being in the same latitude, and not a hundred miles apart. Can you enlighten me?

Yours, with respect,

JAMES W. L.

MERRY'S ANSWER TO JAMES W. L.

There are many circumstances which modify the climate of particular places, Master James. The influence of the sea is one of these. The sea is not so subject to variations of heat and cold as the land, and consequently the sea air is neither very hot nor very cold. It therefore softens the severity of winter and abates the heat of summer. Places exposed to its influence, are consequently rendered more temperate. Again, great accumulations of ice and snow materially affect climate. The large masses of these in the regions of Greenland impart their chilling influence to the air, and give that harsh quality so remarkable in the easterly winds of New England.

Mountains which shelter a country from cold winds, render the climate warmer. Plants which flourish on the southern side of a mountain range, would

perish on the northern. Elevation above the level of the sea is an important circumstance in climate. The city of Quito, which, according to its latitude, should be excessively hot—being on the equator—enjoys a climate of perpetual spring. The reason is, that it is several thousand feet above the level of the sea. At the distance of a few miles, the inhabitants of Guayaquil, lying on a low and level margin of the sea, experience an intense and sickly degree of heat.

The inhabitants of a country, too, exercise a powerful though slow influence upon the climate. By the levelling of forests and draining of marshes, the sun is let in upon the soil, and the climate is rendered warmer, drier and more salubrious. The winters are much shorter, the quantity of snow that falls is considerably smaller, and the cold less intense than when our forefathers first settled this country, and in a great measure from this cause alone.

The climate of Europe is affected by various circumstances. The eastern portion, including the greater part of Russia in Europe, is rendered colder by the winds which sweep over it, chilled by the masses of snow and ice embosomed among the mountains of northern Asia. The southern parts are rendered warmer by the hot winds which visit them from the burning deserts and plains of Africa. In those parts which border upon the Atlantic, the extremes of both heat and cold are diminished by the constant action of the sea air. Spain and Italy are instances of the effect of the winds blowing from Africa. The products of these countries are oranges, lemons, and many other things which in America are peculiar to the torrid zone. Massachusetts and New York are in the same latitude as Italy, and yet, owing to the proximity of Greenland and the frozen regions of the North Pole, produce only the hardier fruits, such as apples, pears, &c. In Moscow, in the eastern part of Europe, the winter is so inclement as to render every precaution necessary to guard against it; while at Edinburg, in the western part, but in the same latitude, it is hardly more severe than at Boston.

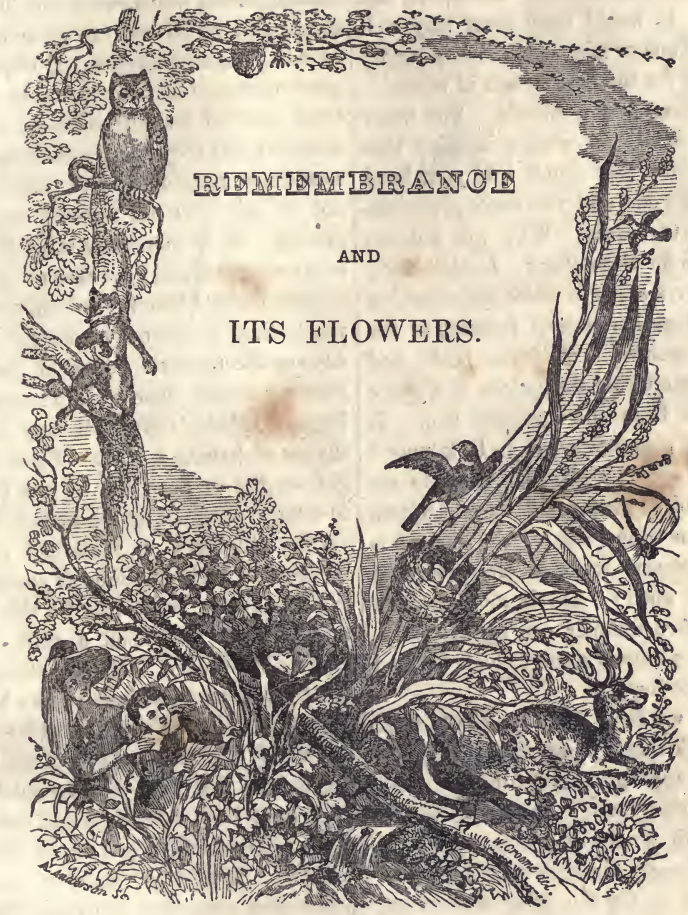
These are some reasons, James, which will perhaps make your lessons a little more understandable in future. Learn them by heart, and if any one asks you why it's colder here than it is there, or warmer there than here, you'll be able to tell them all about it.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 20th, 1850.

DEAR ROBERT MERRY AND PETER PARLEY:

I didn't find anything in the September No. of the Museum, that was young enough for me to understand. I'm only six, but don't want to be forgotten, for all that. My brother, who is sixteen, says he doesn't think it can be made any better—when I'm sixteen, perhaps I shall think so too. Won't you put something in for me in the next No.? If you will, I'll get it by heart, and recite it to you when you come this way. There! DOLLY.

Sleepy Simon, whose story will be found a few pages back, is intended for all little boys and girls of six and thereabouts, like our correspondent Dolly. We don't ask her to get it by heart, but just to put away the moral in some snug corner of her head, so that it will be ready, when wanted. We sha'nt forget Dolly in future.



"DEAR me! Mr. Merry has forgotten what month it is!" exclaims Sam Kritik—a very hard fellow to please—as he turns over the Museum's yellow cover, and glances at our opening engraving. "Instead of a scene of wintry desolation, the snow lying at least two feet deep, with icicles and red cheeks to match, here is a picture of butterflies and birds' nests, boys and girls hunting for May-flowers, deer hiding under the cane-brakes, and a whole snarl of birds in full song, and bushes in full bloom! I expected to see a party of skaters on the lake, or a school gone sleigh-riding—a sled-race or a battle with snow-balls: but this jumble of May, July, and August, with a flock of wild geese in the north-east

corner, won't do at all for December, Mr. Merry. It would have been very well for last June or next June, but is hardly the thing for the first month of winter."

Now Sam, stop a minute. You never wait to think, but always imagine that the first idea that comes into your head is the right one, and you never give yourself time to reflect. Why will not the picture do for December? It represents, as you say, a scene in which the artist has grouped together several features of the summer months — children, birds and animals, sheltering themselves in a grove of flowers from the noontide sun. Is not this a pleasant scene to look upon? Would it not be a pleasant scene to enjoy? And as winter with its cold breath prevents us from realizing the picture, is it not a pleasant scene to remember and look back upon? As six months must elapse before summer can again return, is it not a pleasant scene to look forward to and hope for?

Before we have done we shall make Sam Kritik acknowledge that the picture is a very appropriate one, indeed. We have so often suited each season and month with a characteristic engraving, that we thought for once it would not be a bad idea to try the effect of contrast. We may be thus led to say a word or two upon the Pleasures of Memory. Green meadows and running water, trees and corn-fields waving in the breeze, are always pleasant things to recollect. But they are not the only agreeable subjects of remembrance. Almost every one looks back upon bygone days with emotions of pleasure. In every one's life there are certain scenes which stand out in strong colors, and which seem to grow brighter as the distance increases. Girls, as they grow older and advance towards womanhood, leave off dressing dolls and working samplers, but they never quite forget, and sometimes remember with tears, though not of pain, the old nursery and playground. Boys sometimes think it a bore to go to school, and pore over prosy books of grammar and history; but often, in after years, they remember those old school-days as the happiest period of their life. Perhaps among some one's Pleasures of Memory, Merry's Museum may stand a chance of having a place. Some boy or girl—a girl we hope, but we won't object to a boy—in recalling the scenes of their youth, will have an indistinct remembrance of a sort of guide, or companion, or playmate, in the shape of a thin book, that used to pay them a visit once a month. That was long ago, though, in the days when they used to like homely thoughts clothed in simple language; and when they had seen so little of the world themselves, that they thought old Merry must have been a pretty great traveller, to be able to talk on so many different subjects. If any one recollects our unpretending magazine, as having been an agreeable companion of their young days, we shall be content to hope that with the pleasure it gave, it also planted some germs of right principle, which will take firm root as life advances, and childhood is left behind among the things that were.

The 'Pleasures of Memory' is a poetical subject, and we cannot refrain from quoting a stanza or two from Rogers' beautiful

poem. It represents the pleasing melancholy excited by revisiting an obscure village after a long absence.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The screen unfolds its many-colored chart:
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near.
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thee would the Muse invoke! to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals;
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play.

From 'The Pleasures of Hope,' by one of the greatest English poets, Thomas Campbell, we make an extract with which to conclude our December introductory.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay,
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed:
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

A Smart Boy.

WHEN Lieut. Governor Patterson was Speaker of the Legislature, some dozen boys presented themselves as applicants for the place of messenger, as is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names, and into their conditions, in order to make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy, about ten years old, a bright-looking lad—

"Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, sir," replied the boy with promptness.

"What!" said the speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would if I had been there."

"You can be one of the messengers," said the Speaker.

THERE is a factory in Cincinnati which takes logs in at one door; the process of making staves, drying, finishing and putting up commences, and neatly finished kegs pop out of a door opposite. It is a speedy and constant process, and very ingenious. The work of making these kegs is all done by machinery.

THE following is a correct copy of a sign placed on a bridge, not a thousand miles off, says the Indiana Revehlé—"$2 FINE. TO. RIDE OR DRIV OVER THIS BRIG. FASTER. THEN A WAULK!"

Æsop appearing before Crœsus, king of Lydia.

Æsop and his Adventures.

ÆSOP, the celebrated fabulist, lived about the year 600 B. C., and was a person whose sayings have been famous throughout the world from a very remote period of antiquity. It is not known with certainty where he was born, nor are the circumstances of his life very clearly ascertained. Some of the Greek writers call him a Thracian, others a Samian, but the more common opinion is that he was a native of Phrygia in Asia Minor. He is described as a person of mean appearance, dwarfish in stature, dark-complexioned, and hump-backed: but these particulars are not much to be relied on. The Greek accounts represent him as having first attracted notice while he was a slave. His master carried him to Ephesus for sale, and at setting out ordered him to take on his shoulders one of the bundles among his baggage. Æsop chose the heaviest, on which all his companions laughed at him for his simplicity. But they soon found the laugh turned against them; for as the whole company ate from his bundle every day of the journey, Æsop soon had the lightest burthen of all to carry. This showed them that he was not so great a fool as he seemed, and his master immediately conceived a high opinion of his sagacity.

Xanthus, a Samian philosopher, went to the slave market to purchase a servant. He questioned the slaves as to their capacities, and most of them being eager to be purchased, praised themselves for all sorts of knowledge and talents. When

he came to Æsop and asked him what he could do; the answer was "Nothing." "Why nothing?" asked the philosopher. "Because," returned Æsop, "my companions have promised to do everything, and nothing is left for me to perform." Xanthus was so much pleased with this witty sarcasm on the vanity of the other slaves, that he purchased Æsop and carried him home to the island of Samos.

Æsop proved a very useful servant to his master, and on many occasions helped him by his sagacious advice out of very awkward difficulties. The wife of Xanthus ran away from him, and the philosopher was unable to recover her. Æsop advised him to spread a report that he was about to be married a second time, and to make great preparations for a wedding. Xanthus did so, and within a few days the runaway wife came home in great haste, and was glad to make up with her husband. Xanthus, though a philosopher, was a little too fond of wine; and on one occasion having drank too much at a party, he boasted, as men in their cups are very apt to do, much beyond his ability to perform. He promised to drink the ocean dry, and laid a heavy wager on it. When he became sober he was greatly puzzled to guess how he should get out of the consequences of the foolish bet. He applied to Æsop, who promised to save his money and reputation if he would collect the whole party the next day on the sea-shore. When they were all assembled, Æsop said to them: "My master has promised to drink the ocean dry, and so he will, if you will stop the rivers from running into it; for you must bear in mind that he did not agree to drink the rivers too." On which they all burst into a laugh, and confessed that Xanthus had got clear of his bet.

The people of Samos were much addicted to the superstitious practice of augury or divination by the flight of birds. One day, during the solemnities of a great public festivity, an eagle which was hovering over the market snatched away the public seal of the city, and after flying about with it for some time, dropped it into the bosom of a slave. This was thought an omen of dire portent, and the people were in great consternation. All the philosophers and sages were consulted as to the precise meaning of the omen. Xanthus advised that Æsop should be summoned before the magistrates, and his opinion asked. This was accordingly done, and Æsop said, "The eagle is a royal bird and signifies a great king. The dropping of your seal into the bosom of a slave or one who has no power over himself, denotes the loss of your liberties. If you do not look sharply to your affairs, the omen will too soon be realized."

We are told that this event soon followed the prediction of Æsop. Crœsus, king of Lydia, sent ambassadors demanding tribute of the Samians, as a token of submission. This made a great excitement among the magistrates and people. When they found they could not agree together as to the course to be pursued, they again consulted Æsop. His reply was, "The path of liberty is narrow and rugged at the entrance, but

the further you advance in it, the plainer and smoother it will be found." This noble sentiment fixed the resolution of the Samians, and they determined to defend the liberties of their country against the encroachments of the king of Lydia. An answer was sent accordingly. Crœsus was astonished at the boldness of the inhabitants of this little island; but having heard that it was caused by a few words uttered by a slave, he conceived a great curiosity to see him. He sent therefore another embassy to Samos, offering to withdraw his demand of tribute, and leave the inhabitants in power and independence on condition that they would deliver Æsop into his hands.

The Samians were glad to pacify the great king so cheaply, and Æsop made no objection; but he first reminded them of their imprudence in purchasing power by giving up a counsellor who had been their chief defence in danger. On this occasion he is said to have uttered the well-known fable of the sheep and the wolves, in which the sheep were described as giving up their defenders, the dogs. The example exhibited the folly of the Samians in so striking a manner, that they determined once more to refuse the demands of Crœsus. War ensued; but Æsop resolved to take a bold step in hopes of putting an end to it. He left Samos, and suddenly presented himself before the Lydian king, where he recited the fable of the Captive Grasshopper, who begged for life on the plea that all her business was to sing, and that her death could bring no possible advantage to his possessions. Crœsus felt the justice of the sentiment, and not only pardoned Æsop, but offered to grant him any other favor which he might ask. Æsop requested that the king would spare Samos, and grant the island a permanent peace. Crœsus immediately executed a writing to this effect, sealed it with the royal signet, and dispatched it to Samos by the hands of Æsop. The Samians, for this piece of service, erected a statue to Æsop, who afterwards returned to the court of Lydia, and was taken into high favor by Crœsus. He became the public counsellor of that monarch, and under his patronage he composed, for the instruction and amusement of the people, many of those fables which have been handed down from age to age under his name, through the languages of all civilized countries, to the present day. In the latter part of his life, Æsop is said to have travelled extensively in Asia, Africa and Europe. There are many stories related of the manner of his death, but none that we can rely upon as true or probable.

There is a story of a bet between an American and a Dutchman, as to who should talk the other out of breath; they were locked in a room all night, and in the morning the Dutchman was found on the floor just dead, and the American with barely strength enough left to whisper in his ear.

Thomas Hood says of an irritable man: "He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

Lucy and her Dog.

SEE the little girl in the picture, eating her bread and milk. How anxiously the dog at her side looks at her, as if to ask for some! If you knew how much old Carlo has done for her, as well as I do, you would be surprised that she does not share her breakfast with him.

When Lucy was a little baby in the cradle, her mamma used very often to go out, and leave her under the charge of Carlo. She would put on her hat and shawl, and then call the faithful dog, and show him the sleeping child, and say, "Here, Carlo, take care of Lucy." She would then go out; and she might stay all day, and Carlo would never leave the cradle.

One day Lucy's mamma had gone to market, leaving Carlo as usual by the side of his charge. Half an hour after she had gone, a friend, who had been absent some years, returned, and entering the house, went up to the cradle to see the baby. Little Lucy had just awoke. She was as pretty a child as you ever saw. She threw up her arms, and crowed in the lady's face as she stooped over the bed. Carlo watched her motions with a jealous eye, and the moment she attempted to take the infant up, he seized her rather roughly by the sleeve, and, growling a little, said as plainly as he could, "Don't touch her. She is under my care. I do not know who you are, and you must not take her till my mistress returns."

This mute language, the lady seemed perfectly to understand, for she patted his head, and said, "Good fellow, good dog, I won't do her any harm. Come, little dear," again endeavoring to take the child. But this time Carlo showed his teeth, and appeared so much in earnest that she thought it best to desist, laughing as she did so. Fortunately for little Lucy, who was growing impatient, her mother soon returned. Carlo retired from his post, and the lady had then no difficulty in accomplishing her purpose. Indeed, the faithful creature came to her side, fawned upon her and licked her hand, as if apologizing for his apparent rudeness.

When Lucy was four years old, her mother sent her to an infant school about a mile off, and it was never necessary for any one but Carlo to go with her; as she stayed all day, her mother put her dinner in a covered basket, and put the handle in Carlo's mouth. He would then trot along by her side, and if anything frightened her, Lucy took hold of his ear, or his tail. But everybody, and every dog and cat knew Carlo too well to presume

to interfere with him, or trouble his little charge. When they arrived at school, he sometimes stayed with Lucy, and sometimes went home, never failing to return at the hour when the school was over.

A shallow brook runs not far from Lucy's house; and she often sails boats in the water, and wades in with her little white feet spattering it around with great glee. Now, Lucy's mamma never feels afraid to have Lucy in the brook when Carlo is near, for if she goes in too far, he takes hold of her clothes and draws her back to shore—and he does this so gently, that Lucy ventures in some distance, sometimes, on purpose to have Carlo "swim her out," as she calls it.

Thus, little Lucy had been taken care of all her life by the faithful dog. If she wants to play, who can run so fast as Carlo; and who can jump so high? If she throws the ball, who can catch it more surely? if she wants to sleep, who watches her so faithfully? And does not all this, Lucy, deserve a great deal of gratitude and kindness on your part? There, now, be a good girl, and give him some of your bread and milk.

A Story of the Highway.

Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demand made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was rather unfavorable to their being filled in a decent way, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took to the highway, determined to rob the first man he came across, who was likely to have a purse too heavy for comfort.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down, instantly, as a man who possessed those requisites he stood so much in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered him to "stand and deliver."

The poor fellow handed out some fifty dollars; but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged five of them back to take him home, a distance of about half a mile. The request was complied with. The old farmer was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, an' it's that same thing I'll be after doin'. What will ye be after givin' for it?"

"I'll give you this five dollar bill for it."

"Done! an' done's enough betwane two gintlemen. Down with the dust, an' here's the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out; and, pointing the pistol, threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets sung out:

"Blow away, ould boy! bless yer sowl, there isn't a drap of powther in it."

We believe the old man never told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the purest accident. Pat moved off, and hasn't been seen or heard of since.

A Caravan overtaken by the Simoom in the Desert.

Something about the Winds: Hurricanes, Storms, etc.

WINDS are occasioned by whatever disturbs the equilibrium of the atmosphere, or the equal density or quantity of air at equal distances from the surface of the earth—whatever accumulates the air in one place, and diminishes it in other places. Heat, which rarefies, and cold, which condenses the air, are the principal and more general causes which produce currents in the atmosphere. Another cause has been ascribed to the attraction of the sun and moon, whose influence is supposed, with great probability, to occasion a tide, similar to that of the sea, but greater, because the air lies nearer to those celestial bodies, and because air is much more expansible than water. Some action in the production of the wind may also be derived from volcanoes, fermentations, evaporations, and especially from the condensation of vapors; for we find that, in rainy weather, a considerable wind frequently precedes the approach of every single cloud, and that the wind subsides as soon as the cloud has passed over the zenith.

Winds are phenomena in a great measure dependent on the law, that lighter fluids rise in heavier ones. As oil, let loose under water, is pressed up to the surface, and swims, so air, near the surface of the earth, when heated and expanded by the sun, rises to the top of the atmosphere, and spreads there, forced up by the heavier air around, which rushes inward, and constitutes wind.

The cross currents in the atmosphere, thus arising, are often rendered evident by the motion of clouds or balloons. If our globe were at rest, and the sun were always shining on the same part, the earth and air directly under it would become exceedingly heated, and then the air would be constantly rising, like oil in water, or the smoke from a great fire—while currents or winds would be pouring towards the central spot from all directions below. But the earth is constantly turning round under the sun, so that the whole middle region, or equatorial belt, becomes heated; therefore, according to the principle just laid down, there should be over it a constant rising of air, and constant currents from the two sides of it, on the north and south, to supply the ascent. Now, this phenomenon is really going on, and has been going on ever since the beginning of the world, producing the steady winds of the northern and southern hemispheres, called the *trade winds*, which prevail in most places within 30 degrees of the equator, and on which mariners reckon almost as confidently as on the rising and setting of the sun.

The trade winds, however, do not appear on the earth to be directly north and south, as they are in fact; for the eastward whirling, or diurnal rotation, of the earth, causes a wind from the north to appear as if coming from the north-east, and a wind from the south as if coming from the south-east. This is illustrated by the case of a man on a galloping horse, to whom a calm appears to be a strong wind in his face; or, if he is riding eastward, while the wind is directly north or south, such wind will appear to him to come from the north-east or south-east. While, in the lower regions of the atmosphere, air is constantly flowing towards the equator, and forming the steady trade winds between the tropics, in the upper regions there must, of course, be a counter-current, distributing the heated air over the globe. This has been confirmed by many observations. At the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe there is always a strong wind, blowing in a direction contrary to that of the trade wind on the face of the ocean below; and, among other proofs, we may specify the following singular incident:—

On the 30th of April, 1812, about midnight, the inhabitants of the Island of Barbadoes were roused from their sleep, and greatly alarmed, by a sound like that of a heavy cannonading, and a light similar to the flashes from guns was seen in the west. It was supposed to be a naval action between a British and French fleet. The troops were beat to arms, and all were put in readiness to act as the emergency might require. The firing increased towards morning, but afterwards the sound died away. All this time the sky was perfectly clear and serene; but soon after dawn, thick masses of clouds collected over the island, and poured down, instead of rain, torrents of an earthy dust finer than sand. The sun rose invisible, and all nature was wrapped in darkness more intense than ever was known in the blackest midnight. The alarm of war immediately gave place to more appalling

thoughts; all were thrown into indescribable consternation. Many persons apprehended, and not without reason, that the end of the world had come; and the affrighted multitude thronged to the churches, groping their way with lanterns in their hands. It was not till 20 minutes past noon that a gleam of light afforded a feeble hope to the dismayed population. In the afternoon, the falling of the dust gradually abated, and the sky slowly became clear, and dissipated their fears. The dust had fallen in some places six inches in depth. A ship 500 miles eastward of Barbadoes had her sails and decks covered with it. On being analyzed, it proved to be volcanic; and five days afterwards, a vessel arrived from St. Vincent's with the intelligence, that the Souffrière, a volcano in that island, had burst forth in flames, and laid the whole colony in ashes. All this time the regular trade wind had been blowing from the eastward, which should have carried the ashes away from Barbadoes, that island lying 70 miles to windward of St. Vincent's; but the volcano had thrown its contents above the trade wind into a contrary current of air, and thus the ashes had been transported upwards of 500 miles, apparently against the wind.

While the sun is beaming directly over a tropical island, he heats the surface of the soil, and therefore the air over it; but the rays which fall upon the ocean around, penetrate into the water, and the superficial increase of temperature is less. In consequence of this, there is a rapid ascent of hot air over the island during the day, and a cooler wind blowing towards its centre from all points. This wind constitutes the refreshing *sea-breeze* of tropical islands and coasts. During the night, an opposite phenomenon takes place. The surface of the earth, then no longer receiving the sun's rays, is soon cooled, while the sea, which absorbed heat during the day, not on the surface only, but through its mass, continues to give out heat all night. The consequence is, that the air over the earth, being colder than that over the sea, sinks down and spreads out on all sides, producing the *land-breeze* of tropical climates. This wind is often charged with noxious exhalations from the marshes and forests, while the sea-breeze is all purity and freshness. Many islands and coasts would be totally uninhabitable but for their sea-breezes.

In the East Indian seas a periodical, or trade wind, called the *monsoon*, blows half the year in one direction, and half the year in the opposite. These directions are different in different places; in some north and south, in others north-east and south-west. The change of the monsoon is announced by calms and squalls in rapid succession, waterspouts, tornadoes, and hurricanes called *taifouns* or tuffoons, particularly terrible from the explosions of electric matter accumulated during the monsoon.

The most celebrated hurricane on record is, perhaps, that which desolated the Island of Barbadoes in 1831, and was attended by the most singular meteorological phenomena ever witnessed. On the 10th of August, the sun rose without a cloud, and shone resplendently

through an atmosphere of the most translucent brightness. At five o'clock, the clouds began to gather fast in the north, and the wind commenced blowing strong from that point. At seven in the evening, the sky was clear again, and the air calm. At ten, came on showers, lightning, and squalls; after midnight, the continual flashing of the lightning was awfully grand, and a fierce gale blew from the north-east.

But these phenomena were slight in comparison to what soon followed. At one in the morning, the tempestuous rage of the wind increased, and the storm shifted suddenly to the north-west. The upper regions of the air were from this time illuminated by incessant lightning; but the quivering sheet of blazing fire was far surpassed in brilliancy by the darts of the electric fluid, which were exploded in every direction. A little after two o'clock, the astounding roar of the hurricane came on with a terrible impetuosity that no language can describe, nor mind conceive. Those who witnessed it compared it to the agonizing shrieks of millions of human beings in the last horrors of despair. About three, the wind occasionally abated, but only to return in gusts from the south-west, west, and north-west, with accumulated fury. The heavens now appeared all in flames, with balls of fire flying in all directions, and bursting like shells from a mortar. One of them was seen of a globular form, and deep-red hue, descending perpendicularly from a great height; on approaching the earth, its motion was accelerated, it became of a dazzling whiteness, and elongated in form—and, dashing on the ground in one of the paved squares of Bridgetown, it splashed around in the same manner as melted lead would have done if thrown out of a furnace, and became instantly extinct, though the brilliancy and spattering of its particles, when it reached the earth, gave it the appearance of a globe of quicksilver.

A few minutes after the appearance of this phenomenon, the deafening noise of the wind sank into a solemn murmur, like a distant roar; and the lightning, which, since midnight, had played in flashes and forked darts with scarcely any intermission, seemed, for half a minute, to hover between the clouds and the earth, moving frightfully, and with a novel and surprising action. There seemed to be a vast body of vapor, almost touching the houses, which apparently caught fire from the clouds, and conveyed it flaming downwards, while, again, a thousand torches were lighted from the earth, and mounted to the sky. While this strange phenomenon continued, the earth was felt to vibrate in a manner, and in time, answering with the action of the lightning. Twice, or more, when the coruscations were more brilliant and severe, but less rapid in their motion, the earth received corresponding shocks. The moment this singular alternation of the lightning passing to and from the earth ceased, the hurricane again burst from the west, with a violence exceeding all that had as yet been experienced, and hurling everything in fragments before it. Masses of lead weighing

400 pounds were carried above a quarter of a mile, the strongest buildings vibrated to their foundations, and the very surface of the earth trembled as the destroying blast passed over it. The storm absolutely out-roared the thunder, and the latter was not even heard. All witnesses concur in affirming that, had the cannon of a thousand batteries been discharged, their sound could not have been distinguished, so overpowering was the roar of the wind, and the howling of the tumultuous ocean, whose frightful waves threatened to sweep into the abyss all that the other elements might spare.

At ten in the morning, the sun looked out upon a scene of devastation such as, perhaps, was never before witnessed. The humble cot, and the most costly mansion, had been alike hurled to destruction. Between 2000 and 3000 persons were killed or mortally injured, and the wounded exceeded 5000. Houses were lifted up from their foundations, and thrown, in one mass of ruins, into the roads. Masses of rubbish and fragments were scattered in every quarter. The whole face of the island was laid waste; scarcely any sign of vegetation existed; and what remained was of a sickly green color. The surface of the earth appeared as if fire had passed over it, scorching and burning up everything. The few trees that were left standing were stripped, and the bare, withered trunks were all that remained.

It is somewhat mortifying to the pride of science, that we can give but little explanation of the true cause of these terrible perturbations of the atmosphere.

The nature of the soil over which the wind blows has a great effect upon the quality of the air. The vast sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia give a burning heat and blasting quality to the winds that pass over them. The most dreadful of these is the *samiel*, or *simoom*, the deadly wind of the deserts of Arabia and Africa. The camels, either by instinct or experience, have warning of its approach, and announce it by an unusual noise, and by covering up their noses in the sand. To escape its effects, travellers throw themselves on the ground with their faces downward, and wait till it has passed by. A caravan, consisting of 4,000 camels and above 1,000 men, was once attacked by the simoom, which brought with it clouds of sand. They were forced to lie for two days with their faces to the ground, only lifting them occasionally to shake off the sand and obtain breath. Three hundred men never rose again, and two hundred camels also perished. But a still more dreadful calamity awaited them. On reaching a valley named Haherah, which they depended on for a supply of water, all the wells were found to be dry. After digging with desperation in every spot where it appeared possible that water could be obtained, they became maddened by their disappointment, and all subordination was at an end. Furious quarrels ensued, and much blood was shed. Part of the caravan, wishing to escape from this horrid scene, set out for the south, and supported themselves by killing their camels, till a thunder-storm, accompanied by copious rain, relieved them from the miseries of thirst.

Left-handed Billy.

THERE was once a boy whose name was William: but they used to call him Billy. He was a good-natured fellow, yet he had one fault—he chose to have his own way, and was never careful to mind his parents.

Now Bill did not intend to be disobedient: but he was careless; he did not lay up good advice in his mind, and act according to it; but he usually forgot it, and pursued his own inclination. I will tell you an instance of this.

Billy had made himself a little garden, and he had planted in it a good many seeds. After a few days, the seeds came up, and the boy was greatly delighted at seeing them peep out of the ground. He could hardly keep away from his garden, so fond was he of seeing his budding flowers and plants.

You must know, that the garden was by the road-side, and in the road were a number of pigs. These were always prowling about, and if the gate was left open, they were sure to walk in and do some mischief. They had already got into the garden several times, and rooted up the peas, beans, and cabbages.

Now Billy was very apt to leave this gate open. He could not be made to feel the necessity of keeping it always shut. His mother told him, again and again, to be more careful; but the command went in at one ear, and out at the other.

Well, one day Billy had been to see his little garden, and then he set out to go to school. As usual, he left the gate open, and in walked a couple of pigs. They soon came to his beds of flowers and plants. They poked their long noses into the mellow earth, and in a few minutes the pretty garden was a heap of ruins.

When Bill came home from school, he saw the mischief that had been done.

He fretted a good deal and laid it all to the naughty pigs. His mother told him that he had only himself to blame; that the accident arose entirely from his careless habit of leaving the gate open.

After grumbling two or three days, Bill went to work and again planted his little garden. In a week the seeds began to shoot up from the soil, and once more Bill was full of joy. But, after a few days, he again forgot to shut the gate, and again the pigs marched in and rooted the beds all to pieces.

This incident will enable my reader to see what a heedless fellow Bill was. He did not intend to do wrong, but he was careless; he thought more of his play than his duty. Thus he adopted the habit of being careless, and we shall see how he suffered by it.

I must now tell you that Bill was naturally left-handed. By this I mean, that he was more apt to use his left hand than his right. If he took a knife to cut with, or a pen to write anything, he took it in his left hand. His mother used great care to break him of this fault, but still careless Bill kept on using his left hand instead of his right.

Thus he adopted the habit of being left-handed, and he never got over it. This made him appear very awkward, and was a great trouble to him as long as he lived. Nor was this the only evil that flowed from his heedlessness: he grew up careless and awkward in everything. I must tell you one curious instance of this.

One day he went up into a tree which stood before his father's house, to saw off a large branch. Well, he got upon the branch, took the saw in his left hand and went to work. But alas! the poor fellow got upon the wrong part of the limb, and, when it fell, Left-handed Bill fell with it. He had sawed himself down!

The boy was sadly bruised, and his mother told him she hoped it would teach him the folly of being so careless. But bad habits, once adopted and confirmed, are hard to cure, and Bill went on as heedless as before.

Thus he grew up, and, when he was a man, he received the title of Left-handed Billy. If he drove a team of cattle, he was sure to be on the wrong side, as you see him in the picture at the head of this article. He never succeeded in anything, but became what is called an *unlucky fellow*. The people used to say, if there was a wrong side, Bill was sure to take it. Such were the evils of growing up in habits of carelessness.

Retort Valiant.

An English gentleman, who had returned from a visit to Paris, in the time of Louis the Eighteenth, was asked how he found his countrymen, resident there. "Oh," replied the gentleman, "all as gay as possible; and no one passes a year there, without becoming quite fools and madmen." "How long did you stay there?" inquired one of the company. "About half a year," replied the gentleman. "Then, my good sir," said the inquirer, "you have made a wondrous progress, and are now what it costs other folks a whole year to accomplish."

Thorwald, Fredegonde, Char-kole, Nella, Eric and Gudrida, making merry in the Moonlight.

Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover.

CHAPTER XII. AND LAST.

FOUR months have elapsed—or our readers must in imagination skip over that period of time—since Char-kole, exhausted by his chase after the Jack-o'lantern, fell asleep in the blaze of the watch-fire. The scene has now changed. The open sea lies before us, and a ship, dashing the foam from her prow, is sailing eastward with a strong breeze from behind her. She was principally manned by Norwegians—we may say entirely, for the only persons on board who were not Norwegians, were women. There was one fair Icelanderess, Fredegonde by name, and a swarthy though very handsome girl, called Nella, who kept her company night and day; these two young strangers promised soon to become as fast friends as their Polar stars, Thorwald and Char-kole. That these two latter-named personages were also of the party, we need hardly assure our readers. Thus the principal characters of our story are all united together—not in the holy bands of wedlock, though, perhaps, they soon will be—but on the same deck, under the same sky, and all bound for a common destination.

The voyage was prosperous, though the weather was cold. The season was midwinter, and the ship, having left the temperate zone to the south, was careering boldly through the Arctic Ocean. Nella would have felt the change of climate severely, had it not been for the forethought of Char-kole. The quantity of foxes, rabbits, and other warm-skinned animals that he had killed and flayed during the journey from the interior to the coast, surpasses belief. The fur of these creatures he made into cloaks, hoods, gaiters and boots for his Indian bride. Fredegonde didn't mind the weather much, as her Icelandic education had fortified her against the cold. All the ship's crew, her captain and passengers were as happy as the night was

long; and the night, by the way, was long indeed. They had lost sight of the sun as soon as they entered the arctic circle. But the Aurora Borealis, which shone almost continually in the north, gave a light nearly as brilliant as that of the full moon. Nella, who was the only one unused to these peculiarities of the Polar regions, was a little frightened at first; but Char-kole, by dint of encouraging assurances and funny stories, managed to restore her to her usual gayety.

As our friends are now in a fair way to come out right side up, at the end of this, our concluding chapter, we feel that it is a favorable opportunity to say a word upon the object we have had in view in publishing the story of their adventures. Though we would not have it supposed that everything we have written is historical truth, still, we should be sorry if our readers supposed this narrative to be a mere fancy sketch. The ground-work of the tale is substantially true. Various parts of British America and New England were visited by the Northmen about the year 1000. They made settlements there, and penetrated into the interior. One of these adventurers was named Thorwald, though we are not told in the Icelandic chronicles that he carried home with him to Norway, Fredegonde, the daughter of Beeze-wacks. Mt. Hecla's first eruption took place at about the date of the discovery of the continent, though we don't know that the race that was run down its side is really a matter of history. Wild grapes were discovered in profusion in New York, though we shrewdly suspect that the use to which they were put by Harold is an invention of the author's imagination. There are all sorts of queer caves in Iceland, owing to the volcanic formation of the island, but what goes on in them we can't undertake to affirm. All that we have said of the scenery and climate of the different countries we have visited, is entirely correct: we have aimed at instructing our readers in the characteristic features of those regions.

One more page, and we have done. The scene has once more changed, and a wide expanse of level ground thickly covered with snow, lies extended before us. The moon, breaking through the clouds, lends a cheerful glow to the otherwise gloomy desolation of the prospect. On looking closer, we find that, instead of being land, it is a frozen river, or inlet of the sea, upon which we are standing. Snow has fallen upon its surface, and the facilities for sleighing are greatly increased thereby. A speck in the distance, which soon increases in size, and a sound of hoofs rattling merrily over the snow, seem to assure us that the opportunity is not to be lost. There certainly is something in the wind—a race perhaps, or a party on a moonlight frolic. There seems to be a long line of sleighs or sleds, each one drawn by a reindeer, and containing a single individual. In the first that passes us, is an old acquaintance, though of late we have seen but little of him. Eric is his name. When we went away with Thorwald, we left him behind, to take care of himself. This he has done without our help, and

to his perfect satisfaction, for he and Gudrida are on their way to be married. Gudrida, with redder cheeks and more laughing eyes than ever, follows in the sleigh behind. Our American friends may consider that the chief beauty of a sleigh-ride is spoiled by this one-by-one proceeding; but that's the way the Norwegians and Laplanders did at the date of our story, and we can't change the order of nature for anybody. When we write of Yankee merry-makings of the kind, we'll take care to put two in each sleigh—because it's the custom so to do. Next after Gudrida comes the redoubtable Char-kole, with a reindeer of double-quick speed, selected especially for the occasion. Then follows Nella, drawn by an animal of no speed at all, and very weak in the legs—also selected especially for the occasion. There is little danger of his running away; but to guard against that little, Char-kole, half turned round in his seat, glares fiercely at him with one eye, while with the other he smiles sweetly on Nella. Nella looks a little disturbed, but has unwavering confidence in Char-kole. This couple are bound upon the same errand as the one in front. They are going to get married.

Behind Nella, driving a reindeer, the twin brother of that of Char-kole, is our fast friend and hero. He has been travelling to foreign parts, and having seen the world and come back safely to his native land, is on his way, with Fredegonde, to get married, like the rest. This young lady, the last of the line, though, we verily believe, not the last of the race, is not in the least frightened, like Nella, at her novel position. Though no more used than Nella to the driving of reindeer, and the management of sleighs, she has more of the daring in her disposition. She laughs merrily as she passes by us, though a little disappointed that her steed doesn't kick up or show fight in some way or other. Be that as it may, the whole party are going to be married, and when that period is arrived at, we well know that the story-teller's task is done. They are so muffled in furs, that we can hardly tell which is Thorwald and which Fredegonde. The person who is to perform the marriage ceremony lives just across the bay, and half an hour's ride will bring them to his dwelling. His name is the longest and most unpronounceable that we have met with in the Norwegian vocabulary. He styles himself Wed-ding-kake! What this means, if it means anything, we must leave our readers to guess.

The merry-makers have passed, and are already fading away in the distance. We have seen the last of our fellow-travellers. We have taken leave of them at an auspicious moment. Should any one regret that he will see them no more, let him remember that we left them sleigh-riding under a full moon, with Wedding-kake and a golden future just three miles off!

A Western orator, haranguing his audience on the vast extent and overwhelming population of the American republic, exclaims, by way of climax, "Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but whar, whar shall we find timber enough for its coffin?"

General Wayne.

ANTHONY WAYNE, a general who fought in the American Revolution, was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. He was educated at an academy at Philadelphia. Having served in the legislature of his State, he raised a company of volunteers in 1775, and being elected colonel, accompanied General Thompson to Canada. In the retreat from thence he gained great credit for prudence, and the Continental Congress made him brigadier-general. He distinguished himself at the battle of Brandywine, and succeeded in carrying Stony Point by assault. This place is about forty miles above New York. It is a rounded gravelly hill, and was fortified in the revolutionary war, but was captured by the British in 1776, and strongly garrisoned by more than 600 soldiers, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Johnson. We cannot do better than to

give the interesting account of the recapture of this important post, written by the Rev. J. N. Maffitt.

"A few days before the 16th July, 1776, a tall, commanding personage, mounted on a strong charger, was seen on the eminence above Stony Point. He had a glass in his hand, and appeared to study the character of the defences with intense interest. Johnson, who was returning the gaze of the horseman with his spy-glass, turned to one of his staff, and remarked that the apparition on the hill portended no good. Rumors were afloat about the intrenchments, that the same tall figure had been seen across the river on the highest opposite eminence the day before, like a horseman painted against the sky. A cow-boy said that this figure was the apparition of Washington, and that it never was seen, excepting just before a battle or a thunder-storm. But while these idle rumors floated round the camp, the real Washington, from observations made by his own eyes, was concerting a soldier-like plan for its surprise.

"On the night of the 16th, two columns of soldiers might have been seen under the brow of the eminence in the rear of the fort. They were the stern, silent, thoughtful men of New England. The eagle-eyed Wayne was at their head; the right column was commanded by the youthful Major Hull; the left was headed by Major Murphy. And still farther advanced, the noblest post of all, stood two parties of twenty men each, commanded by Lieutenants Gibbins and Knox. Wayne stepped from man to man through the vanguard, and saw them silently putting in their flints, and fixing their bayonets. The two columns now moved on towards the intrenchments—one going to the left, the other to the right.

"At the first attack on the outposts, a sharp crashing was heard, the muskets of the sentinels broke suddenly forth amid the darkness, and in a moment, the fortress vomited out flame and thunder, as if a volcano had been ignited. But it was in vain for the fortress. The two firm, unwavering columns moved on, and met in the centre of the work. The British made an instant surrender to avoid the extermination which threatened them. The Americans had 98 men killed and wounded; the loss of the British was nearly as large, besides 540 who were taken prisoners."

In 1787, General Wayne was a member of the convention of Pennsylvania, which ratified the constitution of the United States. For his services against the Indians and British in Georgia, he received from that State the gift of a plantation. In 1792, he was appointed, by Washington, to take command of the army employed against the Indians on the western frontier, and, two years after, he ended the war by a victory near Miami, on the lakes. He died in 1796, and is justly considered as one of the greatest generals of his time.

Mocha Coffee.—The only way to be sure you are drinking Mocha, is to go to Arabia yourself, shoulder a bag, keep it for a pillow during the voyage back, and then do your own grinding.

Two Letters from Billy Bump.

DOWNIEVILLE, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:—My last letter to you was dated at St. Francisco. After reflecting a good deal upon what course to adopt, I resolved to go back to the mines. For this purpose I borrowed forty dollars, and set out with a company of three young man for the diggings up the Yuba river. I suppose you do not know much about this country, so I will tell you a few things that will enable you to understand my story. The city of St. Francisco is situated on the east side of a long, beautiful bay, extending, north and south, seventy miles. Its width is thirty-five miles. As you look to the east from St. Francisco, across the bay, you see the snowy tops of lofty mountains, stretching north and south, till they are lost in the distance.

The two principal rivers of this region are the Sacramento, which rises in the mountains of the north, and flows southward 3 or 400 miles, and the San Joaquin, which rises in the mountains of the south, and flows northward about 300 miles. These two rivers meet, and enter the head of the bay together. The streams which flow from the mountains into the San Joaquin and Sacramento, are very numerous, coming chiefly from the east. Gold is found on 'nearly all these streams, but it is more abundant along the branches of the American and the Feather rivers, both of which enter the Sacramento from fifty to sixty miles north-east of St. Francisco. The banks of the Yuba, a branch of the Feather river, are thought to be the richest of all the Gold Regions, and to this point, we proposed to proceed as fast as possible.

On the last day of February, we departed in a small, narrow steamer, with a wheel at the stern, bound for Marysville, a new village at the junction of Feather and Yuba rivers, about 130 miles from St. Francisco. We were heavily loaded with freight and passengers: of the latter there were about forty in number, mostly Yankees; but there were several Mexicans, three or four Chilians, two Frenchmen and a Chinese. The latter had picked up a little English, and was a shrewd, enterprising fellow. He wore a long braided cue, hanging down his back, which seemed a rather troublesome ornament to carry up among the diggings. We tried to persuade him to cut it off, but he steadily refused, saying that if he lost his cue, he should cease to be a China-man. The thought of this seemed too humiliating to be endured.

In about a day and a half we reached Sacramento city, which consists of several streets of small wooden buildings, with several thousand inhabitants. We thence continued our course northward, steaming up the Sacramento, amid waving plains, which extended far back on either side to distant ranges of mountains. Passing by Vernon, which is a new town, we entered the Feather river, our course now lying to the north-east.

Proceeding onward, we passed into the Yuba, and at the end of five days from our departure, reached Marysville, a distance of about 130 miles from St. Francisco.

Here we left the boat, and started on foot, having employed a man with a mule to carry our baggage; each man reserving his blanket and a few articles to himself. After travelling about fifteen miles, the plains began to be exchanged for hills, low at first, but rising at no great distance into mountains. At a place called Rose's Bar, twenty-five miles above Marysville, we halted for several days, as the snow was very deep all around us. After a time, we pushed on; our course being now through lofty and desolate regions, broken by a constant succession of ridges. We had left the river, which made a wide sweep to the left; our course being guided over the snow by a mule track or *trail.*

Though it was now the middle of March, the snow was six or eight feet deep in some places. One afternoon, there was a fresh fall of snow, which nearly covered up the trail. When evening set in, our party mistook the route and wandered off among the mountains. I chanced to be a little behind, and as it was now quite dark, I got separated from my friends. Perceiving that I had lost my way, I called aloud; but the wind was blowing heavily, and nobody heard me. My situation was rather alarming, and I made great efforts to join my friends, but without avail.

I wandered on for several hours, and, at last, found myself entirely exhausted. Near by, was a thick group of pine trees, beneath which I crept. Here I scraped away the snow, and cutting off some of the branches, laid them down for a bed. I then kindled a fire of dry sticks, and after eating a small piece of dried beef, wrapped myself in a blanket, and lay down to rest. I slept soundly for some time, but at last suddenly awoke in a kind of fright. For some time, I could not imagine where I was. At a little distance, stood a strange, dark figure, with small eyes, looking directly at me. At first, I fancied myself at Sundown, and thought old Bottlenose was making up faces at me.

But this confusion of mind soon passed; I recollected my situation, and recognized in the visitor that still stood gazing at me, no other than a grisly bear. My revolver and my bowie-knife were instantly ready for the conflict which I now expected. For several minutes, Bruin and myself faced each other, seeming to hesitate which should begin the battle; but at last, the shaggy monster deliberately sat himself down on his hinder end, as much as to say, "I can wait for you, sir."

It was still dark, though the dawn had just commenced. The blaze of my fire had gone down, but the coals were visible, and I could see my shaggy neighbor turn his keen eye towards it, with a kind of timid glance. I then recollected that wild animals are afraid of fire, and accordingly I pushed a heap of dry branches over the coals, which, in a few seconds, burst into a bright flame. The bear could not stand this, and im-

mediately started off in great fright. I concluded to give him a farewell salute, and so sent a bullet after him. It seemed to take effect in his flank, for he suddenly stopped, turned round, uttered a hideous growl, and came bounding towards me. I had just time to seize a firebrand, with which I stood ready for the attack. The beast came close up to me, and, as he paused a moment, I put a bullet into his forehead, between his eyes. He staggered hither and thither for a few minutes, and then seeming to recover, disappeared in long leaps, and I saw him no more.

At an early hour in the morning, I set out in an easterly direction, hoping to overtake my comrades. Just at evening, I recovered the trail, and soon after, my friends, who had spent a night and day in wandering about, once more joined me.

I need not tell you all the particulars of our further journey. We at length came to the forks of the Yuba river, where we determined to stop and try our luck at digging. We found a number of people already at work around this place, which soon acquired the name of Downieville. Great stories had been told of the success of miners in this quarter, and I was very eager to begin my work; but for four weeks, the snow was so deep as to prevent regular operations. The rivers were swollen so as nearly to cover their banks, yet every day I prowled about, and picked up some small pieces of gold, sufficient to pay my expenses.

In May, our digging began. It was very hard work, and my success was inconsiderable for a long time. Towards the end of June I met with a large lump of gold, mixed with a transparent kind of stone called *quartz*, which weighed at least three pounds, and proved to be worth about six hundred dollars. With what I had obtained besides, I have now about $800 over and above all my expenses.

You may believe I am very thankful for this success. I am thin and a good deal worn down with hard work, but I am in good spirits; if I could get four or five thousand dollars, I should return home, for I think that would make you and Father comfortable; I do not care for myself. Though I be poor all my life, I shall be content, if I can see my parents happy once more. Farewell, dear Mother, and give my best love to everybody and everything that loves and remembers me.

I am your affectionate son,

WILLIAM BUMP.

ST. FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:—I wrote you a short time since from a place on the Yuba river, which is called Downieville—about 230 miles to the north-east of this city. I was about five months in the diggings, and collected over a thousand dollars worth of gold by my own efforts. I should have remained longer, but my health began to give way, and I thought it safest to return. I set out with only a single guide, and reached Marysville without any particular adventure.

At Marysville, I went to a small place with my companion, which was occupied as a gambling establishment. It was evening, and there were a good many persons standing around. I was with the

rest looking in at the windows. Pretty soon, I came away alone; but shortly after, I observed a tall man with a slouched hat, and a short cloak over his shoulders, following me. He pretty soon came up, and spoke to me by name. I easily recognized him as the gambler who had won from me the greater part of the money I had lost at play in St. Francisco.

I had a kind of horror of him, and confess that I trembled from head to foot when I discovered who he was. He perceived the state of my feelings, and immediately said, "You need not be afraid of me; go with me to the hotel and I will satisfy you of this." We went, as he proposed, and obtaining a light, we went into a small apartment together. The man took off his cloak and hat, and sat down. He then beckoned to me to sit down also. I complied, and the stranger said, "Do you not remember me?"

"I remember you but too well," said I, "as the person who won from me $8,000, a few months since, at St. Francisco."

"And, I suppose," said he, "that you consider me as your worst enemy?"

"No," said I, "I was, myself, my worst enemy. I cannot complain of you, for you only did what was customary. You won the money according to the rules of the game. I ought never to have risked it in such a business. I have been severely punished, and perhaps the lesson will be worth all it cost me."

"Have you resolved never to play again?"

"Yes."

"But you have been at the diggings, and have been successful, I suppose?"

"Moderately so."

"You have a thousand dollars, I understand. Come, let us go to the table, and try your luck at monte; perhaps you will recover all your former losses."

"No, sir; I shall never gamble again."

"Be not too sure; you are young, and resolutions made at your age are often broken."

"You tempt me in vain, sir; I will not risk a dollar."

"You are determined?"

"Perfectly."

"I will give you two to one."

"No, sir; I will not play with you, if you give me ten to one!"

At this point, a smile of seeming satisfaction passed over the countenance of the stranger; at the same time, he rose, went to the door and asked for pen, ink, and paper. These being furnished, he sat down and wrote as follows:

MARYSVILLE, July.

Messrs. ROBINSON & Co.,
Merchants, Monterey:

Please pay to the order of WILLIAM BUMP the sum of *Ten Thousand Dollars*, value received.

Yours, JOSE ANTONIO NALDI.

This he handed to me. You may well imagine my amazement. While I was looking at him, he unclasped his huge whiskers and took off a moustache, and I discovered in a moment that the stranger who had won my money at St. Francisco, and was now before me, was indeed no other than the Signor Naldi, whom I had formerly known, whose life I had saved, and who had paid me a large sum of money.

While I was still gazing at him in astonishment, he said, "I perceive that my

conduct needs explanation. Some time ago, I chanced to be at St. Francisco. While there, I saw some jewels in the hands of a goldsmith, which had been stolen from me by a Mexican robber and thief. I caused inquiry to be made, and found that they came from you. An agent whom I employed became a spy, and when you were excited with liquor, he made you tell him the means by which you obtained these jewels, and acquired the wealth which you were spending so freely. Nearly all the money that you found upon the body of your Mexican comrade, Antonio, was stolen from me, and was therefore mine. I could have taken it from you by the law, but I preferred another course. I perceived that your young head was giddy with success, and I determined to give you a serious lesson. I adopted a disguise, met you with others at the gambling-table, and won your money. I learned your chagrin, your sickness, your repentance, and your departure for the mines. It was by accident I met you here to-night. I had always intended to restore the money I took from you at the gambling-table, when I was satisfied that you were thoroughly cured of your disposition to play. I have tried you and know that you are now proof against similar folly. There is an order for $10,000—$8,000 to repay what I took from you, and $2,000 for interest!"

You may well believe, dear Mother, that I poured out abundance of thanks to the generous Spaniard. "You owe me nothing," said he, "for the money; I have but restored your own. If what you took from the body of Antonio was partly mine, I still give it to you. Money is of little importance to me. I have indeed more than I want. You once saved my life; perhaps I have saved your future peace of mind by giving you a sharp lesson." Saying this, Signor Naldi resumed his disguise and disappeared.

Next day, with a buoyant heart I embarked for this place, and reached it in a few hours. I am now making preparations to depart for Boston; from thence I shall travel as fast as possible to Sundown. This is a long way round, as I am hardly more than 1500 miles from you in a direct line; but it is necessary that I go to Boston to settle up the business there, which brought me to this country. After the loss of my $10,000, I had determined never to see Cousin Lucy again; but I think I shall be able to pluck up courage enough for the interview, now that I have recovered from my difficulties. Farewell, dear Mother, and believe me

Ever yours, WILLIAM BUMP.

We have nothing further to say in relation to Master Wm. Bump, except that we learn that he arrived safely at Boston, and found his aunt and Cousin Lucy, occupying a beautiful cottage in Brookline. They were of course delighted to see him. There were two other persons there, whom he was even more glad to see. These were his Father and Mother! We need not tell the rest, but leave our friends to guess all the questions and answers that followed.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

ONCE more we are at the end of a year, and at the end of a volume of Merry's Museum. We have brought Billy Bump home safe and sound after all his wanderings. Thorwald, the bold rover of the north, and his queer companion, Char-kole, have ended their voyages and adventures by happy marriages. We have brought our jokes and gibes, our songs and stories, our rhymes and riddles, to a close for the year 1850.

Thus we feel somewhat like other working people at the end of the week, who have done their labor, and are prepared for rest. You remember the song,

"A weary body's blithe when the sun gangs doun."

And so is Robert Merry a little tired, even though his occupation as editor of the Museum, brings him in contact with thousands of bright-faced friends and companions. This is a weariness, however, that leaves behind nothing but pleasurable recollections. The last year has been, in one respect, very flattering. We have had an addition of about 3000 friends, making up the number to 13,000. We receive kind letters from the north, south, east and west, cheering us in our labors, and we are making preparations to supply at least 3000 new subscribers for the coming year. The publishers, under the stimulus of a generous support, are getting lots of new cuts, and fine paper. The printer has got a new press, the stereotyper new type, and the binder a new set of hands to bring out the work in good season. Thus we are endeavoring to keep up with the march of the age.

We have several pages for our correspondence this month. The following letters will be read with interest.

Wetumpka, Ala., Sept. 16, 1850.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir—I have been amusing myself, during my school vacation, by occasionally reading some interesting tales in the bound volumes of your Museum. Father says if I will write you a letter, he will give me a dollar, which will pay for one year's subscription. I see some of your subscribers write you, and knowing how improving letter-writing is to little boys, I think I can earn the dollar by writing letters; at least, my father says he will take his pay in letters. You may send me your magazine, and will receive in this letter a one dollar bill on the bank of Georgia. We do not have much bank paper in Alabama, except that which comes from other states; this is good money here, will buy powder and shot, fishhooks, and anything I want to buy. I expect it will answer your purposes equally as well. Your new subscriber,

HENRY R. S.

No doubt of it, Henry. A bank-note that will buy powder and shot, and especially fishhooks, will buy bread and butter, too; and we imagine that's the use it will be put to, now it's got into the hands of our publishers. Henry is a lucky fellow—he spends his money for his own amusement, or gives it to his sister, or loses it out of a hole in his pocket; but the table is spread, morning, noon, and night, with the best things in the Wetumpka market, just as if he bartered it away to the butcher or baker. However, his time will come, later in life. It's a very pleasant thing to buy powder and shot, and it's a pleasant

thing to subscribe to Merry's Museum. We are subscribers ourselves, and speak from experience.

But here's another riddle from "Cousin Vedi." The success of his last has stimulated him to another effort. He may try again, if he likes.

RIDDLE.

One, two, three, four, five! yes, there are five in our company, and all of us little things at that: but because we are little, it does not follow that we are of little consequence. O no! very far from that. We are very important characters, being engaged in all the great movements of the age; and in the Arts and Sciences, we are conspicuous. It is not often that we are all united in the same cause, except in Education, and in that we are always all engaged. We have visited every country in the world; and nearly all the great and good men you have ever heard of, feel proud of their acquaintance with us! Now this is not vain boasting, for we are worthy of their love and respect. So intimate are we, that you will seldom see either of us, without soon beholding the others: yet, strange to say, we are each permanently located in different places, as follows:—one of us belongs in Albany, and has not left that place for many years; was never in Troy, which is only six miles distant, nor even in Greenbush, directly across the river; never lives in a house, but dwells continually in water. Another you will find in Boston; one that never comes into the air, but always stays in the ground. One of us is in Providence, and engaged in the university at that place; in fact is at the head of the Institution, and may always be seen at its Commencement. Another belongs to Baltimore; but being obliged to remain always in the street, and not accustomed to the hot sun, has never been in sunny Maryland, and is at present in Montreal. The other is now in St. Louis, in a lunatic asylum!

Meco soyb nad sirgl hiwt stiw os tgirhb,
Teh sakt I vieg liwl ryt rouy himtg:
Ouy aveh het lerdid lapin adn raif,
Dan won smut letl su how ew rae!

From
COUSIN VEDI.

East Cambridge, Sept. 14, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir—I have now taken your Museum two years, and have begun another year. I find that it is just as interesting now (if not more so) as it was a year ago, when I took the liberty, as now, to write you a letter. Forgive me, sir, but when I read the letters of those both younger and older than myself, I feel as if I might dare intrude once more, before I leave the north for the "sunny south." When I addressed you before, I had been here only two years, but it is now three years and nearly a half. My father is now at Boston; he has come on to take me home to see my mother and brothers. I have never been home-sick a day since I came here; but now father has come, it seems as if I could not wait two weeks, when, if nothing happens, I shall start for home. Mr. Merry, may I be so bold as to ask you if, when I arrive at home, I may write to you and give you a little information about our place and its inhabitants. I like, very much, the story of "Thorwald, the Norwegian Rover;" I hope it will be continued for some time. Mr. Merry, if you should ever happen as far south as Rome, I hope you will call and see us. I am not sure that you would fare as well as you would at Boston, but we would do the best we could for you. We should feel highly gratified. This is no vain flattery, but the plain, simple truth.

Yours, with great respect,
LIZZIE H.

We accept the invitation with pleasure. But there is one difficulty in our way. We don't know the name of our kind and hospitable little friend! She has given us only its initial letter. Just imagine Robert Merry wandering about the large town of Rome, inquiring of everybody, "Sir, will you be kind enough to tell me where Lizzie H. lives?" Or, "Madame, is there such a person as Lizzie H. in this neighborhood?" Why, there may be 20 Lizzie H.s in Rome—all very amiable young ladies indeed. There may be Lizzie Hunt, Lizzie Harris, Lizzie Hart, Lizzie Hawes, and we

don't know how many besides. When we get a clearer inkling of Lizzie's whole name, why, perhaps we'll come to Rome.

Chester, Warren Co., N. Y., Sept. 26, 1850.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir—I am a little girl and have not learned to write, but I want to send you a letter. Papa says that if I will tell him just what to say, it will be the same. I want to tell you what a funny trick the Museum played me last April. I looked for it as usual the first of the month, but it did not come; but I kept hoping the next mail would bring it. But when the middle of the month had passed, and my Museum had not come, I felt so bad I could hardly keep from crying; for I thought it was lost, or that some little boy or girl had taken it out to get the portrait you had promised those that paid in advance—but Papa said that could not be.

At last it came, and where do you think it had been? Why, instead of coming to Pottersville, N. York, it went to Pottersville, N. Jersey; but it did not find any little Kate there, to take it out, and so was glad to come into the "Backwoods," where it belonged, and right glad was I to see it.

How do you punish the Museum when it plays truant?

I do not see how I can do without it, if I feel so bad to have it miss a week or two.

I have taken it two years, and Papa says I may take it as long as I please, which will be always.

In your last No. was an enigma, which I told Mamma I thought was Marie Antoinette, for I had been reading about her, and felt very bad to think she was beheaded. Mamma thinks I am right.

I should think everybody would take the Museum. Yours, truly,

KATE B.

Kate promises to be a continual subscriber to the Museum, and in return, we promise to write it as long as she takes it. If all our readers desert us but Kate, we engage to print one number a month for her especial gratification. As for punishing the Museum when it plays truant, we do nothing of the kind. If we find fault with anybody, it's with the Post-masters. The Museum is always very anxious to arrive at its destination, to be opened, read and re-read, and then lent to some one who can't afford to take it himself. It never lingers by the wayside, or gets on the wrong road, or stuffed into the wrong box, without feeling as badly as the boy or girl that is disappointed at not receiving it. Kate thinks that everybody would take the Museum. Almost everybody does. There are a few who do not; but we expect to have them all before the end of next year. Marie Antoinette is the correct answer to W. A. D.'s puzzle.

Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 11.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have taken your magazine for the last nine years, and in all that time I have not written you a letter excepting to send you my subscription money. I live in a place whose name, no doubt, conveys to the ideas of many of your readers, a place made up of cane-brakes and woods. Kentucky, however, is not so uncivilized as some of the New England chaps may suppose. Frankfort is a business-like and thriving town, and though it cannot boast many very fine buildings, still, it has some very handsome ones, such as the State-house, &c. But the greatest attraction that Frankfort possesses, is the monument erected to the Kentucky soldiers who have fallen fighting for their country; it is sixty-two feet high, and is composed of the finest Italian marble. I never was in Boston, though I have been very near it. I hope to go there some day, when I will call on you, if you are to be found.

Your friend and
Subscriber,
J. Y. B.

And now a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, to all within reach of the sound of our voice. May we all meet again in December, 1851, and may we all be better and wiser, for we shall assuredly be one year older.